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MORAL TALES

BY

M. MARMONTEL.

Vol. I.

MORAL TALES

BY
Jean François
M. MARMONTEL.

VOL. I.

THE THIRD EDITION.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

SIXTEEN ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, J. MURRAY, T. BECKET,
AND H. BALDWIN.

MDCCCLXXI.

ORIGINAL PREFACE.

137665.5.
HAVING been engaged some time since in writing upon comedy, I searched into nature for the rules and means of the art. This study led me to examine if it were true, as has been said, that all the great strokes of ridicule had been seized by Moliere, and the poets who have followed him.

In running over the canvass of society, I thought I perceived that in the inexhaustible combinations of follies and extravagancies of all conditions, a man of genius might still find sufficient employment. I had even collected some observations to propose to young poets, when my friend, M. de Boissi, desired me to supply him with some pieces in prose, to insert in the *Mercur*. It came into my head to make use, in a tale, of one of the strokes in my collection; and I chose, by way of essay, the ridiculous pretension of being loved merely for one's-self. This tale had all the success that such a trifle could have. My friend pressed me to give him a

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second.

137665

second. I proposed to myself to display the folly of those who use authority to bring a woman to reason ; and I chose for an example a sultan and his slave, as being the two extremes of power and dependence. This fresh essay also succeeded ; and, pleased with having hit the taste of the publick, in a species of writing which they deigned to look upon as new, I continued to exercise myself in it.

I shall say little concerning the style : when it is I that speak, I deliver myself up to the actual impression of the sentiment, or image which I mean to present : my subject furnishes me with the manner. When I make my character speak, all the art I employ is to fancy myself present at their conversation, and to write down what I imagine I hear. In general, the most simple imitation of nature, in the manners and language, is what I have endeavoured in those tales : if they have not this merit, they have none.

I proposed, some years since, under the article Dialogue in the Encyclopedia, to banish the said he, and said she, from lively and animated dialogue. I have made the experiment in these tales, and I think it has succeeded. This manner of rendering the narration more rapid, is uncouth only at first ; as soon as we are accustomed to it, it makes the talent of reading well appear with greater lustre.

The

P R E F A C E.

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The success which the story of Soliman has had upon the stage, as treated by a gentleman who writes with much ease and elegance, permits me to hope that the same use will be made of some of these little pictures of human life; and for the future I shall employ myself (as I have done in three new tales, The Good Husband, The Connoisseur; and School of Fathers) in choosing stories easy to be brought upon the stage, in order to give authors less trouble.

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ALCIBIADES OR THE SELF.

MORAL TALES.

ALCIBIADES:

Or, SELF.

NATURE and fortune seemed to have conspired towards the happiness of Alcibiades. Riches, talents, person, birth, the flower of youth, and of health; what titles for the possession of every foppery! Alcibiades had but one: he wanted to be loved for *himself* only. From the lightest coquette up to the greatest prude, he had seduced every female in Athens; but in loving him, was it really *himself* that they loved? This whimsical piece of delicacy seized him

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B

one

one morning as he was just come from paying his court to a prude: this is the moment for reflection. Alcibiades's thoughts turned upon what is called the *sentimental*, the *metaphysicks* of love. "I am a pretty fool (said he) to "throw away my attention on a woman who "perhaps loves me only for her own sake! I "will know the truth of it, by all the Gods! "and if that be the case, she may look out "among our prize-fighters for a lover to serve in "my place."

The charming prude, according to custom, still opposed some feeble resistance to the desires of Alcibiades. It was a dreadful affair! she could not even think of it without blushing! it was necessary to be smitten as deeply as she was, in order to come to such a resolution. She could have wished for all the world that he were less young and less pressing. Alcibiades took her at her word. "I perceive, Madam (said he "one day) that these compliments cost you dear. "Well, I am determined to give you a proof "of the most perfect love. Yes, I consent, "since you will have it so, that our *souls* only "may be united, and I give you my word that "I will ask nothing more."

The prude commended this resolution with an air sufficient to have destroyed it. Alcibiades, however, kept to the text. She was
surprised

A MORAL TALE. 3.

surprised and piqued; but was obliged to dissemble.

The day following, every temptation which the most enchanting dishabille could afford was made use of. The liveliness of desire sparkled in her eyes; a voluptuous negligence in her air. The slightest covering, the most favourable disorder, every thing about her invited Alcibiades to forget himself. He perceived the snare. “What a victory (said he to her) Madam, what a victory have I now to gain over myself! I see plainly that love is putting me to the tryal, and I am glad of it. The delicacy of my sentiments shall appear with greater lustre. These coverings so thin and transparent, these couches, of which pleasure herself seems to have formed her throne, your beauty, my desires, how many enemies are these to subdue! Ulysses could not have escaped them, Hercules would have fallen before them. I will be wiser than Ulysses, and less frail than Hercules. Yes, I will convince you, that the single pleasure of loving can take place of all other pleasures.”——“You are a charming creature (said she) and I may pride myself in having a very extraordinary lover; all I dread is, lest your passion should be weakened by its rigour.”——“On the con-

B 2 “trary,

“trary (interrupted Alcibiades briskly) it will
“only become the more ardent.”——“But,
“my dear child, you are young; there are
“moments when we are not masters of our-
“selves; and I should think your fidelity in
“great danger, if I were to deliver you up to
“your desires.”——“Be easy, Madam, I will be
“answerable for every thing. If I can con-
“quer my desires towards you, who is there
“towards whom I shall not be master of them?
“You promise me, at least (said she) that
“if they become too violent, you will fairly
“confess it? Do not let any mistaken bash-
“fulness restrain you. Do not pique yourself
“on keeping your word with me: there is
“nothing I would not sooner pardon you,
“than an instance of infidelity.”——“Yes,
“Madam, I will confess my weakness to
“you, with the greatest sincerity in the
“world, whenever I am ready to yield to it;
“but suffer me, at least, to try my own
“strength; I feel that it will yet go a great
“way; and I hope that love will give me new
“force.” The prude was now quite enraged;
but, without giving herself the lie, she could not
complain. She still checked herself, in hopes
that on a new trial Alcibiades would give
way. He received the day after, as soon as he
awoke, a billet conceived in these terms: “I
“have

“ have passed a most cruel night ; come to see
 “ me. I cannot live without you.”

He arrives at the prude's. Her window-
 curtains were but half open : a gentle day
 stole into the apartment, on waves of purple.
 The prude was yet in a bed, strewed with roses.
 “ Come (said she to him, with a plaintive
 “ voice) come, and ease my inquietudes. A
 “ frightful dream has disturbed me all night.
 “ I thought I saw you at the feet of a rival.
 “ Oh ! I shudder at it even yet ! I have al-
 “ ready told you, Alcibiades, that I cannot
 “ live under the apprehensions of your prov-
 “ ing unfaithful ; my misfortune would be
 “ the more cutting, as I should myself be
 “ the cause ; and I would at least have no-
 “ thing to reproach myself. It is in vain
 “ for you to promise me, that you will sub-
 “ due yourself ; you are too young to be able
 “ to do so long. Do I not know you ? I
 “ perceive that I have required too much of
 “ you ; I am sensible that it is both impru-
 “ dent and cruel to impose such hard terms
 “ on you.” As she spoke these words, with
 the most touching air in the world, Alcibia-
 des threw himself at her feet. “ I am very
 “ unhappy, Madam (said he) if you have
 “ not a sufficient esteem for me, to believe me
 “ capable of attaching myself to you by the
 B 3 “ ties

“ties of sentiment only! After all, of what
 “have I deprived myself? Of that which is
 “a dishonour to love. I blush to see that you
 “set any value on such a sacrifice. But were
 “it as great as you imagine it, I should but
 “have the more glory.”——“No, my dear Al-
 “cibiades (said the prude, giving him at the
 “same time her hand) I wish not for a sacrifice
 “that costs you so dear: I am too well assured
 “and too much pleased with the pure and deli-
 “cate love you have so fully testified for me.
 “Be happy; I consent to it.”——“I am so,
 “Madam (cried he) in the pleasure of liv-
 “ing for you. Cease to suspect and complain of
 “me; you see before you the most faithful, most
 “tender, and most respectful of lovers....”
 “And the foolishlest,” interrupted she, drawing
 the curtains roughly, and calling to her slaves.
 Alcibiades sallied out in a rage, to find that he
 had been loved only like another man, and fully
 resolved never more to see a woman who had
 taken him merely for her own pleasure. “It is
 “not thus (said he) that we love in the age
 “of innocence; and if the young Glycerium
 “should feel for me what her eyes seem to de-
 “clare, I am very certain it must be love in its
 “utmost purity.”

Glycerium, just fifteen years, began already
 to excite the wishes of the handsomest young
 men.

A M O R A L T A L E.

men. Let us form to ourselves the image of a rose-bud just opening; such were the freshness and splendor of her beauty.

Alcibiades presented himself, and his rivals disappeared. It was not yet the custom at Athens to marry, in order to hate and despise one another the next day; but they gave the young folks time, before wedlock, to see and converse with each other with a becoming freedom: the young ladies did not commit the care of their virtue to their guardians. They were discreet of themselves. Modesty did not begin to make a feeble resistance, till after it was robbed of the honours of victory. Glycerium's made the handsomest defence. Alcibiades omitted nothing to surprise or win her. He extolled the young Athenian lady for her talents, her graces, her beauty; he made her perceive, in every thing she said, a refinement she never meant to give it, and a delicacy of which she had not so much as thought. What a pity, that with so many charms she was not endued with a sensible heart! "I adore you (said he to her) and I am happy if you love me. "Do not be afraid to tell me so: an ingenuous candour is the virtue peculiar to "your age. It is in vain that they have "given the name of prudence to dissimulation:

B 4

"that

" that beautiful mouth is not made to disguise
 " the sentiments of your heart : let it rather be
 " the organ of Love, since it was for himself
 " that he formed it."——" If you would have
 " me be sincere (replied Glycerium, with a mo-
 " desty mingled with tenderness) contrive at
 " least that I may do so without blushing. I
 " would not disguise the sentiments of my heart,
 " neither would I violate my duty ; and I should
 " betray either the one or the other, if I were
 " to say more." Glycerium wished that their
 marriage should be agreed upon before she ex-
 plained herself. Alcibiades wanted her to ex-
 plain herself before they should think of mar-
 riage. " It will be a fine time, indeed (said
 " he) to assure me of your love, when marriage
 " shall have made it a duty, and I shall have
 " reduced you to the necessity of counterfeiting :
 " it is now that you are free, that it would please
 " me to hear from that mouth the disinterested
 " confession of a natural and pure sentiment."——
 " Well then ! be content, and reproach me
 " not with wanting a sensible heart ; it has at
 " least been so since I have seen you. I esteem
 " you sufficiently to trust you with the se-
 " cret of my heart ; but now it has escaped
 " me, I ask one favour of you : it is, not to
 " request any more private interviews, till you
 " have adjusted the affair with those on whom
 " I de-

“ I depend.” The confession which Alcibiades had just obtained would have completed the happiness of any other, less difficult, lover; but his whim still possessed him. He wanted still to see whether he was loved for *himself*. “ I will not conceal it from you (said he) that the offer which I am going to make, may not be attended with success. Your relations receive me with a cold civility, which I should have taken for a dismissal, if the pleasure I have in seeing you had not overcome my delicacy; but if I oblige your father to explain himself, there will no longer be any room for dissimulation. He is a member of the Areopagus: Socrates, the most virtuous of men, is there suspected and odious; I am the friend and disciple of Socrates, and I greatly fear that the hatred they have for him may extend to me. My apprehensions, perhaps, carry me too far; but at last, if your father sacrifice us to his politicks, if he refuses to give me your hand, what do you determine to do?”——“ To be unhappy (replied Glycerium) and to submit to my destiny.”——“ You will see me then no more?”——“ If they forbid me to see you, I must obey.”——“ You will obey then also, if they propose another husband to you?”——“ I shall become the victim of my duty.”——“ And out of
B 5 “ duty

“duty likewise you will love the husband they
 “shall choofe for you?”——“I shall endea-
 “vour not to hate him; but what questions
 “you put to me! What would you think of
 “me yourself, if I entertained any other sen-
 “timents?”——“That you loved me as you
 “ought to love me.”——“It is too true that I
 “do love you.”——“No, Glycerium, Love
 “knows no law; he is above all obstacles;
 “but to do you justice, this sentiment is
 “too great for your age. It requires firm
 “and courageous souls, whom difficulties
 “animate, and ill fortune does not shock.
 “Such a passion, I confess, is rare. To wish
 “for an estate, a name, and a fortune at one’s
 “disposal; to throw one’s self, in short, into
 “the arms of a husband, to protect one
 “against one’s parents; this is what is now
 “called love, but what I call a desire of
 “independence.”——“This is downright ty-
 “ranny (said Glycerium, with tears in her
 “eyes) to add injury to reproaches. I have
 “said nothing to you, but what was tender
 “and honest. Did I balance one moment to
 “sacrifice my lovers to you? Did I hesitate
 “to confess to you your triumph? What is it
 “you ask further of me?”——“I ask of you,
 “(said he) to swear a constancy to me proof
 “against every thing; to swear to me, that
 I “you

“you will be mine, whatever happens; and
 “that you will be only mine.”——“Indeed,
 “Sir (said she) that is what I will never
 “do.”——“Indeed, Madam, I ought to have
 “expected this answer, and I blush that I
 “have exposed myself to it.” At these words
 he retired, transported with anger, and saying
 to himself, “I was well set to work to fall
 “in love with a child, who has no soul, and
 “whose heart disposes of itself only by the advice
 “of her parents.”

There was in Athens a young widow who
 appeared inconsolable for the loss of her hus-
 band. Alcibiades paid her, as all the world
 did, his first devoirs, with that grave air which
 decorum enjoins towards persons afflicted.
 The widow found a sensible consolation in the
 discourses of this disciple of Socrates, and
 Alcibiades an inexpressible charm in the tears
 of the widow. Their moral discourses, how-
 ever, grew more lively every day. They
 joined in praises on the good qualities of the
 deceased, and agreed as to his bad ones. He
 was the honestest man in the world! but his
 understanding, strictly speaking, was but ordi-
 nary. He had a pretty good figure, but
 without elegance or grace; full of atten-
 tion and care, but his assiduity was tiresome.
 In short, she was in despair for having lost so

good a husband, but fully resolved not to take a second. "What (said Alcibiades) at your age renounce matrimony!"—"I confess to you (said the widow) that as averse as I am to slavery, yet liberty frightens me as much. At my age, delivered up to my own guidance, and being quite independent, what will become of me!" Alcibiades failed not to insinuate, that between the bondage of matrimony and the abandoned state of widowhood, there was a middle path; and that with respect to decorums, nothing in the world was easier to be reconciled to them, than a tender attachment. She was startled at the proposition! she had rather die. Die at the age of loves and graces! it was easy to show the ridiculousness of such a project, and the widow dreaded nothing so much as ridicule. It was resolved, therefore, that she should not die; it was already decided, that she could not even live without being protected by somebody; this somebody could be only a lover, and, without prejudice, she knew no man more worthy than Alcibiades to please and attach her. He redoubled his assiduities: at first she complained of them; in a short time she accustomed herself to them; at length she asked the meaning of them; and to avoid all imprudence, they settled matters decently.

Alcibiades

A MORAL TALE. 13

Alcibiades was now at the pinnacle of his desires. It was neither the pleasures of love, nor the advantages of matrimony, that were to be loved in him; it was he *himself*, at least he imagined so. He triumphed over the grief, prudence, and pride of a woman, who required nothing in return, but secrecy and love. The widow, on her side, plumed herself on holding under her dominion the object of the jealousy of all the beauties of Greece. But how few persons know how to enjoy without a confidante! Alcibiades, while a lover in secret, was only a common lover like another man, and the greatest triumph is no further pleasing, than in proportion as it is publick. An author has said, that it is not enough to be in a fine country, if we have no one whom we can say to, "What a fine country!" The widow found in like manner, that it was not sufficient to have Alcibiades for a lover, if she could not tell any one, "I have Alcibiades for a lover." She communicated it therefore, in confidence, to an intimate friend, who communicated it again to her lover, and he to all Greece. Alcibiades, astonished that his adventure was become publick, thought it his duty to acquaint the widow of it, who accused him of indiscretion. "If I were capable of any such thing (said he)

“ he) I should suffer those reports to prevail;
“ which I had been desirous of propagating;
“ but I wish for nothing so much as to stifle
“ them. Let us be upon our guard; let
“ us avoid meeting in publick, and when-
“ ever accident may happen to bring us
“ together, be not offended at the strange
“ and careless air I shall affect towards you.”

The widow received all this but very indifferently. “ I perceive indeed (said she) that
“ you will be the more at ease for it: assiduities
“ and attention confine you too much, and
“ you ask nothing better than the power of
“ wandering. But for me, what sort of a
“ countenance would you have me put on?
“ I know not how to act the coquette:
“ weary of every thing in your absence,
“ pensive and embarrassed before you, I shall
“ have the appearance of being trifled with,
“ and, in fact, perhaps *shall* be so. If they
“ are persuaded that you possess me, there
“ is no remedy: the world is not to be
“ brought back. Where will be the good
“ then of this pretended mystery? We shall
“ have the appearance, you of a disengaged
“ lover, I of a forsaken mistress.” This answer from the widow surprised Alcibiades; her conduct completed his astonishment. Day after day she gave herself greater freedoms
and

and liberty : at any publick show she expected that he should be seated behind her, and that he should hand her to the temple, and be of the party in her walks and suppers. She affected above all things to have him among her rivals ; and in the midst of them it was her pleasure that he should see nobody but her : she commanded him in an absolute tone of voice, viewed him with an eye of mystery, smiled at him with an air of meaning, and whispered him in the ear with that familiarity which betrays to the world the connexion there is between two persons. He saw plainly that she led him every where like a slave chained to her car. “ I have taken airs for sentiments, “ (said he, with a sigh) it is not *myself* that “ she loves ; it is the glory of having conquered me ; she would despise me if she “ had no rivals. Let me teach her, that vanity “ is unworthy to fix love.”

The envy of the philosophers could not forgive Socrates, that he taught nothing in publick but truth and virtue : they preferred every day to the Areopagus the heaviest complaints against this dangerous citizen. Socrates, employed in doing good, let them say all the harm of him they thought proper ; But Alcibiades, devoted to Socrates, opposed his enemies. He presented himself before the magistrates ; he reproached

reproached them with listening to base persons, and countenancing impostors ; and spoke of his master as the justest and wisest of mortals. Enthusiasm creates eloquence : in the conferences which he had with one of the members of the Areopagus, in presence of the wife of the judge, he spoke with so much sweetness and vehemence, with so much sense and reason, his beauty glowed with a fire so noble and affecting, that this virtuous woman was affected to the bottom of her soul. She took her perturbation for admiration. “ Socrates (said she to her spouse) is really a divine man ; if he makes such discourses. I am charmed with the eloquence of this young man ; it is impossible to hear him without improvement.” The magistrate, who was far from doubting the prudence of his wife, informed Alcibiades of the praises she bestowed on him. Alcibiades was pleased with them, and asked the husband’s permission to cultivate the esteem of his wife. The good man invited him to his house. “ My wife (said he) is a philosopher too, and I shall be very glad to see you disputing together.” Rhodope (for that was the name of this respectable matron) prided herself indeed on her philosophy, and that of Socrates from the mouth of Alcibiades pleased her more and more. I forgot to mention, that she was of that age in which

which women are past being *pretty*, but in which they may still be reckoned *handsome*; in which perhaps they are a little less lovely, but in which they know better how to love. Alcibiades paid his devoirs to her. She distrusted neither him nor herself. The study of wisdom filled up all their conversations. The lessons of Socrates passed from the soul of Alcibiades into that of Rhodope, and in their passage gathered new charms: it was a rivulet of pure water running over flowers. Rhodope became every day more changed: she accustomed herself to define, according to the principles of Socrates, wisdom and virtue, truth and justice. Friendship came in its turn; and, after examining its essence, "I should be glad (said Rhodope) to know what difference Socrates makes between love and friendship?"—"Though Socrates is not one of those philosophers (replied Alcibiades) who analyse every thing, yet he distinguishes three sorts of love: the one gross and base, which is common to us with other animals, that is to say, the impulse of necessity, and the relish of pleasure: the other, pure and celestial, by which we approach the gods; this is the most ardent and tender friendship: lastly, the third, which participates of the two first, preserves the
 "medium

“medium between the gods and the brutes,
 “and seems the most natural to man; this is
 “the union of souls, cemented by that of the
 “senses.

“Socrates gives the preference to the poor
 “charm of friendship: but as he thinks it no
 “crime in nature to contain spirit united to
 “matter, so he thinks it none in man to favour
 “of this mixture in his inclinations and plea-
 “sures. Above all, when Nature has taken
 “pains to unite a fine person with a fine soul,
 “he would have us respect the work of Nature;
 “for how ill-favoured Socrates may be himself,
 “he does justice to beauty. If he knew for ex-
 “ample, with whom I hold these discourses
 “concerning philosophy, I make no doubt but
 “he would reproach me for having so ill em-
 “ployed my lessons.”——“A truce with your
 “gallantry (interrupted Rhodope) I am talk-
 “ing to a sage; and young as he is, my
 “wish is, that he would instruct, and not flat-
 “ter me. Let us return to the principles of
 “your master. He permits love, you say, but
 “does he know its errors and excesses?”——“Yes,
 “Madam, as he knows those of drunkenness,
 “and nevertheless allows the use of wine.”
 “The comparison is not just (said Rhodope)
 “we may choose our wines, and moderate the
 “use of them: have we the same liberty in
 “love?”

A MORAL TALE. 19

“love? It is without choice or measure.”——
 “Yes, without doubt (rejoined Alcibiades)
 “in a man without morals or principles; but
 “Socrates begins by making men wise and vir-
 “tuous, and it is to them only that he permits
 “love. He well knows that they will love no-
 “thing but what is honest, and there we run
 “no risk of loving to excess. The mutual in-
 “clination of two virtuous souls cannot but
 “render them still more virtuous.” Every an-
 swer of Alcibiades removed some difficulty in the
 mind of Rhodope, and rendered her inclination
 for him more insinuating and rapid. There re-
 mained now only conjugal fidelity, and there was
 the Gordian knot. Rhodope was not one of those
 with whom one might cut it, there was a neces-
 sity for undoing it for her; Alcibiades sounded her
 at a distance. As they were one day on the sub-
 ject of society, “Necessity (said Alcibiades) has
 “united mankind, common interest has regu-
 “lated their duties, and the abuses of them have
 “produced laws. All this is sacred; but all
 “this is foreign to our soul. As men are
 “connected but externally, the mutual du-
 “ties which they impose upon each other pass
 “not beyond the surface. Nature alone is the
 “legislatress of the heart: she alone can in-
 “spire with gratitude, friendship, love. Sen-
 “timent cannot be a duty by institution.
“Thence

“ Thence comes it, for example, that in marriage we can neither promise nor require any more than corporal attachment.” Rhodope, who had relished the principle, was terrified at the consequence. “ What (said she) could I have promised my husband only *to behave* as if I loved him !”——“ What else was it in your power to promise him ?”——“ To love him in reality,” replied she in a very indeterminate tone of voice. “ He has promised you then in his turn to be not only amiable, but of all men the most amiable in your eyes ?”——“ He has promised me to do all in his power towards it, and he keeps his word.”——“ Very well, you also do all in your power to love him only ; yet neither the one nor the other of you are sure of success.”——“ This is frightful philosophy,” cried Rhodope.——“ Happily, Madam, it is not so frightful : there would be too many criminals, if conjugal love were an essential duty.”——“ What, Sir, do you doubt it !”——“ I doubt nothing, Madam ; but my frankness may displease you, and I do not see you disposed to imitate it. I thought I was speaking to a philosopher, but I find I was speaking only to a woman of a lively genius. I retire, confounded at my mistake ; but I would give you at parting an instance of sincerity. I believe I have
 “ morals

A MORAL TALE. 27

“ morals as pure, as honest, as the most vir-
“ tuous woman ; I know too full as well as
“ she, to what the honour and religion of an
“ oath engages us ; I know the laws of mar-
“ riage, and the crime of violating them :
“ however, had I married a thousand women,
“ I should not have reproached myself in the
“ least for thinking you alone handsomer, and
“ a thousand times more amiable, than these
“ thousand women put together. According
“ to you, in order to be virtuous, we must
“ have neither heart nor eyes ; I congratulate
“ you on being arrived at such a degree of per-
“ fection.”

This discourse, pronounced with a tone of vexation and anger, left Rhodope in an astonishment from which she had some difficulty to recover. From that time Alcibiades discontinued his visits. She had discovered in his adieus a warmer interest than that occasioned by the heat of the dispute : she perceived on her own side, that the loss of his philosophical conferences was not what she regretted most. A dislike of every thing, a disgust to herself, a secret repugnance to the attentions of her husband, lastly, the confusion and blushes which the name alone of Alcibiades created, all these things made her dread the danger of seeing him again ; and yet she burnt with the desire of seeing him once more.

more. Her husband brought him back to her. As she had given him to understand, that they had differed a little in a dispute concerning words, the magistrate rallied Alcibiades on it, and obliged him to return. The interview was grave; the husband amused himself with it some time; but his affairs soon called him away. "I leave you (said he to them) and I hope, that after having quarrelled about words, you will come to a reconciliation upon things." The good man meant no harm: but his wife could not help blushing for him.

After a pretty long silence, Alcibiades began:
 " Our conferences, Madam, were once my de-
 " light, and with all the tendency imaginable to
 " dissipation, you had taught me to relish and
 " prefer the charms of solitude. I was no
 " longer one of the world, I was no longer my-
 " self, I was wholly and entirely yours. Think
 " not that a foolish hope of seducing and lead-
 " ing you astray had stolen into my soul: virtue,
 " much more than wit and beauty, had enslaved
 " me to your laws. But loving you with a pas-
 " sion as delicate as it was tender, I flattered
 " myself I should have inspired you with the
 " like. This pure and virtuous love offends
 " you, or rather is only troublesome to you;
 " for it is impossible that you should condemn
 " it

“it in reality. All that I feel for you, Ma-
“dam, you yourself feel for another; you
“have confessed it to me. I cannot reproach
“you on the account, nor complain of it;
“but allow, that I am not happy. There is
“perhaps but one woman in Athens who really
“has love for her husband, and it is for this
“very woman that I am distracted.”——“In-
“deed you are a great simpleton for the disci-
“ple of a sage,” said Rhodope with a smile.
He replied very gravely; she answered again
jeeringly; he took her by the hand, she grew
angry; he kissed her hand, she would have
withdrawn; he detained her, she blushed; and
the heads of both the philosophers were turned
topsy-turvy.

It is unnecessary to say how much Rhodope
was grieved, and how she consoled herself. All
this is easily supposed in a virtuous and capti-
vated woman.

She trembled above all for the honour and peace
of her husband. Alcibiades swore inviolable se-
crecy; but the malice of the public rendered any
indiscretion on his part absolutely needless. It
was well known, that he was not the sort of man
to talk for ever about philosophy to an amiable
woman. His assiduities created suspicions;
suspicions in the world always go as far as
certainties. It was decided, that Alcibiades
had

had Rhodope. The report came to the ears of her husband : he was far from giving credit to it ; but his honour, and that of his wife, required that she should put herself above suspicion. He spoke to her of the necessity of putting away Alcibiades with so much good-humour, reason, and confidence, that she had not the courage to reply. Nothing more grievous to a soul naturally sensible and virtuous, than the receiving marks of esteem, which it no longer deserves.

Rhodope from that moment resolved never more to see Alcibiades ; and the more weakness she perceived in herself towards him, the more firmness she displayed in her resolution of breaking with him. In vain did he endeavour to subdue her by his eloquence. “ I have suffered myself to be persuaded (said she to him) that the
 “ secret injuries we do a husband were nothing ;
 “ but the very appearances of them become real
 “ injuries from the moment they attack his
 “ honour, or disturb his peace. I may be
 “ willing to believe that I am not obliged to
 “ love my husband ; but to render him happy,
 “ as far as in me lies, is an indispensable
 “ duty.”——“ So then, Madam, you prefer his
 “ happiness to mine ?”——“ I prefer (said she
 “ to him) my engagements to my inclinations :
 “ this word, which has now escaped me,
 “ shall

“ shall be my last weakness.”——“ Alas ! I
 “ thought myself beloved (cried Alcibiades
 “ with displeasure). Farewell, Madam ; I see
 “ plainly that I owed my happiness only to
 “ the caprice of a moment. See ! these are our
 “ virtuous women ! (continued he) When
 “ they take to us, it is an excess of love ;
 “ when they forsake us, it is an effort of vir-
 “ tue ; and at the bottom this love and this
 “ virtue are nothing more than a mere phan-
 “ tasy, which seizes them at one time, and
 “ leaves them at another.”——“ I have de-
 “ served this affront (said Rhodope, burst-
 “ ing into tears). A woman who has not
 “ maintained a proper respect for herself, is not
 “ to expect it from others. It is very just that our
 “ weaknesses should bring us into contempt.”

Alcibiades, after so many proofs, was thoroughly convinced, that there was no longer any dependence upon women ; but he had not confidence enough in himself to expose himself to new dangers ; and fully resolved as he was, not to love again, he yet perceived in a confused manner the necessity of loving.

In this secret inquietude, while he was walking one day on the sea shore, he saw a woman advancing towards him, whose gait and beauty might have made him take her for a goddess, if he had not discovered her to be the

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C

courtesan

courtesan Erigone. He would have shunned her, but she made up directly to him. “Alcibiades
“ (said she) philosophy will make a fool of
“ you. Tell me, my dear boy, is it a time at
“ your age to bury one’s self alive in these chime-
“ rical and melancholy ideas? Take my advice,
“ and be happy; we have always time enough
“ to be wise.”——“I have no ambition to be
“ wife (said he to her) but in order to be happy.”
“——A pretty road indeed to happiness! Do
“ you think I wear myself out in the study of
“ wisdom? Not I. And yet is there any of your
“ honest women more content with her con-
“ dition? This Socrates has spoiled you:
“ it is a pity; but yet there is a cure for you,
“ if you will take some lessons from me. I
“ have had a design upon you for some time:
“ I am young, handsome, and sensible; and
“ I believe I may say, without vanity, of as
“ much value as any long-bearded philosopher
“ of them all. They teach mortification;
“ horrible science! Come to my school, and I
“ will teach you the art of enjoyment.”——“I
“ have learnt it but too well, to my cost
“ (replied Alcibiades): ostentation and pleasure
“ have ruined me. I am no longer that opu-
“ lent and magnificent person whom his fol-
“ lies rendered so famous, and I have not at
“ present even a support but at the expence of
“ my

“ my creditors.”——“ Very well, and is it that
 “ which chagrins you? Be comforted: I have
 “ gold and jewels in abundance, and the follies
 “ of others shall serve to repair thine. You flat-
 “ ter me greatly (replied Alcibiades) by these
 “ obliging offers; but I shall not make an ill
 “ use of them.”——“ What do you mean by
 “ this delicacy? Does not love make all things
 “ common? Besides, who will imagine that
 “ you owe any thing to me? You are not fool
 “ enough to boast of it, and I have too much
 “ pride to publish it myself.”——“ You sur-
 “ prise me; for, to say the truth, you have the
 “ character of being avaricious.”——“ Avarici-
 “ ous! Ay, to be sure, with those whom I do
 “ not love, in order to be lavish to the man that
 “ I love. My diamonds are very dear to me, but
 “ you are still dearer: if you want them, say but
 “ the word; to-morrow I will sacrifice them to
 “ you.”——“ Your generosity (replied Alcibi-
 “ ades) confounds and penetrates me: I would
 “ give you the pleasure of exercising it, if I were
 “ able at least to show my gratitude like a
 “ young fellow; but I ought not to dissemble
 “ with you, that the immoderate use of plea-
 “ sures has not only ruined my fortune, but
 “ I have found out the secret of growing old
 “ before my time.”——“ I believe so (replied
 “ Erigone smiling) you have known so many

“ virtuous women ! But I am going to surprise
“ you still more : a lively and delicate senti-
“ ment is all that I expect from you ; and if
“ your heart too is not ruined, you have yet
“ enough to satisfy me,”——“ You rally ! (said
“ Alcibiades).——“ Not at all. If I took a Hercu-
“ les for a lover, I should wish him to prove him-
“ self a Hercules ; but I would have Alcibiades
“ love me only like Alcibiades, with all the de-
“ licacy of that tranquil pleasure whose source
“ is in the heart. If on the sensual side you intend
“ me any surprise, so much the better ! I allow
“ you every thing, and exact nothing.——“ In-
“ deed (said Alcibiades) I am as much charmed
“ as astonished ; and but for the uneasiness and
“ jealousy I should feel on account of my ri-
“ vals.”——“ Rivals ! you shall have none but
“ unfortunate ones, I give you my word.
“ Trust me, my friend, women do not change
“ but either through coquetry or curiosity ;
“ and with me, you know both the one and
“ the other are exhausted. If I were unac-
“ quainted with mankind, the promise I now
“ make you might be a little rash ; but in
“ sacrificing them to you, I know very well
“ what I am doing. After all, there is one
“ certain way of making you easy : you have
“ a farm at a good distance from Athens,
“ where no impertinents will come to trouble
“ us.

“us. Do you think yourself capable of sup-
 “porting a *tête-à-tête* there with me? We
 “will set out whenever you will.”——“No
 “(said he to her) my engagements detain me for
 “some time in town; but if we should settle
 “matters together, need we advertise ourselves?”
 “——Just as you please: if you think proper to
 “own me, I shall proclaim you: if you choose
 “secrecy, I will be more discreet and reserved.
 “than a prude. As I am dependent on nobody,
 “and love you merely for your own sake, I nei-
 “ther fear, nor desire to attract, the eyes of the
 “public. Put no constraint on yourself; consult
 “your heart; and if I am agreeable to you, my
 “supper is ready for us. Let us go and call
 “the gods of joy and pleasure to witness to
 “our vows.” Alcibiades seized Erigone by
 the hand, and kissed it with transport. “At
 “last (said he) I have found true love;
 “and from this day my happiness com-
 “mences.”

They arrive at the courtesan's. The most
 delicate and exquisite of every thing that taste
 could invent to gratify all the senses at once,
 seemed to have concurred in this supper to en-
 chant Alcibiades. It was in such an apart-
 ment that Venus received Adonis, when
 the Loves poured out nectar, and the
 Graces served ambrosia, “When I took

“ (said Erigone) the name of one of the mistresses of Bacchus: I did not flatter myself with
 “ possessing one day a mortal handsomer than the
 “ conqueror of India. What do I say? a mortal!
 “ It is Bacchus, Apollo, and the God of
 “ Love himself, that I possess; and I am this
 “ moment the happy rival of Erigone, Calliope,
 “ and Pſyché. I crown you then, my young god,
 “ with the vine leaf, the laurel, and the myrtle.
 “ May I be able to bring before your eyes all
 “ the attractions adored by those immortals,
 “ whose charms are united in you.” Alcibiades,
 intoxicated with self-love and desire, displayed
 all those enchanting talents which might have
 seduced wisdom itself. He sung his triumph on
 the lyre; he compared his happiness to that of
 the gods; and he found himself happier than
 they, as he had before been found to be more
 amiable.

After supper he was conducted into a neighbouring apartment, but separated from that of Erigone. “ Repose yourself, my dear Alcibiades (said she, leaving him): may
 “ love possess you in your dreams of nothing
 “ but me! Vouchsafe at least to make me believe so;
 “ and if any other object should
 “ present itself to your imagination, spare my
 “ delicacy, and by a complaisant falsehood
 “ repair the involuntary wrong you shall have
 “ done

“done me in your sleep.”——“Ah, what (replied Alcibiades tenderly) will you reduce me to the pleasure of illusion?”——“You shall never have with me (said she) any other laws than your desires.” At these words she withdrew into her own apartment, humming a tune.

Alcibiades cried out in a transport of joy, “O modesty! O virtue! what then are ye if in a heart where you reside not there is found pure and chaste love; love, such as it descended from the skies to animate man while yet innocent, and to embellish human nature?” In this excess of joy and admiration he gets up, and goes to surprise Erigone.

Erigone received him with a smile. Inspired with a sensibility tempered with delicacy, her heart seemed only to take fire from the desires of Alcibiades. Two months glided away in this delicious union, without the courtesan’s ever belying for one moment the character she had assumed; but the fatal day now approached that was to dissipate so flattering an illusion.

The preparations for the Olympick Games engrossed the conversation of all the youth of Athens. Erigone spoke of these games, and of the glory of bearing away the prize in them, with so much warmth, that she made her lover

C. 4

form

form the design of entering into the course, and conceive a hope of triumphing. But he wanted to delight her by an agreeable surprise.

The day on which these games were to be celebrated, Alcibiades left her, in order to repair thither. “ If they should see us together “ (said he) at these spectacles, they would not “ fail of drawing inferences ; and we have “ agreed to avoid even suspicion. Let us repair to the circus each on different sides. We “ will return here after the feast, and I expect “ you at supper.”

The people assemble, and seat themselves. Erigone presents herself, and attracts the eyes of all. The handsome women view her with envy, the ugly with indignation, the old men with regret, and the young with universal transport. However, the eyes of Erigone, wandering over the vast amphitheatre, looked for nothing but Alcibiades. All on a sudden she saw appear before the barrier the coursers and the chariot of her lover. She durst not believe her eyes ; but soon after a young man, more beautiful than the God of Love, and more gallant than Mars, vaults into the glittering car. It is Alcibiades ; it is he himself ! The name passes from mouth to mouth ; she hears no longer any thing around her but these words : “ It is Alcibiades, the glory and
“ ornament

“ornament of the Athenian youth.” Erigone turned pale with joy : he cast a look at her, which seemed to be the presage of victory. The chariots range themselves in a line, the barrier opens, the signal is given, the ground resounds in cadence under the feet of the horses, a cloud of dust enfolds them. Erigone no longer breathes : all her soul is in her eyes, and her eyes pursue the chariot of her lover through the clouds of dust. The chariots separate, the swiftest get the start, that of Alcibiades is of the number. Erigone, trembling, puts up vows to Castor, to Pollux, to Hercules, to Apollo. At last she perceives Alcibiades at the head, and having only one who kept pace with him. It was then that fear and hope held her soul suspended. The wheels of the two chariots seemed to turn on the same axle, and the horses guided by the same reins. Alcibiades redoubles his ardour, and the heart of Erigone begins to dilate : his rival increases his speed, and the heart of Erigone shuts itself up again : every alternate revolution produces a sudden change in her. The two chariots arrive at the goal ; but Alcibiades’s antagonist has outstripped him by a single shoot forwards. Immediately a thousand cries made the air resound with the name of Pisicrates of Samos. Alcibiades confounded retires in his chariot ; his head hung down, and the

reins floating loosely, avoiding that side of the circus where Erigone, overwhelmed with confusion, had hid her face beneath her veil. It appeared to her as if all eyes were fixed upon her to reproach her of loving a man who had just been conquered. A general murmur, however, is heard round her; she looks up to see the cause; it is Pisicrates, who is bringing back his chariot on the side where she is placed. A new occasion of confusion and grief! But what is her surprise, when the chariot stopping at her feet, she sees the conqueror alight, and present her with the Olympick crown! "I owe it to you, Madam (said he) and I come to pay you the homage of it." Let us conceive, if possible, all the emotions of the soul of Erigone at this speech; but love was predominant. "You owe me nothing (said she to Pisicrates, blushing) my wishes, pardon my frankness, my wishes were not for you."—"The desire of conquering before you (replied he) has not the less on that account acquired me this glory. If I have not been happy enough to interest you in the contention, let me be at least sufficiently so to interest you in the triumph." He then pressed her anew, with the most affecting air, to receive his offering: all the people invited her to it by redoubled shouts of applause. Self-love at length

length prevailed over her love for Alcibiades : she received the fatal laurel, to yield she said, to the acclamations and instances of the people : but who could believe it ? She received it with a smiling air, and Pisicrates remounted his chariot, intoxicated with love and glory.

As soon as Alcibiades was recovered of his first dejection, “ You are very weak, and very
“ vain (said he to himself) to afflict your-
“ self to this immoderate degree ! and for
“ what ? because there is found in the world
“ one man more dexterous, or more happy,
“ than thyself. But I see what it is that tor-
“ ments you : you would have been transport-
“ ed to have conquered in the presence of
“ Erigone ; and you dread the thought of
“ being loved less, after being vanquished.
“ Do her more justice : Erigone is not like
“ the ordinary run of women ; she will be
“ pleased with you for the ardour you have
“ shown to conquer ; and as to your ill suc-
“ cess, she will be the first to make you blush
“ for your sensibility on so small a misfor-
“ tune. Let me go and see her with con-
“ fidence ; I have even cause to rejoice at this
“ moment of adversity : it is a new trial of
“ her heart, and love contrives me a triumph
“ more pleasing than that of the course.”
Full of these consoling ideas, he arrives at

Erigone's, but finds the chariot of the conqueror at the door.

This was a clap of thunder to him. Shame, indignation, despair, seize his soul. Distracted and raging, his disordered steps turn, as it were of themselves, to the house of Socrates.

The good man, who had been present at the games, ran out to meet him. "So! (said he) you come to console yourself with me, because you have been vanquished. I dare say, young man, that I should not have seen you, had you triumphed. I am not however, the less thankful for the visit. I love to have people come to me in adversity. A soul intoxicated with its good fortune vents itself wherever it can; the confidence of a soul in affliction is more flattering and affecting. Confess, however, that your horses did miracles. Why, you missed of the prize only by one spring. You may boast, therefore, that, next to Pifocrates of Samos, you have the best coursers in all Greece; and indeed it is a most glorious thing for a man to have excellent horses!" Alcibiades confounded at his misfortune, did not even hear the raillery of Socrates. The philosopher, guessing at the trouble of his heart by the alteration of his countenance, "What then (said he to him in a graver tone) does

“ does a trifle, a mere childish amusement, affect
 “ you thus ? If you had lost an empire, I could
 “ scarce pardon you being in the state of humili-
 “ liation and dejection wherein I now see you.”
 “ —Ah ! my dear master (cried Alcibiades,
 “ coming to himself) how unhappy are we in hav-
 “ ing sensibility ! We ought to have a soul of
 “ marble to live in the age we do.” —“ I con-
 “ fess (replied Socrates) that sensibility costs us
 “ dear sometimes ; but it is so good a quality,
 “ that we cannot pay too dear for it. Let us
 “ know, however, what has befallen you.”

Alcibiades recounted to him his adventures
 with the prude, the young lady, the widow,
 the magistrate's wife, and the courtesan, who
 at that very instant had just sacrificed him to
 another. “ What is it that you bemoan your-
 “ self for ? (said Socrates, after hearing his
 “ complaint) it appears to me, that each of
 “ them loved you after her manner with the
 “ greatest sincerity in the world. The prude,
 “ for example, loved pleasure ; she found it in
 “ you : you deprive her of it, she dismisses
 “ you ; and so with the rest. It was their *own*
 “ happiness, never doubt it, that they sought
 “ in their lover. The young lady saw in you
 “ a husband whom she could love with free-
 “ dom and decency ; the widow, a glori-
 “ ous triumph which did honour to her
 “ beauty ;

“ beauty ; the magistrate’s wife, an amiable and
 “ discreet man, with whom, without either danger
 “ or noise, her philosophy and her virtue might
 “ take some relaxation ; the courtesan, a man
 “ admired, applauded, and universally desired,
 “ whom she should have the secret pleasure of pos-
 “ sessing alone, while all the beauties of Greece
 “ should vainly dispute with each other the glory
 “ of captivating him.”——“ You confess then
 “ (said Alcibiades) that not one of them loved
 “ me for *myself* ?”——“ For *yourself* ! (cried the
 “ philosopher) ah ! my dear child ! who has put
 “ this ridiculous pretension into your head ?
 “ None love but for themselves. Friendship
 “ itself, purely sentimental as it is, founds its
 “ preferences only on personal interest ; and if
 “ you demand that it should be disinterested,
 “ you may begin by renouncing mine.”——“ I
 “ am amazed (pursued he) to see how foolish
 “ self-love is, even in those who have the
 “ best understanding. I should be very glad
 “ to know, what is this SELF that you
 “ would have them love in you ? Birth, for-
 “ tune, glory, youth, talents, and beauty,
 “ are but *accidents*. Nothing of all this is
 “ *your-SELF*, and yet this is all that renders
 “ you amiable. The *self*, which unites all
 “ these charms, is no more than the can-
 “ vas of the tapestry. It is the embroidery
 “ that

“ that gives it value. In loving all these en-
 “ dowments in you, they confound them
 “ with you. Do not, I advise you, run into
 “ imaginary distinctions; and receive, as it is
 “ given you, the result of this mixture:
 “ it is a coin of which the alloy forms the
 “ consistence, but which loses its value
 “ in the crucible. I am not sorry that your
 “ delicacy has detached you from the prude
 “ and the widow; nor that the resolution
 “ of Rhodope, and the vanity of Erigone,
 “ has restored you to liberty: but I regret the
 “ loss of Glycerium, and advise you to return to
 “ her.”——“ You jest! (said Alcibiades)——
 “ she is a mere child, who only wants to be
 “ married.”——“ Very well, you shall marry
 “ her then.”——“ Did I hear right? Socrates
 “ advise me to marriage!”——“ Why not?
 “ If your wife be wise and reasonable, you
 “ will be a happy man; if she be a wanton,
 “ or a coquette, you will become a philoso-
 “ pher; you cannot, therefore, do otherwise
 “ than gain by it.”

S O L I M A N

S O L I M A N II.

IT is pleasant to see grave historians racking their brains, in order to find out great causes for great events. Sylla's valet de chambre would perhaps have laughed heartily to hear the politicians reason on the abdication of his master; but it is not of Sylla that I am now going to speak.

Soliman II. married his slave, in contempt of the laws of the sultans. It is natural at first to paint to ourselves this slave as an accomplished beauty, with an elevated soul, an uncommon genius, and a profound skill in politics. No such thing: the fact was as follows:

Soliman grew splenetick in the midst of his glory: the various, but ready pleasures of the seraglio, were become insipid to him. “ I am weary (said he one day) of receiving here the caresses of mere machines. These slaves move my pity. Their soft docility has nothing poignant, nothing flattering. It is to hearts nourished in the bosom of liberty, that it would be delightful to make slavery agreeable.”

The



SOLIMAN II.

W. Sharp sculp.

The whimsies of a sultan are laws to his ministers. Large sums were instantly promised to such as should bring European slaves to the seraglio. In a short time there arrived three, who, like the three Graces, seemed to have divided among themselves all the charms of beauty.

Features noble and modest, eyes tender and languishing, an ingenuous temper and a sensible soul, distinguished the touching Elmira. The entrance of the seraglio, the idea of servitude, had chilled her with a mortal terror: Soliman found her in a swoon in the arms of his women. He approaches; he recalls her to life; he encourages her; she lifts towards him a pair of large blue eyes, bedewed with tears; he reaches forth his hand to her; he supports her himself; she follows him with a tottering step. The slaves retire; and as soon as he is alone with her, “It is not with fear, beautiful
“ Elmira (said he to her) that I would inspire you. Forget that you have a master;
“ see in me only a lover.”——“The name
“ of lover (said she to him) is not less unknown to me than that of master: and
“ both the one and the other make me tremble. They have told me (and I still shudder at the thought) that I am destined
“ to your pleasures. Alas! what pleasure
“ can it be to tyrannize over weakness and
“ innocence?

“innocence? Believe me, I am not capable of
“the compliances of servitude; and the only
“pleasure possible for you to taste with me, is
“that of being generous. Restore me to my pa-
“rents, and my country; and in the respect
“you show for my virtue, my youth, and my
“misfortunes, merit my gratitude, my esteem,
“and my regret.”

This discourse from a slave was new to Soli-
man: his great soul was moved by it. “No (said
“he) my dear child, I will owe nothing to vio-
“lence. You charm me, I will make it my hap-
“piness to love and please you; and I prefer the
“torment of never seeing you more to that of
“seeing you unhappy. However, before I re-
“store you to liberty, give me leave to try, at
“least, whether it be not possible for me to dissi-
“pate that terror which the name of slave
“strikes into you. I ask only one month’s
“trial, after which, if my love cannot move
“you, I will avenge myself no otherwise on
“your ingratitude, than by delivering you up
“to the inconstancy and perfidy of mankind.”
“Ah! my lord! (cried Elmira) with an emo-
“tion mixed with joy, how unjust are the pre-
“judices of my country, and how little are
“your virtues known there! Continue such
“as I now see you, and I no longer reckon
“this day unfortunate.”

Some

Some moments after, she saw slaves enter, carrying baskets filled with stuffs and valuable trinkets. "Choose (said the sultan to her) these are clothes, not ornaments, that are here presented to you : nothing can adorn you."--- Decide for me (said Elmira to him, running her eyes over the baskets)--- "Do not consult me (replied the sultan) I hate, without distinction, every thing that can rob me of your charms." Elmira blushed, and the sultan perceived she preferred the colours most favourable to the character of her beauty. He conceived a pleasing hope from that circumstance ; for care to adorn one's self is almost a desire to please.

The month of trial passed away in timid gallantries on the part of the sultan, and on Elmira's side, in complaisance and delicate attentions. Her confidence in him increased every day, without her perceiving it. At first, he was not permitted to see her, but after the business of the toilette, and on condition to depart when she prepared to undress again ; in a short time he was admitted both to her toilette and dishabille. It was there that the plan of their amusements for that day and the next was formed. Whatever either proposed was exactly what the other was going to propose. Their disputes turned only on the stealing of thoughts. Elmira, in these disputes, perceived

ceived not some small slips, which escaped her modesty. A pin misplaced, or a garter put on unthinkingly, &c. afforded the sultan pleasures, which he was cautious not to testify. He knew, (and it was much for a sultan to know) that it was impolitic to advertise modesty of the dangers to which it exposes itself; that it is never fiercer than when alarmed; and that, in order to subdue it, one should render them familiar. Nevertheless, the more he discovered of Elmira's charms, the more he perceived his fears increase, on account of the approach of the day that might deprive him of them.

The fatal period arrives. Soliman causes chests to be prepared, filled with stuffs, precious stones, and perfumes. He repairs to Elmira, followed by these presents. "It is to-morrow (said he) that
 " I have promised to restore you to liberty, if
 " you still regret the want of it. I now come to
 " acquit myself of my promise, and to bid adieu
 " to you forever."—"What! (said Elmira
 " trembling) is it to-morrow? I had forgot it."
 " —It is to-morrow (resumed the sultan) that,
 " delivered up to my despair, I am to become the
 " most unhappy of men."—"You are very
 " cruel then to your self to put me in mind of it!"
 " —Alas! it depends only on you, Elmira, that
 " I should forget it for ever."—"I confess
 (said she to him) that your sorrow touches me;
 " that

“ that your proceedings have interested me in
 “ your happiness ; and if, to show my gratitude,
 “ it were necessary only to prolong the time of
 “ my slavery.”——“ No, madam, I am but too
 “ much accustomed to the happiness of posses-
 “ sing you. I perceive that the more I shall know
 “ of you, the more terrible it would be to me to
 “ lose you : this sacrifice will cost me my life ;
 “ but I shall only render it the more grievous
 “ by deferring it. May your country prove
 “ worthy of it ! May the people whom you are
 “ going to please, deserve you better than I do !
 “ I ask but one favour of you, which is, that
 “ you would be pleased cordially to accept
 “ these presents as the feeble pledges of a
 “ love, the most pure and tender, that your-
 “ self, yes, that yourself are capable of
 “ inspiring.”——“ No (said she to him, with
 “ a voice almost smothered) I will not accept
 “ of your presents. I go : you will have it so !
 “ But I shall carry away from you nothing
 “ but your image.”——Soliman, lifting up his
 eyes to Elmira, met her’s bedewed with tears.
 “ Adieu then, Elmira !”——“ Adieu, Soli-
 “ man !” They bid each other so many and
 such tender adieus, that they concluded by
 swearing not to separate for life. The avenues
 of pleasure through which he had passed so
 rapidly with his slaves from Asia, appeared to
 him

him so delicious with Elmira, that he found an inexpressible charm in going through them step by step : but arrived at the happiness itself, his pleasures had from that time the same defect as before ; they became too easy of access, and in a short time after too languid. Their days, so well filled up till then, began to hang heavy. In one of these moments, when complaisance alone retained Soliman with Elmira, “ Would it be agreeable to you (said he) “ to hear a slave from your own country, whose “ voice has been greatly commended to me ? ” Elmira, at the proposal, plainly perceived that she was lost : but to put any constraint on a lover who begins to grow tired, is to tire him still more. “ I am for any thing (said she) “ that you please ; ” and the slave was ordered to enter.

Delia (for that was the singer's name) had the figure of a goddess. Her hair exceeded the ebony in blackness, and her skin the whiteness of ivory. Two eye-brows, boldly arched, crowned her sparkling eyes. As soon as she began tuning, her lips, which were of the finest vermillion, displayed two rows of pearl set in coral. At first she sung the victories of Soliman, and the hero felt his soul elevated at the remembrance of his triumphs. His pride hitherto, more than his taste, applauded the accents

accents of that thrilling voice, which filled the whole saloon with its harmony and strength.

Delia changed her manner, to sing the charms of pleasure. She then took the theorbo, an instrument favourable to the display of a rounded arm, and to the movements of a delicate and light hand. Her voice, more flexible and tender, now resounded none but the most touching sounds. Her modulations, connected by imperceptible gradations, expressed the delirium of a soul intoxicated with pleasure, or exhausted with sentiment. Her sounds, sometimes expiring on her lips, sometimes swelled and sunk with rapidity, expressed by turns the sighs of modesty and the vehemence of desire; while her eyes still more than her voice animated these lively descriptions.

Soliman, quite transported, devoured her both with his ears and eyes. “ No (said he) “ never before did so beautiful a mouth utter “ such pleasing sounds. With what delight “ must she, who sings so feelingly of pleasure, inspire and relish it ! How charming “ to draw that harmonious breath, and to “ catch again in their passage those sounds “ animated by love ! ” The sultan, lost in these reflections, perceived not that all the while he kept beating time on the knee of the trembling Elmira. Her heart oppressed with jealousy, she was scarce able to breathe. “ How “ happy

“ happy is Delia, (said she, in a low voice, to
“ Soliman) to have so tuneable a voice ! Alas !
“ it ought to be the organ of my heart ! every
“ thing that she expresses, you have taught me
“ to feel.” So said Elmira, but Soliman did
not listen to her.

Delia changed her tone a second time to in-
constancy. All that the changeful variety of na-
ture contains, either interesting or amiable was re-
capitulated in her song. It seemed like the flutter-
ing of the butterfly over roses, or like the ze-
phyrs, losing themselves among the flowers.
“ Listen to the turtle (said Delia) she is faithful
“ but melancholy. See the inconstant sparrow :
“ pleasure moves his wings ; his warbling voice
“ is exerted merely to return thanks to love.
“ Water freezes only in stagnation ; a heart ne-
“ ver languishes but in constancy. There is but
“ one mortal on earth, whom it is possible to love
“ always. Let him change, let him enjoy the ad-
“ vantage of making a thousand hearts happy ;
“ all prevent his wishes, or pursue him. They
“ adore him in their own arms ; they love
“ him even in the arms of another. Let him
“ give himself up to our desires, or withdraw
“ himself from them, still he will find love
“ wherever he goes, wherever he goes will leave
“ the print of love on his foot-steps.”

Elmira was no longer able to dissemble her
displeasure and grief. She gets up and retires :
the

the sultan does not recal her, and while she is overwhelming herself with tears, repeating a thousand times, "Ah! the ungrateful, Ah! the perfidious man!" Soliman, charmed with his divine songstress, prepares to realise with her some of those pictures which she had drawn so much to the life. The next morning the unhappy Elmira writ a billet filled with reproach and tenderness, in which she puts him in mind of the promise he had made her. "That is true" (said the sultan) let us send her back to her country, laden with marks of my favour. "This poor girl loves me dearly, and I am to blame on her account."

The first moments of his love for Delia were no more than an intoxication; but as soon as he had time for reflection, he perceived that she was more petulant than sensible, more greedy of pleasure than flattered in administering it; in a word, fitter than himself to have a seraglio at command. To feed his illusion, he sometimes invited Delia, that he might hear that voice which had enchanted him; but that voice was no longer the same. The impression made by it became every day weaker and weaker by habitude; and it was now no more than a slight emotion, when an unforeseen circumstance dissipated it for ever.

The chief officer of the seraglio came to inform the sultan, that it was impossible to manage the untractable vivacity of one of the European slaves; that she made a jest of his prohibitions and menaces; and that she answered him only by cutting railleries and immoderate bursts of laughter. Soliman, who was too great a prince to make a state affair of what merely regarded the regulation of his pleasures, entertained a curiosity of seeing this young madcap. He repaired to her, followed by the eunuch. As soon as she saw Soliman, "Heaven be praised! (said she) here comes a human figure! You are without doubt the sublime sultan, whose slave I have the honour to be? Do me the favour to drive away this old knave, who shocks my very fight." The sultan had a good deal of difficulty to refrain laughing at this beginning. "Roxalana (said he to her, for so she was called) show some respect, if you please, to the minister of my pleasures: you are yet a stranger to the manners of the seraglio; 'till they can instruct you in them, contain yourself and obey." "A fine compliment (said Roxalana). *Obey!* Is that your Turkish gallantry? Sure you must be mightily beloved, if it is in this strain you begin your addresses to the ladies! *Respect the minister of my pleasures!* You have

“ have your pleasures then ? and, good heaven,
 “ what pleasures, if they resemble their minister !
 “ an old amphibious monster, who keeps us
 “ here, penned in, like sheep in a fold, and who
 “ prowls round with his frightful eyes always
 “ ready to devour us ! See here the confidant of
 “ your pleasures, and the guardian of our pru-
 “ dence ! Give him his due, if you pay him to
 “ make yourself hated, he does not cheat you
 “ of any of his wages. We cannot take a step
 “ but he growls. He forbids us even to walk,
 “ and to receive or pay visits. In a short time,
 “ I suppose he will weigh out the air to us,
 “ and give us light by the yard. If you
 “ had seen him rave last night, because he
 “ found me in these solitary gardens !—Did
 “ you order him to forbid our going into
 “ them ? Are you afraid that it should rain
 “ men ? And if there should fall a few from
 “ the clouds, what a misfortune ! Heaven owes
 “ us this miracle.”

While Roxalana spoke thus, the sultan ex-
 amined, with surprise, the fire of her looks,
 and the play of her countenance. “ By Maho-
 “ met (said he to himself) here is the pret-
 “ tiest-looking romp in all Asia. Such faces
 “ as these are made only in Europe.” Roxa-
 lana had nothing fine, nothing regular in her
 features ; but, taken all together, they had

D 2

that

that smart singularity, which touches more than beauty. A speaking look, a mouth fresh and rosy, an arch smile, a nose somewhat turned up, a neat and well-made shape ; all these circumstances gave her giddiness a charm which disconcerted the gravity of Soliman. But the great, in his situation, have the resource of silence ; and Soliman, not knowing how to answer her, fairly walked off, concealing his embarrassment under an air of majesty.

The eunuch asked him what orders he would be pleased to give with respect to this saucy slave. " She is a mere child (replied the sultan) " you must pass over some things in her."

The air, the tone, the figure, the disposition of Roxalana, had excited in the soul of Soliman an anxiety and emotion which sleep was not able to dispel. As soon as he awoke, he ordered the chief of the eunuchs to come to him. " You seem to me (said he) to be " but little in Roxalana's good graces ; in order " to make your peace, go and tell her, I will " come and drink tea with her." On the arrival of the officer, Roxalana's women hastened to wake her. " What does the ape want " with me ! (cried she, rubbing her eyes) " I come (replied the eunuch) from the " emperor, to kiss the dust of your feet, and

“ and to inform you, that he will come and
 “ drink tea with the delight of his soul.”——
 “ Get away with your strange speeches! My
 “ feet have no dust, and I do not drink tea so
 “ early.”

The eunuch retired without replying, and gave
 an account of his embassy. “ She is in the right,
 “ (said the sultan) why did you wake her? You
 “ do every thing wrong.” As soon as it was
 broad day with Roxalana, he went thither. “ You
 “ are angry with me? (said he) they have dis-
 “ turbed your sleep, and I am the innocent cause
 “ of it. Come, let us make peace; imitate me :
 “ you see that I forget all that you said to me
 “ yesterday.”——“ You forget it! So much the
 “ worse: I said some good things to you. My
 “ frankness displeases you, I see plainly: but
 “ you will soon grow accustomed to it. And are
 “ you not too happy to find a friend in a slave?
 “ Yes, a friend, who interests herself in your
 “ welfare, and who would teach you to love.
 “ Why have not you made a voyage to my
 “ country? It is there that they know love; it
 “ is there that it is lively and tender; and why?
 “ Because it is free. Sentiment is involun-
 “ tary, and does not come by force. The
 “ yoke of marriage amongst us is much lighter
 “ than that of slavery; and yet a husband
 “ that is beloved, is a prodigy. Every thing

“ under the name of duty saddens the soul, blasts
“ the imagination, cools desire, and takes off that
“ edge of self-love which gives all the relish and
“ seasoning to affection. Now, if it be so difficult
“ to love a husband, how much harder is it to
“ love a master, especially if he has not the ad-
“ dress to conceal the fetters he puts upon us ?”
“ — And I (replied the sultan) I will forget
“ nothing to soften your servitude; but you
“ ought in your turn—” — “ I *ought*! nothing
“ but what one *ought*! Leave off, I pr’ythee
“ now, these humiliating phrases. They come
“ with a very ill grace from the mouth of a man
“ of gallantry, who has the honour of talking
“ to a pretty woman.” — “ But, Roxalana, do
“ you forget who I am, and who you are ?” —
“ Who you are, and who I am! You are
“ powerful, I am pretty: and so we are
“ even.” — “ May be so (replied the sultan
“ haughtily) in your country; but here,
“ Roxalana, I am master, and you a slave.”
“ — Yes, I know you have purchased me;
“ but the robber who sold me could trans-
“ fer to you only those rights over me
“ which he had himself, the rights of rapine
“ and violence; in one word, the rights of
“ a robber; and you are too honest a man to
“ think of abusing them. After all, you are
“ my master, because my life is in your hands;
“ but

“ but I am no longer your slave, if I know how
 “ to despise life ; and truly the life one leads
 “ here is not worth the fear of losing it : ” —
 “ What a frightful notion ! (cried the sultan)
 “ do you take me for a barbarian ? No, my dear
 “ Roxalana, I would make use of my power
 “ only to render this life delightful to yourself
 “ and me. — “ Upon my word (said Roxalana)
 “ the prospect is not very promising. These
 “ guards, for instance, so black, so disgusting,
 “ so ugly, are they the Smiles and Sports which
 “ here accompany Love ? ” — “ These guards
 “ are not set upon you alone. I have five hun-
 “ dred women, whom our manners and laws
 “ oblige me to keep watched. ” — “ And why
 “ five hundred women ? (said she to him
 “ with an air of confidence). — It is a kind of
 “ state which the dignity of sultan imposes upon
 “ me. ” — “ But what do you do with them,
 “ pray ? for you lend them to nobody. ” — “ In-
 “ constancy (replied the sultan) has intro-
 “ duced this custom. A heart void of love,
 “ stands in need of variety. Lovers only are
 “ constant, and I never was a lover till I saw
 “ you. Let not the number of these women
 “ give you the shadow of uneasiness ; they shall
 “ serve only to grace your triumph : You shall
 “ see them all eager to please you, and you shall
 “ see me attentive to no one but yourself. ” —

“ Indeed (said Roxalana, with an air of com-
 “ passion) you deserve better luck. It is pity you
 “ are not a plain private gentleman in my coun-
 “ try; I should then be weak enough to enter-
 “ tain some sort of kindness for you: for at the
 “ bottom it is not yourself that I hate, it is that
 “ which surrounds you. You are much better
 “ than ordinary for a Turk: you have even
 “ something of the Frenchman about you, and,
 “ without flattery, I have loved some who were
 “ not so deserving as yourself.”——“You have
 “ loved!” (cried Soliman, with horror!) ——
 “ “Oh! not at all: I took care of that! But do you
 “ expect one to have kept one’s virtue all one’s
 “ life-time, in order to surrender it to you? In-
 “ deed these Turks are pleasant people.”——“And
 “ you have not been virtuous? O heavens,
 “ what do I hear! I am betrayed! I am lost!
 “ Destruction seize the traitors who meant to im-
 “ pose upon me.”——“Forgive them (said Rox-
 “ alana) the poor creatures are not to blame. The
 “ most knowing are often deceived. And then,
 “ the misfortune is not very great. Why
 “ do not you restore me to my liberty, if
 “ you think me unworthy of the honours of
 “ slavery?”——“Yes, yes, I will restore you
 “ to that liberty, of which you have made
 “ so good use.” At these words the sultan
 retired in a rage, saying to himself, “ I plainly
 “ fore-

“ foresaw that this little turned up nose had made a slip.”

It is impossible to describe the confusion into which this imprudent avowal of Roxalana's had thrown him. Sometimes he had a mind to have her sent away, sometimes that they should shut her up, next that they should bring her to him, and then again, that she should be sent away. The great Soliman no longer knows what he says.

“ My Lord (remonstrated the eunuch) can you fall into despair for a trifle? One girl more or less; is there any thing so uncommon in her? Besides who knows whether the confession she has made be not an artifice to get herself sent back to her own country?”——“What say you? how! can it be possible? It is the very thing. He opens my eyes. Women are not used to make such confessions. It is a trick, a stratagem. Ah! the perfidious hussy! Let me dissemble in my turn: I will drive her to the last extremity. Hark ye! go and tell her that I invite her to sup with me this evening. But, no; order the songstresses to come here: it is better to send her.”

Delia was charged to employ all her art to engage the confidence of Roxalana. As soon as the latter had heard what she had to say, “What! (said she) young and handsome as you are, does he charge you with his messages,

“ and have you the weakness to obey him ?
“ Get you gone, you are not worthy to be
“ my countrywoman. Ah ! I see plainly
“ that they spoil him, and that I alone must
“ take upon me to teach this Turk how
“ to live. I will send him word that I
“ keep you to sup with me ; I must have
“ him make some atonement for his impertinence.”——“ But, Madam, he will take it ill.”
“ —He ! I should be glad to see him take
“ any thing ill of me.”——“ But he seemed
“ desirous of seeing you alone.”——“ Alone !
“ ah ! it is not come to that yet ; and I shall
“ make him go over a good deal of ground,
“ before we have any thing particular to say
“ to each other.”

The sultan was as much surprised as piqued to learn that they should have a third person. However, he repaired early to Roxalana's. As soon as she saw him coming, she ran to meet him with as easy an air, as if they had been upon the best footing in the world together.
“ There (says she) is a handsome man
“ come to sup with us !——Do you like him,
“ Madam ? Confess, Soliman, that I am a
“ good friend. Come, draw near, salute the
“ lady. There ! very well. Now, thank
“ me. Softly ! I do not like to have people
“ dwell too long on their acknowledgments.
“ Wonder-

“ Wonderful ! I assure you he surprises me.
 “ He has had but two lessons, and see how he
 “ is improved ! I do not despair of making him,
 “ one day or other, an absolute Frenchman.”

Do but imagine the astonishment of a sultan, a sultan, the conqueror of Asia, to see himself treated like a school-boy by a slave of eighteen. During supper, her gaiety and extravagance were inconceivable. The sultan was beside himself with transport. He questioned her concerning the manners of Europe. One picture followed another. Our prejudices, our follies, our humours, were all laid hold of, all represented. Soliman thought himself in Paris. “ The witty rogue !
 “ (cried he) witty rogue !” From Europe she fell upon Asia. This was much worse : the haughtiness of the men, the weakness of the women, the dulness of their society, the filthy gravity of their amours, nothing escaped her, though she had seen nothing but cursorily. The seraglio had its turn ; and Roxalana began by felicitating the sultan on having been the first to imagine, that he could ensure the virtue of the women, by the absolute impotence of the blacks. She was preparing to enlarge upon the honour that this circumstance of his reign would do him in history ; but he begged her to spare him.
 “ Well (said she) I perceive that I take
 “ up those moments which Delia could fill

“ up much better. Throw yourself at her feet,
 “ to obtain from her one of those airs which they
 “ say she sings with so much taste and spirit.”
 Delia did not suffer herself to be entreated. Rox-
 alana appeared charmed : she asked Soliman, in
 a low voice, for a handkerchief ; he gave her one,
 without the least suspicion of her design. “ Ma-
 “ dam (said she to Delia, presenting it to her) I
 “ am desired by the sultan to give you the hand-
 “ kerchief ; you have well deserved it.”——
 “ Oh, to be sure (said Soliman, transported with
 “ anger) and presenting his hand to the song-
 “ sters, retired along with her.

As soon as they were alone, “ I confess
 “ (said he to her) that this giddy girl confounds
 “ me. You see the style in which she treats me.
 “ I have not the courage to be angry with her.
 “ In short, I am mad, and I do not know what
 “ method to take to bring her to reason.”——“ My
 “ Lord (said Delia) I believe I have discovered
 “ her temper. Authority can do nothing. You
 “ have nothing for it but extreme coldness, or
 “ extreme gallantry. Coldness may pique her ;
 “ but I am afraid we are too far gone for
 “ that. She knows that you love her. She
 “ will enjoy the pain that this will cost
 “ you, and you will come to sooner than
 “ she. This method besides is disagreeable
 “ and painful ; and if one moment’s weak-
 “ ness

“ nefs, should escape you, you will have all to
 “ begin again.”——“ Well then (said the sul-
 “ tan) let us try gallantry.”

From that time there was in the seraglio every day a new festival, of which Roxalana was the object; but she received all this as an homage due to her, without concern or pleasure, but with a cool complaisance. The sultan sometimes asked her, “ How did you like those sports, those
 “ concerts, those spectacles?”——“ Well enough
 “ (said she) but there was something wanting.”
 “ And what !”——“ Men and liberty.”

Soliman was in despair : he had recourse to Delia. “ Upon my word (said the song-
 “ strefs) I know nothing else that can touch
 “ her, at least unless glory have a share in it.
 “ You receive to-morrow the ambassadours of
 “ your allies; cannot I bring her to see this
 “ ceremony behind a curtain, which may conceal
 “ us from the eyes of your court ?”——“ And
 “ do you think (said the sultan) that this
 “ would make any impression on her ?”——“ I
 “ hope so (said Delia) the women of her
 “ country love glory.”——“ You charm me !
 “ (cried Soliman). Yes, my dear Delia, I
 “ shall owe my happiness to you.”

At his return from this ceremony, which he took care to render as pompous as possible, he repaired to Roxalana. “ Get you gone (said she to him) out of my sight, and never
 “ see

“ see me more.” The sultan remained motionless and dumb with astonishment. “ Is this then
“ (pursued she) your art of love? Glory and
“ grandeur, the only good things worthy to
“ touch the soul, are reserved for you alone ;
“ shame and oblivion, the most insupportable
“ of all evils, are my portion ; and you would
“ have me love you ! I hate you worse than death.”
The sultan would fain have turned this reproach into raillery. “ Nay, but I am serious
“ (resumed she) if my lover had but a hut, I
“ would share his hut with him, and be content.
“ He has a throne ; I will share his throne, or
“ he is no lover of mine. If you think me
“ unworthy to reign over the Turks send me
“ back to my own country, where all the
“ handsome women are sovereigns, and much
“ more absolute than I should be here ; for
“ they reign over hearts.”——“ The sovereignty of mine then is not sufficient for
“ you ?” (said Soliman with the most tender air in the world).——“ No ; I desire no heart
“ which has pleasures that I have not. Talk
“ to me no more of your feasts, all mere
“ pastimes for children. I must have embassies.”——“ But, Roxalana, you are either
“ mad, or you dream.”——“ And what do you
“ find then so extravagant in desiring to reign
“ with you ? Am I formed to disgrace a
“ throne ? And do you think that I should
“ have

“ have displayed less greatness and dignity than
 “ yourself in assuring our subjects and allies of
 “ our protection ?”——“ I think (said the sul-
 “ tan) that you would do every thing with
 “ grace ; but it is not in my power to satisfy
 “ your ambition, and I beseech you to think no
 “ more of it.”——“ Think no more of it ! Oh !
 “ I promise you I shall think of nothing else,
 “ and I will from henceforward dream of no-
 “ thing but a sceptre, a crown, an embassy.”
 She kept her word. The next morning she had
 already contrived the design of her diadems
 and had already settled every thing, except
 the colour of the ribband which was to tie
 it. She ordered rich stuffs to be brought her
 for her habits of ceremony ; and as soon as the
 sultan appeared, she asked his opinion on the
 choice. He exerted all his endeavours to di-
 vert her from this idea ; but contradiction
 plunged her into the deepest melancholy ; and
 to draw her out of it again, he was obliged to
 flatter her illusion. Then she displayed the
 most brilliant gaiety. He seized these mo-
 ments to talk to her of love ; but without lis-
 tening, she talked to him of politicks. All
 her answers to the harangues of the deputies,
 on her accession to the crown, were already
 prepared. She had even formed projects of
 regulations for the territories of the grand
 signor. She would make them plant
 vines

vines and build opera-houses ; suppress the eunuchs, because they were good for nothing ; shut up the jealous, because they disturbed society ; and banish all self-interested persons, because sooner or later they became rogues. The sultan amused himself for some time with these follies ; nevertheless, he still burnt with the most violent love, without any hope of being happy. On the least suspicion of violence she became furious, and was ready to kill herself. On the other hand, Soliman found not the ambition of Roxalana so very foolish : “ For, in short (said he) is it not
“ cruel to be alone deprived of the happiness
“ of associating to my fortune a woman
“ whom I esteem and love ? All my subjects
“ may have a lawful wife ; an absurd law
“ forbids marriage to me alone.” Thus spoke love, but policy put him to silence. He took the resolution of confiding to Roxalana the reasons which restrained him. “ I would make
“ it (said he) my happiness to leave nothing
“ wanting to yours : but our manners”——
“ Idle stories !”——“ Our laws”——“ Old
“ songs !”——“ The priests” “ What care
“ they !”——“ The people and the soldiery”——
“ What is it to them ? Will they be more wretched
“ when you shall have me for your consort ? You
“ have very little love, if you have so little courage !” She prevailed so far, that Soliman was
ashamed-

ashamed of being so fearful. He orders the musti, the visir, the camaican, the aga of the sea, and the aga of the janissaries, to come to him; and he says to them, "I have carried, as far as I was able, the glory of the crescent; I have established the power and peace of my empire; and I desire nothing, by way of recompence for my labours, but to enjoy with the goodwill of my subjects a blessing which they all enjoy. I know not what law, but it is one that is not derived down to us from the prophet, forbids the sultans the sweets of the marriage-bed: thence I perceive myself reduced to the condition of slaves, whom I despise; and I have resolved to marry a woman whom I adore. Prepare my people then for this marriage. If they approve it, I receive their approbation as a mark of their gratitude; but if they dare to murmur at it, tell them that I will have it so." The assembly received the sultan's orders with a respectful silence, and the people followed their example:

Soliman, transported with joy and love, went to fetch Roxalana, in order to lead her to the mosque; and said to himself in a low voice, as he was conducting her thither, "Is it possible that a little turned-up nose should overturn the laws of an empire?"

THE

THE SCRUPLE;

O R,

LOVE DISSATISFIED WITH ITSELF.

“ **H** EAVEN be praised (said Belisa on
 “ going out of mourning for her hus-
 “ band) I have now fulfilled a grievous and
 “ painful piece of duty! It was time it should
 “ be over. To see one’s self delivered up at
 “ the age of sixteen to a man whom we know
 “ nothing of; to pass the best days of one’s
 “ life in dullness, dissimulation, and ser-
 “ vitude; to be the slave and victim of a love
 “ we inspire, but of which we cannot par-
 “ take; what a trial for virtue! I have un-
 “ dergone it, and am now discharged. I have
 “ nothing to reproach myself with; for
 “ though I did not love my husband, I pre-
 “ tended to love him, and that is much
 “ more heroick. I was faithful to him, not-
 “ withstanding his jealousy: in short, I
 “ have mourned for him. This, I think, is
 “ carrying goodness of heart as far as it
 “ can go. At length restored to myself, I
 “ depend



W. Sharp sculp.

THE SCRUPLE.

“ depend on nothing but my own will, and it
 “ is only from to-day that I begin to live. Ah !
 “ how my heart would take fire, if any one
 “ should succeed so far as to please me ! But let
 “ me consider well before I engage this
 “ heart of mine, and let me not, if possible,
 “ run the risque either of ceasing to love, or of
 “ ceasing to be loved. Cease to be loved ! That,
 “ I believe, is a difficult matter (resumed she,
 “ consulting at the same time her looking-
 “ glass) but to cease to love is still worse.
 “ How could one for any considerable time
 “ feign a passion one did not feel ? I should
 “ never be able to do it. To leave a man after
 “ we have taken to him is a piece of effrontery
 “ beyond me ; and then complaints, despair,
 “ the noise of a rupture, all that is frightful.
 “ Let me love, since heaven has given me a
 “ sensible heart ; but let me love my whole life
 “ long, and not flatter myself with those tran-
 “ sient likings, those caprices which are so of-
 “ ten taken for love. I have time to choose and
 “ try myself ; the only thing to be done to
 “ avoid all surprise, is to form a distinct
 “ and exact notion of love. I have read that
 “ love is a passion, which of two souls
 “ makes but one, which pierces them at the
 “ same time, and fills them one with the
 “ other, which detaches them from every
 “ thing,

“ thing, supplies the want of every thing, and
“ makes their mutual happiness their only care
“ and desire. Such, without doubt, is love;
“ and according to this idea of it, it will be
“ very easy for me to distinguish in myself, and
“ in others, the illusion from the reality.”

Her first experiment was made on a young magistrate, with whom the disposition of her late husband's effects gave her some connexion. The president de S—, with an agreeable figure, a cultivated understanding, a sweet and sensible temper, was simple in his dress, easy in his manner, and modest in his conversation. He valued himself neither on being a connoisseur, in equipages, nor fineries. He talked not of his horses to the women, nor of his intrigues to the men. He had all the talents becoming his place without ostentation, and all the agreeable qualities of a man of the world without being a coxcomb. He was the same at court and in company: not that he passed decrees at an entertainment, or rallied when he heard causes; but as he had not the least affectation, he was always without disguise.

Belisa was touched with such uncommon merit. He had gained her confidence; he obtained her friendship, and under that name the heart goes a great way. The affairs of
Belisa's

Belifa's husband being settled, " May I be permitted (said the president one day to the widow) to ask you one question in confidence? Do you propose to remain free, or shall the sacrifice of your liberty make one man more happy?"—" No, Sir (said she) I have too much delicacy ever to make it any man's duty to live only for me."—" That duty would be a very pleasing one (replied the gallant magistrate) and I greatly fear, that without your consent more than one lover will impose it upon himself."—" So much the better (said Belifa) let them love me without being obliged to it : it is the most pleasing of all homages."—" Yet, Madam, I cannot suspect you of being a coquette."—" Oh ! you would do me great injustice if you did ; for I abominate coquetry."—" But to desire to be loved without loving again?"—" And who, Sir, has told you that I shall not love? Such resolutions are not taken at my age. I would neither constrain, nor be constrained ; that is all."—" Very well : you desire then that the engagement should cease with inclination?"—" I desire that both the one and the other should be eternal, and for that reason I would avoid even the shadow of constraint. I feel myself capable of loving all my life long in liberty ; but to tell you the truth, I

" would

" would not promise to love two days in slavery."

The president saw plainly that he must humour her delicacy, and content himself with being on the footing of a friend. He had the modesty to bring himself to that, and from thenceforward every little tenderness of love was practised in order to touch her. He succeeded. I shall not mention the degrees by which Belisa's sensibility . . . every day more and more affected; let it suffice, that she was now come to that pass, when prudence, in equipoise with love, waits only one slight effort to turn the scale. They were at this point, and were *tête-à-tête*. The president's eyes, enflamed with love, devoured the charms of Belisa; he pressed her hand tenderly. Belisa, trembling, hardly breathed. The president solicited her with the impassioned eloquence of desire. " Ah ! president (said she to him at last) could you be capable of " deceiving me?" At these words the last sigh of modesty seemed to have escaped her lips. " No, madam (said he) it is my " heart, it is Love himself who has just spoken " by my mouth, and may I die at your feet " if——." As he fell at Belisa's feet, his knee came upon one of the paws of *Shock*, the young widow's favourite lap-dog. *Shock* set up an howl. " Lord, Sir, how awkward " you

“ you are !” (cried Belisa with anger). The president coloured, and was disconcerted. He took *Shock* to his bosom, kissed the injured paw, asked his pardon a thousand times, and entreated him to solicit his forgiveness. *Shock*, recovered of his pain, returned the president’s caresses. “ You see, Madam, he has good-nature ; he forgives me ; it is a fine example for you.” Belisa made no reply. She was fallen into a profound reverie, and a cold gravity. He wanted at first to interpret her gravity as a little pouting, and threw himself again at Belisa’s feet in order to appease her. “ Pray, Sir, get up (said she to him) these freedoms displease me, and I do not know that I have given any room for them.”

Imagine the president’s astonishment. He was confounded for two whole minutes, without being able to bring out a word. “ What ! Madam (said he to her at last) can it be possible that so trivial an accident has drawn your anger upon me ?”——“ Not at all, Sir ; but I may without anger take it ill that any one should throw himself at my feet : it is a situation that suits only happy lovers, and I esteem you too much to suspect your having dared to form any such pretensions.”——“ I do not see, Madam (replied the president with emotion) why a hope founded on love should

“should render me less worthy of esteem ;
 “but may I presume to ask you, since love is a
 “crime in your eyes, what is the nature of the
 “sentiment you have expressed towards me?”
 “—Friendship, Sir, friendship ; and I desire
 “you very seriously to keep to that.” — “I ask
 “your pardon, Madam : I should have sworn
 “that it had been somewhat else ; I see plainly
 “that I was mistaken.” — “That may be, Sir ;
 “many others are mistaken, as well as yourself.”
 The president could no longer sustain the shock
 of so strange an instance of caprice. He went
 away in despair, and was not recalled.

As soon as Belisa found herself alone, “Was
 “not I going to be guilty of a fine piece of
 “folly? (said she with indignation). I have
 “seen the moment when my weakness was
 “going to yield to a man whom I did not love.
 “They may well say, that we know nothing
 “less than ourselves. I could have sworn
 “that I adored him, that there was nothing
 “which I was not disposed to sacrifice to him :
 “no such thing : he happens, without in-
 “tending it, to hurt my little dog, and this
 “violent love immediately gives place to an-
 “ger. A dog touches me more than he, and
 “without a moment’s hesitation I take the
 “part of this little animal against the man in
 “the world whom I thought I loved best.
 “A very

“ A very lively passion indeed, mighty solid,
“ and tender ! See how we take ideas for senti-
“ ments ! The brain is heated, and we fancy
“ the heart enflamed : we proceed to all man-
“ ner of follies : the illusion ceases, and dis-
“ gust succeeds : we must tire ourselves with
“ constancy without love, or be inconstant with
“ indecency. O ! my dear *Shock*, what do I
“ not owe you ? It is you that have undeceived
“ me. But for you, I should perhaps have
“ been at this moment overwhelmed with con-
“ fusion, and torn with remorse.”

Whether Belisa did or did not love the President (for questions of this nature turn merely on the equivocation of terms) it is certain, that on the strength of saying to herself that she did not love him, she succeeded so far as to convince herself of it ; and a young officer soon confirmed her in her opinion.

Lindor, from being one of the pages, had just obtained a company of horse. Freshness of youth, impatience of desire, giddiness and levity, which are graces at sixteen, and follies at thirty, rendered agreeable in the eyes of Belisa this young man of quality, who had the honour of belonging to her husband's family. Lindor was extremely fond of himself, and not without reason ; he knew that he was well made, and of a charming figure. He said so

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some-

sometimes ; but he laughed so heartily after he had said it, he discovered in laughing so fresh a mouth and such fine teeth, that these simplicities were pardoned at his age. He mingled besides such lofty and noble sentiments with the puerilities of self-love, that all this together was very engaging. He was desirous of having a handsome mistress, and a good war-horse ; he would view himself in the glass as he went through the Prussian exercise. He would beg Belisa to lend him the *Sopha* *, and asked her if she had read *Folard's Polybius*. He thought it long till spring, that he might have an elegant suit, in case of a peace, or make a campaign if it should be war. This mixture of frivolousness and heroism is perhaps the most seducing of any thing in the eyes of a woman. A confused preface that this pretty little creature, who trifles at the toilette, who caresses his dear self, who admires his own sweet person, will perhaps in two months time throw himself in the face of a battery upon a squadron of the enemy, or climb like a grenadier up a mined breach ; this preface gives to the gentilities of a fine gentleman an air of the marvellous, which creates admiration and tenderness : but this foppery sits well on none but young gentlemen of the army.

* The title of a loose novel.

army. A piece of advice, by the way, to pretty fellows of every condition.

Belifa was affected by the simple and airy graces of Lindor. He had conceived a passion for her from the first visit. A young page is in haste to be in love. “My beautiful cousin (said he to her one day, for so he called her on account of their alliance) I ask of Heaven but two things; to make my first campaigns against the English, and with you.” “You are a giddy creature (said she) and I advise you to desire neither one nor the other: one will happen perhaps but too soon, and the other will never happen at all.”——“Never happen at all! That is very strange, my sweet cousin. But I expected this answer: so it does not discourage me. Come, I will lay you a wager, that before my second campaign you will cease to be cruel. Now that I have nothing to plead for me but my age and figure, you treat me like a child; but when you shall have heard it said, He was at such an action, his regiment charged on such an occasion, he distinguished himself, he took a post, he has run a thousand risques; then your little heart will go pit-a-pat with fear and pleasure, and perhaps with love; who knows? if I were wounded, for example!” “Oh! that is very moving! For my part,

E 2

“if

“ if I were a woman, I should wish that my
“ lover had been wounded in the wars. I
“ would kiss his scars, I should have infinite
“ pleasure in counting them. My beautiful cou-
“ sin, I shall show you mine. You will never
“ be able to hold it.”——“ Go, you young
“ fool, do your duty like a gallant man, and do
“ not shock me with prefages that make me
“ tremble.”——“ See now if I have not spoke
“ truth? I make you tremble beforehand. Ah!
“ if the idea alone affects you, what will the
“ reality? Courage, my pretty cousin, you may
“ trust yourself to me: will not you give me
“ something in advance upon account of the
“ laurels that I am going to gather?”

Such fooleries passed between them every day. Belisa, who pretended to laugh at them, was not the less sensibly touched; but that vivacity which made so great an impression upon her heart, prevented Lindor from perceiving it. He was neither knowing enough, nor attentive enough, to observe the gradations of sentiment, and to draw his advantages from them. Not but he was as enterprising as politeness requires; but a look intimidated him, and the fear of displeasing influenced him as much as his impatience to be happy. Thus two months passed away in slight attempts, without any decisive success.

success. However, their mutual passion grew more and more animated ; and feeble as Belisa's resistance was, she was tired of it herself, when the signal for war gave the alarm to their loves.

At this terrible signal all engagements are suspended : one flies away without waiting an answer to a most gallant billet ; another fails in an assignation that would have crowned all his wishes : a total revolution in the whole empire of pleasures !

Lindor had scarce time to take leave of Belisa. She had now reproached herself a hundred times for her imaginary cruelties. " This poor youth (said she) loves me
 " with all his soul : nothing can be more
 " natural or tender than the expression of
 " his sentiments. His figure is a model for
 " a painter or statuary. He is beautiful as
 " the day ; giddy indeed ; but who is not so at
 " his age ? And he has an excellent heart. He
 " has nothing to do but to amuse himself : he
 " would find few cruel ; yet he sees only me,
 " he breathes only for me, and I treat him
 " with disdain. I wonder how he bears it.
 " I confess, that if I were in his place
 " I should soon leave this rigid Belisa, to
 " stupify herself with her virtue ; for, in short,
 " though prudery is well enough sometimes,
 " yet to be always acting the prudish part !."

As she was making these reflexions, the news arrived that the negotiations of peace were broken off, and that the officers had orders to rejoin their corps without a moment's delay. At this news all her blood froze in her veins. "He is going (cried she, her heart struck and penetrated). He is going to fight, going to die, perhaps, and I shall never see him more!" Lindor arrives in his uniform. "I am come to bid you adieu, my sweet cousin; I am going; going to face the enemy. Half of my wish is fulfilled; and I hope that at my return you will fulfil the other half. I love you dearly, my sweet cousin! Do you sometimes remember your little cousin; he will return your faithful servant, he gives you his word. If he is slain, indeed, he will not return; but in that case his ring and watch shall be sent you. You see here this little dog in enamel. In it you will retrace my image, my fidelity, my tenderness, and you will sometimes kiss it." In pronouncing these last words, he smiled tenderly, and his eyes were bedewed with tears. Belisa, who was no longer able to retain her own, said to him with the most sorrowful air in the world, "You quit me very gaily, Lindor: you say you love me; are these the adieus of a lover? I thought it had been
"dreadful



“ dreadful to banish one’s self from what one
 “ loves. But it is not now the time to reproach
 “ you ; come, embrace me.” Lindor transported
 made use of this permission even to licentious-
 ness, and Belisa was not offended. “ And when
 “ are you to depart ? (said she).——“ Immedi-
 “ ately.”——“ Immediately ! What ! do not
 “ you sup with me !”——“ Impossible.”——
 “ I had a thousand things to say to you.”——
 “ Say them quickly then ; my horses wait.”——
 “ You are very cruel to refuse me one evening !”
 “ ——Ah ! my pretty cousin, I would give you
 “ my life ; but my honour is at stake : my hours
 “ are numbered ; I must be there to a minute.
 “ Think, if there should be an action and I not
 “ there, I should be undone : your little cousin
 “ would be unworthy of you. Suffer me to de-
 “ serve you.”

Belisa embraced him anew, bathing him at
 the same time with her tears. “ Go (said
 “ she) I should be distracted if I drew the
 “ least reproach upon you ; your honour is
 “ as dear to me as my own. Be wise, ex-
 “ pose yourself only just as much as duty re-
 “ quires, and return such as I now see you.
 “ You do not give me time to say more ; but
 “ we will write to each other. Adieu.”——
 “ Adieu, my sweet cousin.”——“ Adieu, adieu,
 “ my dear boy !”

It is thus that among us gallantry is the soul of honour, as honour is the soul of our armies. Our ladies have no occasion to meet our warriors more than half-way, in order to make them fight; but the contempt with which they treat a paltroon, and the favour they show to men of courage, render their lovers intrepid.

Belisa passed the night in the most profound sorrow, and bathed her bed with her tears. The day following she wrote to Lindor: all that a tender and delicate soul could inspire, of the most touching nature, was expressed in her letter. O ye, who are so ill educated! who is it that teaches you to write so well? Does nature take pleasure to humble us by giving you your revenge?

Lindor in his answer, which was full of fire and irregularity, expressed by turns the two passions of his soul, military ardour and love. Belisa's impatience disturbed her rest till she received this answer. Their correspondence was established, and continued without interruption for half the campaign; and the last letter they wrote was always the warmest; the last that was expected, always the most desired. Lindor, to his misfortune, had a suspicious confident. "You are bewitched (said this bosom-friend to him) with this woman's being so fond of you. Ah, " if

“ if you did but know the bottom of all this ! I
 “ know women. Will you make one proof of
 “ your mistress ? Write her word that you have
 “ lost an eye ; I will lay a wager she will advise
 “ you to take patience, and forget her.” Lindor,
 quite certain of his triumph, consented to make
 the trial : and as he knew not how to lie, his
 friend dictated the letter. Belisa was distracted :
 the image of Lindor presented itself to her ima-
 gination, but with one eye wanting. That
 large black patch made it impossible to know
 him. “ What pity ! (said she sighing). His
 “ two eyes were so brilliant ! Mine met them
 “ with so much pleasure ! Love had painted
 “ himself there with so many charms ! Yet he
 “ is only the more interesting to my heart on
 “ this account, and I ought to love him the
 “ more. He must be disconsolate ; and dreads
 “ nothing so much as the appearing less amiable
 “ to me. Let me write to him, to encourage,
 “ to comfort him, if it be possible.” This
 was the first time that Belisa was ever obliged
 to say to herself, *Let me write to him !* Her
 letter was cold, in spite of herself : she per-
 ceived it, tore it, and writ it over anew. The
 expressions were strong enough ; but the turn
 of them was forced, and the stile laboured.
 That black patch, instead of a fine eye,
 clouded her imagination, and chilled her con-
 ceptions.

ceptions. " Ah ! let me flatter myself no longer (said she, tearing her letter a second time) : this poor youth is no longer beloved ; an eye lost turns my soul topsy-turvy. I wanted to play the heroine ; and I am but a weak woman ; let me not affect sentiments above my character. Lindor does not deserve to be deceived : he reckons upon a generous and sensible soul ; but if I cannot love him, I ought at least to undeceive him ; his lying under a mistake will give me pain. I am disconsolate (writ she to him) and am much more to be lamented than yourself : you have lost only a charm, but I am going to lose your esteem, as I have already lost my own. I thought myself worthy to love you, and to be beloved by you ; I am no longer so : my heart flattered itself with being superior to events ; a single accident has changed me. Console yourself, Sir ! you will always please any reasonable woman ; and after the humiliating confession I have now made you, you have no longer any occasion to regret me."

Lindor was distracted on reading this billet. The *Sir* especially appeared to him an atrocious injury. " *Sir !* (cried he). Ah ! the perfidious woman ! Her little cousin, *Sir !*
This

“ This, *Sir*, is for the man with one eye.” He went to find out his friend. “ I told you so, (said the confidant). Now is the time to take your revenge; unless you had rather wait the end of the campaign, in order to give your heroine the pleasure of a surprise.” — No, I will put her to confusion this very day” (replied the unfortunate Lindor). He then wrote to her, that he was quite transported that he had tryed her; that *Sir* had still got his two eyes, but that those eyes would never view her more, but as the most ungrateful of women. Belisa was confounded, and from that instant resolved to renounce the world, and bury herself in the country. “ Let me go and vegetate (said she) I am fit for nothing else.”

In her country-neighbourhood was a kind of philosopher in the flower of his age, who, after having enjoyed every thing for six months of the year in town, was come for the other six months to enjoy himself in voluptuous solitude. He paid his compliments to Belisa. “ You have (said she to him) the reputation of wisdom; what is your plan of life?” — “ Plan, Madam! I never had any (replied the Count de P.) I do every thing that can amuse me, I seek after every thing that I love, and carefully avoid every

“ every thing that makes me dull, or displeases
“ me.”——“ Do you live alone ? or do you see
“ company ?”——“ I see our shepherd some-
“ times, whom I teach morality ; I converse
“ with husbandmen, who are better instructed
“ than all our *litterati* ; I give a ball to some of
“ the prettiest young villagers in the world ; I
“ make lotteries for them of laces and ribbands,
“ and I marry off the most amorous.”——“ What !
“ (said Belisa with astonishment) do these folks
“ know what love is ?——“ Better than we do,
“ Madam ; a hundred times better than we do.
“ They love like turtles : they give me an ap-
“ petite for it.”——“ You will confess, how-
“ ever, that they love without delicacy.”——
“ Alas ! Madam, delicacy is a refinement of
“ art ; they have instinct from Nature, and that
“ instinct renders them happy. They talk of
“ love in town, but it is practised only in the
“ country. They have in sentiment what we
“ have in imagination. I have tried, like
“ other people, to love and be loved in
“ the world ; caprice and convenience, or-
“ der and disorder, every thing. A con-
“ nexion is nothing more than a rencounter :
“ here inclination makes the choice : you will
“ see in the sports that I give them, how their
“ simple and tender hearts seek each other
“ without knowing it, and attract each other
“ by

“ by turns.”——“ You give me (said Belifa)
 “ a picture of the country beyond expecta-
 “ tion. They say these people are so much
 “ to be lamented !” —— “ They were so,
 “ Madam, some years ago ; but I have found
 “ out the secret of rendering their condition
 “ more agreeable.”——“ Oh ! you shall tell
 “ me your secret (interrupted Belifa briskly)
 “ I want to make use of it.”——“ It is your
 “ own fault if you do not. It is this: I
 “ have an income of forty thousand livres a-
 “ year; of this I spend ten or twelve at
 “ Paris in the two seasons that I pass there;
 “ eight or ten at my house in the country;
 “ and by this management I have twenty
 “ thousand livres to throw away on ex-
 “ changes.”——“ What exchanges ?”——“ I
 “ have lands well cultivated, meadows well
 “ watered, orchards well fenced, and well
 “ planted.”——“ What then ?”——“ What
 “ then ! Lucas, Blaise, Nicolas, my neigh-
 “ bours and my good friends, have grounds
 “ lying fallow, or poor ; they have not where-
 “ with to cultivate them ; I swap mine with
 “ them for theirs ; and the same extent of
 “ land, which hardly maintained them, after
 “ two crops makes them rich. The ground
 “ which was barren under their hands, be-
 “ comes fertile in mine. I choose the seed for
 “ it,

“ it, the plant, the manure, the husbandry that
 “ suits it, and as soon as it is in good condi-
 “ tion, I bethink me of some new exchange.
 “ These are my amusements.”——“ Charming !
 “ (cried Belisa) you understand agriculture
 “ then ?”——“ A little, Madam, and I in-
 “ struct myself in it; I oppose the theory of
 “ the learned to the experience of farmers; I
 “ endeavour to correct what I see defective in
 “ the speculations of the one, and in the prac-
 “ tice of the other : and the study is amusing.”
 ——“ Oh ! I believe it, and I would fain give
 “ into it. Why ? You ought to be adored in
 “ these parts ; these poor labourers ought to
 “ consider you as their father.”——“ Yes,
 “ Madam, we have a great affection for each
 “ other.”——“ I am very happy, my Lord,
 “ that chance has given me such a neighbour !
 “ Let us see each other often, I intreat of you :
 “ I want to pursue your labours, to follow your
 “ method, and become your rival in the hearts
 “ of these good people.”——“ You cannot
 “ have, Madam, any rivals of either sex where-
 “ ever it is your desire to please, and even where
 “ it is not.”

Such was their first interview ; and from
 this moment see Belisa a villager, entirely
 taken up with agriculture, conversing with
 farmers, and reading nothing but the *Complete*
System

System of Agriculture. The count invited her to one of his holiday feasts, and presented her to the peasants as a new benefactress, or rather as their sovereign. She was a witness of the love and respect they had for him. Sentiments of this kind are catching: they are so natural and so tender! it is the highest of all encomiums, and Belisa was touched with them even to jealousy; but how distant was this jealousy from hatred! "It must be confessed (said she) that they have great reason to love him. Exclusive of his good actions, nobody in the world is more amiable."

From this time the most intimate, and in appearance the most philosophical connexion was established between them. Their conversation turned only on natural studies, on the means of renovating this old mother earth, who exhausts herself for the sake of her children. Botany pointed out to them the plants salutary to the flocks and herds, and those that were hurtful; mechanics afforded them the powers to raise water at a small expence to the top of dry hills, and to soften the fatigues of animals destined to labour; natural history taught them how to calculate the œconomical inconveniences and advantages in the choice of these animals; practice confirmed or corrected their observations; and they made their
experiments

experiments in small, in order to render them less expensive. The holiday came round, and their sports suspended their studies.

Belisa and the philosopher mingled in the dances of the villagers. Belisa perceived with surprise that not one of them was taken up in admiring her. "You will now (said she to her friend) suspect me of a very strange piece of coquetry: but I will not dissemble with you. I have been told a hundred times that I was handsome; I have likewise, much beyond these peasants, the advantage of dress; yet I do not see, in the eyes of the young country-fellows, any traces of emotion at the sight of me. They think only of their companions; they have no souls but for them."—— "Nothing is more natural, Madam (said the count). Desire never comes without some ray of hope; and these poor people find you no otherwise beautiful, than as they do the stars and the flowers."—— "You surprise me (said Belisa) is it hope that renders us sensible?"—— "No: but it directs our sensibility."—— "We never love then but with the hope of pleasing?"—— "No to be sure, Madam; or else who could help loving you?" "A philosopher then has gallantry?" replied Belisa, with a smile.—— "I speak the truth, Madam,

“ Madam, though no philosopher; but if I
 “ deserved that name, I should only have the
 “ more sensibility. A true philosopher is a
 “ man, and glories in being so. Wisdom never
 “ contradicts nature, but when nature is in the
 “ wrong.” Belisa blushed, the count was confounded, and they sat some time, with their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring to break silence. The count endeavoured to renew the conversation on the beauties of the country; but their discourse was confused, broken, and without continuation: they no longer knew what they said, and still less what they were going to say. They parted at last, she thoughtful, and he lost; and both afraid that they had said too much.

The youth of the neighbouring villages assembled the next day, in order to give them a feast: its sprightliness composed all its ornament. Belisa was transported at it; but the catastrophe surprised her. The master of the feast had made songs in praise of her and the count, and the couplets closed with saying, that Belisa was the elm, and the count the ivy. The count knew not whether he should silence them, or take the matter in jest; but Belisa was offended at it. — “ Pardon them, Madam, (said the count to her, as he re-conducted her home) these good people speak what they
 “ think,

“ think, and know no better, I should have
“ put them to silence, but that I had not the
“ courage to make them unhappy.” Belisa
made him no answer, and he retired overwhelmed
with sorrow for the impression this innocent
sport had made on her.

“ How unhappy am I ! (said Belisa, after
“ the departure of the count). See, here again
“ is a man I am going to love. It is so clear,
“ that even these peasants perceive it: it will
“ be with him, as with all others, a slight
“ flame, a spark. No : I will see him no more :
“ it is shameful to be desirous of inspiring a pas-
“ sion, when we are not susceptible of it our-
“ selves. The count would deliver himself up
“ to me without reserve, and with the greatest
“ confidence : I should make a very respectable
“ man unhappy, if I were to break with him.”
The next day he sent to know if she was to
be seen.—“ What shall I do ? If I refuse him
“ to-day, I must see him to-morrow ; if I per-
“ sist in not seeing him more, what will he think
“ of this change ? What has he done that can
“ have displeased me ? Shall I leave him to
“ think that I mistrust him or myself ? After
“ all, what if he should assure me that he loves
“ me ? And if he should love, am I obliged
“ to love him ? I will bring him to reason,
“ I will give him a sketch of my character,
“ he

“ he will esteem me the more for it : I must see him.” The count comes.

“ I am going to surprise you (said she to him) I have been on the point of breaking with you.”——“ With me, Madam ! why ? What is my crime ?”——“ Being amiable and dangerous. I declare to you that I came here in quest of repose ; that I fear nothing so much as love ; that I am not formed for a solid engagement ; that I have the lightest, the most inconstant soul in the world ; that I despise transitory likings ; and that I have not a sufficient fund of sensibility to entertain a durable passion. This is my character : I give you warning. I can answer for myself with respect to friendship ; but as to love, you must not depend on me ; and that I may have no cause to reproach myself, I would neither inspire it, nor be inspired with it myself.”——“ Your sincerity encourages mine (replied the count) you are now going to know me in my turn. I have conceived for you, without the least suspicion or intention, a love the most tender and violent : it is the happiest thing that could have happened to me, and I resign myself up to it with all my heart. Say what you please to me. You think yourself light and inconstant ; I
“ think

“ think I know the character of your soul better than yourself.”——“ No, Sir, I have tried myself, and now you shall judge.” She told him the story of the president, and that of the young page. “ You loved them, Madam, you loved them : you discourage yourself without cause. Your anger against the president was without consequence. The first emotion is always for the dog, but the second for the lover : so nature has ordered it. As to the cooling of your love towards the page, that would not have been more durable. An eye lost always produces this effect ; but by degrees we become accustomed to it. As to the duration of a passion, I must be ingenuous with you. What a madman is he who requires impossibilities ! I ardently desire to please you ; I shall make it the happiness of my life : but if your inclination should happen to grow faint, it would be a misfortune, but no crime. What ! because there is no pleasure in life without its alloy, must we deprive ourselves of every thing, renounce every thing ? No, Madam, we must make choice of what is good, and pardon both in ourselves, and others, what is not quite so well, or what is really evil. We lead an easy, quiet life here ; nothing but love is wanting to embellish it ; let us make the
“ experiment.

“ experiment. If love should vanish, friend-
 “ ship still remains, and as vanity has no share
 “ in it, the friendship that survives love is the
 “ sweeter, the more intimate and more tender.”
 —“ Really, Sir (said she) this is strange
 “ philosophy.” —“ Simple and natural, Ma-
 “ dam ! I could make romances as well as an-
 “ other ; but life is not a romance : our prin-
 “ ciples, as well as sentiments, ought to be
 “ founded in nature. Nothing is easier than
 “ to imagine prodigies of love ; but all those
 “ heroes exist only in the brains of authors :
 “ they say what they please ; let us do what we
 “ can. It is a misfortune, without doubt, to
 “ cease to please ; it is a greater to cease to
 “ love ; but the height of misery is to pass
 “ one’s life in fear and self constraint. Con-
 “ fide in yourself, Madam, and deign to con-
 “ fide in me. It is cruel enough not to be
 “ able to love always, without dooming one’s
 “ self never to love at all. Let us imitate our
 “ villagers : they do not examine whether they
 “ shall love long ; it is sufficient for them to
 “ feel that they love. I surprise you ! You
 “ have been brought up in the region of chi-
 “ meras. Believe me, you have a good dispo-
 “ sition : return to truth, suffer yourself to be
 “ guided by Nature : she will conduct you
 “ much better than art, which loses itself in the
 “ void,

“ void, and reduces sentiment to nothing by
“ means of analysing it.”

If Belifa was not persuaded, she was much less confirmed in her first resolution; and from the moment that reason wavers, it is easy to overturn it. Belifa submitted without difficulty, and never did mutual love render two hearts more happy! Resigned with the utmost freedom one to the other, they forgot the world; they forgot themselves. All the faculties of their souls united in one, formed a mere vortex of fire, of which love was the center, and pleasure the fuel.

This first ardour abated, and Belifa was alarmed; but the count confirmed her. They return to their rural amusements. Belifa found that nature was embellished: that the heavens were more serene, and the country more delightful; the sports of the villagers pleased her more than before: they recalled a delicious remembrance. Their labours became more interesting. “ My lover (said she to herself) is the god who encourages them: his humanity, his generosity, are the rivulets which fertilise these fields.” She loved to converse with the husbandmen on the benefits showered upon them by this mortal, whom they called their father. Love brought home to herself all the good they said of him. Thus she passed the whole summer in

in loving, in admiring him, in seeing him make others happy, and in making herself happy also.

Belisa had proposed to the count to pass the winter out of town, and he had answered her with a smile, "With all my heart." But as soon as the country began to grow bare, that walking was impracticable, that the days became rainy, the mornings cold, and the evenings long, Belisa perceived with bitterness, that weariness took possession of her soul, and that she wanted to revisit Paris. She confessed it with her usual frankness. "I told you so before-hand; you would not believe me: the event but too well justifies the ill opinion I had of myself."—"What event?"—"Ah! my dear count, since I must tell you, I grow tired: I love you no longer."—"You grow tired; that is very possible (replied the count, with a smile) but you do not love me the less: it is the country that you love no longer."—"Alas! Sir, why do you flatter me? All places, all seasons, are agreeable with those we love."—"Yes, in romances, I have told you so already, but not in nature."—"It is in vain for you to say so (insisted Belisa) I know full well, that two months ago I could have been happy with you in a desert."—"Without doubt,

“doubt, Madam, such is the intoxication of
“a growing passion; but this first flame lasts
“only for a time. Love, when made happy,
“grows calm and moderate. The soul, from
“that instant, less agitated, begins to become
“sensible to impressions from without: we are
“no longer alone in the world: we begin to
“feel the necessity of dissipation and amuse-
“ment.”——“Ah! Sir, to what do you re-
“duce love?”——“To truth, my dear Belifa.”
——“To nothing, my dear count, to nothing.
“You cease to be my only happiness, I have
“therefore ceased to love you.”——“No, my
“soul’s idol, no, I have not lost your heart, and
“I shall be always dear to you.”——“Always
“dear! yes, to be sure; but how?”——“As I
“would wish to be.”——“Alas! I perceive my
“own injustice too clearly to conceal it from my-
“self.”——“No, Madam, you are not unjust.
“You love me sufficiently: I am content, and
“would not be loved more. Will you be more
“difficult than I?”——“Yes, Sir, I shall ne-
“ver forgive myself the having been able to grow
“tired of the most amiable man in the world.”
——“And I, Madam, and I, who have no-
“thing to boast of, am tired also at times of
“the most adorable of all women, and I for-
“give myself for it.”——“What! Sir, are
“you ever tired of me?”——“Even of you.
“Never.

“ Nevertheless, I love you more than my life.
 “ Are you satisfied now ? ” — “ Come, Sir,
 “ let us return to Paris ! ” — “ Yes, Madam,
 “ with all my heart ; but remember, that the
 “ month of May shall find us in the country
 “ again. ” — “ I don’t believe it. ” — “ I as-
 “ sure you it will, and more fond than ever. ”

Belisa, on her return to town, began to give herself up to all the amusements, which the winter occasions, with an avidity which she thought insatiable. The count, on his side, abandoned himself to the torrent of the world, but with less eagerness. By degrees Belisa’s ardour abated. The suppers appeared long to her : she grew tired at the play. The count took care to see her seldom ; his visits were short, and he chose those hours when she was surrounded by a multitude of adorers : she asked him one day, in a very low voice, “ What do you think of Paris ? ” — “ Every
 “ thing amuses, nothing attaches me. ” —
 “ Why do not you come and sup with me ? ” —
 “ You have seen me so often, Madam ! I am
 “ discreet ; the world has its turn, and I shall
 “ have mine. ” — “ You are still persuaded,
 “ then, that I love you ? ” — “ I never talk
 “ of love in town. What think you, Madam,
 “ of the new opera ? ” pursued he aloud, and the conversation became general.

Belisa was always comparing the count with every thing that appeared best, and the comparison always turned out in his favour. “No body
 “ (said she) has that candour, that simplicity,
 “ that evenness of character ; no body has that
 “ goodness of soul and elevation of sentiment.
 “ When I recollect our conversation, all our
 “ young people seem nothing more than well-
 “ taught parrots. He may well doubt that one
 “ can cease to love him after having known
 “ him ; but no ; it is not the good opinion he has
 “ of himself, it is the good opinion he has of me,
 “ that gives him this confidence. How happy
 “ should I be were it well founded !”

Such were Belisa's reflexions ; and the more she perceived her inclination for him revive, the more she was at ease with herself. In short, the desire of seeing him again became so strong, that she could not resist writing to him. He repaired to her ; and accosting her with a smile,
 “ What, Madam (said he) a *tête-à-tête* !
 “ I shall create a thousand jealousies.”——“No-
 “ body, Sir (said Belisa) has a right to be so ;
 “ and you know that I have only friends : but
 “ you, are not you afraid of disturbing some new
 “ conquest ?”——“ I never made but one in my
 “ life (replied the count) she expects me in
 “ the country, and I shall go this spring to see
 “ her.”——“ She would be to be pitied if she
 “ were

“ were in town : you are so taken up here, that
 “ she would run the hazard of being neglected.”
 —“ She would amuse herself, Madam, and
 “ think nothing of me.” —“ No more of this
 “ beating about the bush (resumed she) why do
 “ I see you so seldom, and for so short a time ?”
 —“ To let you enjoy at full liberty all the
 “ pleasures of your youth.” —“ You can never
 “ give me too much of your company, Sir ; my
 “ house is your’s ; look upon it as such, it will
 “ flatter me : I request it, and I have acquired a
 “ right to exact it.” —“ No, Madam, exact
 “ nothing ; I should despair if I displeased you :
 “ but permit me not to see you again till the
 “ summer.” This obstinacy piqued her. “ Go,
 “ Sir (said she to him, with anger) go seek
 “ pleasures in which I have no part. I have
 “ merited your inconstancy.” From that day
 she had not a moment’s ease : she informed her-
 self of all his proceedings : she sought and fol-
 lowed him with her eyes in the publick walks and
 at the theatres : the women whom he saw be-
 came odious to her ; she never ceased questioning
 his friends. The winter appeared intolerably
 long. Though it was but the beginning of
 March, some fine days happening, “ I must
 “ (said she) confound him, and justify myself.
 “ I have been wrong hitherto, he has that
 “ advantage over me ; but to-morrow he
 F 2 “ shall

“ shall have it no longer.” She sent to request him to come to her ; every thing was ready for their departure. The count arrives. “ Your hand (said Belifa) to help me into my coach.” —“ Where are we going then ?” (said he) —“ To grow tired of ourselves in the country.” The count was transported with joy at these words. Belifa, at the movement of the hand that supported her, perceived the extacy and emotion herself had given birth to. “ O my dear count ! (said she to him, pressing that hand which trembled beneath her’s) what do I not owe you ? You have taught me to love ; you have convinced me that I was capable of it ; and in clearing up my doubts, with respect to my own sentiments, you have done me the most pleasing violence : you have forced me to think well of myself, and to believe myself worthy of you. My love is satisfied. I have no longer any SCRUPLE, and I am happy.”

THE



THE FOUR PHIALS.

THE
FOUR PHIALS:OR, THE
THE ADVENTURES OF ALCIDONIS
OF MEGARA.

I Regret the loss of fairyism. It was to lively imaginations a source of innocent pleasures, and the handsomest way in the world of forming agreeable dreams. The climates of the East were formerly peopled with genii and fairies. The Greeks considered them as mediating beings between men and gods : witness the familiar dæmon of Socrates : witness the fairy which protected Alcidonis, as I am going to relate.

The fairy Galante had taken Alcidonis under her protection, even before his coming into the world. She presided at his birth, and endowed him with the gift of pleasing, without any determined inclination to love. His youth was but the unfolding of those talents and graces, which he had received as his lot.

He had passed his fifteenth year, when his father, one of the richest and most honourable

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citizens of Megara, on his sending him to Athens to perform his exercises, embraced him and said thus: " My dear son, you are going
 " to mix in the world among a number of
 " giddy young fellows, who launch out into the
 " most outrageous abuse of women. Never
 " believe them. Those fellows affect to de-
 " spise them, only because they have not been
 " able to render them despicable. For my own
 " part, to begin with your mother, my virtu-
 " ous wife, I have found in the fair sex, that deli-
 " cacy of sentiment, candour, and truth, of which
 " few men are capable. Do as I have done;
 " choose an honest wife, of an even temper,
 " solid character, and a sociable, and not
 " austere, virtue. There are women of this
 " stamp every where. My consent shall follow
 " your choice: I am a tender father, and desire
 " nothing but your happiness." Alcidonis,
 full of these lessons, arrives at Athens. His
 first visit was to Seliana, to whom he had re-
 commendations. Seliana in her youth had
 been handsome and agreeable: she was still
 agreeable, but began to be no longer hand-
 some. After the first compliments, " What
 " is your business here ? (said an old captain
 " to him, who was husband to Seliana, and an
 " old friend of his father). A fine thing in-
 " deed, at your age, to bury one's self among
 " the

“ the women! The Circus, the Piræus, these
 “ are the schools for you, and not that trifling
 “ circle which they call the *beau monde*. I am
 “ mad when I see a young fellow come to
 “ Athens; they ought to go to Sparta.”

Aleidonis was disconcerted by so warm an
 apostrophe; but Seliana took his part warmly.
 “ That is so like you (said she to her husband)
 “ Sparta, the Circus, the Piræus! well and
 “ pr’ythee now, what do they learn in these fa-
 “ mous schools?”——“ To get money and fight
 “ (replied the husband) roughly.”——“ To get
 “ money! very noble indeed! To fight! very agree-
 “ able! The first is unworthy the ambition of
 “ a gallant man, and the second is learnt but
 “ too soon.”——“ Not so soon, Madam, not so
 “ very soon as you imagine. I am afraid that after
 “ passing his youth at the toilette, a man would
 “ make neither a good officer, nor a good sol-
 “ dier.”——“ Well! for my part, there is nothing
 “ more hideous and disagreeable in my eyes,
 “ than a man who has never learnt any thing
 “ but to fight. One would imagine, that you
 “ came into the world only to cut one an-
 “ other’s throats. Peace has its talents and
 “ virtues, as well as war. Men are not always
 “ at the head of a troop.”——“ So much the
 “ worse! by all the gods, so much the worse!
 “ I wish it were forbid, even in time of peace,

“ to quit the colours on pain of death.” —
 “ How, Sir! would not you allow us so much
 “ as one man?” — “ You should have men
 “ enough, Madam: you should have all the re-
 “ fuse. There are numbers quite useless to the
 “ state!” — “ Very fine, indeed! you would
 “ reduce us then to the refuse of the common-
 “ wealth. The ladies are infinitely obliged to
 “ you.” — “ I acquit them of all obligations.”
 “ — No, Sir, we are citizens, and we ge-
 “ nerously give up to the state all those figures
 “ that displease us, all faces that fright one, all
 “ those fierce characters that delight in nothing
 “ but murder, and are good for nothing else.”
 “ — And you reserve to yourselves the hand-
 “ some men who love to live, is it not so?” —
 “ Certainly.” — “ That is right; and the Are-
 “ opagus, to be sure, will take care to pass it into
 “ a decree, to please you. Pardon me, Sir, my
 “ wife is a fool. I leave you; for I can stand
 “ it no longer. Oh Hercules! Madam, must
 “ I be your husband! These things happen to
 “ nobody but myself.” At these words he went
 out stamping with his feet, and clapped the door
 roughly after him.

“ Here is a strange family! (said Alcidonis).
 “ Pray, Madam, have you often scenes of
 “ this kind?” — “ Why, yes (replied she
 “ coldly) always when I have company.” —
 “ And

“ And when you are alone ? ” — “ He grumbles
 “ still, but not quite so loud. ” — “ And how
 “ came you to marry him ? — “ As all the
 “ world marry, for convenience and interest. As
 “ to any thing else, he is the best man in the
 “ world. When I am weary of him, I contradict
 “ him ; he grows impatient, and walks off : then
 “ I do what I please. I advise you to show him
 “ respect. His friendship is not to be neglected,
 “ and may be of use to you. Do you bring re-
 “ commendations to many people here ? ” —
 “ To my father’s particular friends ; but the
 “ number of them is not great. ” — “ So much
 “ the better, we shall see each other the oftener.
 “ I wish it for your own sake, for on entering
 “ into a new world, the wisest have need of a
 “ guide. ” — “ Will you, Madam, condescend
 “ to be mine ? ” — Either I or my husband ; you
 “ shall take your choice. ” — “ My choice is
 “ made, Madam. ” — Thus passed their first in-
 terview.

When the husband returned, “ You are a strange
 “ man (said Seliana to him) your behaviour has
 “ frightened away this young man. ” — “ Whom
 “ you wanted to render familiar ? ” — “ I un-
 “ derstand you, Sir ; henceforth I shall order my
 “ door to be shut against him. ” — “ How ! no
 “ Madam ! I am not jealous. It would be begin-
 “ ning a little too late. I was not jealous in the

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“ bloom of your youth, and I shall hardly be so
 “ now you are grown older.”——“ How ex-
 “ tremely gallant ! but I am used to it. Remem-
 “ ber, however, that you owe a visit to this son of
 “ your old friend.”——“ I shall see him, Ma-
 “ dam : I know life, and you may trust to my
 “ behaviour.”

The day after, at his entrance into Alcidonis's
 lodging, he resumed the conversation of the night
 before. “ Well (said he to him) are you going to
 “ give into the effeminate manners of the Athe-
 “ nian youth ? My wife has disposed you for it,
 “ no doubt. Take care ; not of her, for her time
 “ is past, thank heaven ; but take care of the rest
 “ of her sex. They are most dangerous syrens.
 “ No safety in any dealings with them. They
 “ take you, deceive you, and quit you without
 “ shame. One would think, on seeing them
 “ amusing themselves with the men, that we
 “ were made only for their play-things.”——
 “ If so (said Alcidonis) the women of Athens are
 “ not like those of Megara !”——“ At Megara,
 “ it is the very same as here. You are like your
 “ old father. The good man would swear only
 “ by his chaste better half. It was out of com-
 “ plaissance to him, that she dressed and saw
 “ company ; out of piety, that she shut her-
 “ self up with a young priest of Minerva ; by
 “ way of retirement, that she went to pass
 “ the

“ the evenings at a little house which he had
 “ fitted up for himself: he relied upon her vir-
 “ tue with the most absolute confidence in the
 “ world.”——“ He had reason, no doubt; and
 “ I beg you, Sir, to respect my mother’s memo-
 “ ry.”——“ Your mother! your mother was a
 “ woman. Would you have had some being made
 “ on purpose? I have seen enough of them; but
 “ I know none but my termagant that is truly
 “ faithful; and what is still more, it is I that
 “ made her so. I rendered her virtuous in spite
 “ of her teeth; but I have not been able to root
 “ out those seeds of coquetry which nature or
 “ example plants in them almost at their
 “ birth. I would lay a wager that she is even
 “ capable of attempting to seduce you, for
 “ the sake of the pleasure of laughing at you.
 “ You would not be the first whom she has
 “ reduced to despair. She used to amuse
 “ herself formerly at this pretty little diver-
 “ sion, and then she has given me accounts
 “ of it, at which she laughed, as if she
 “ had been mad. By good luck she grows
 “ older, and the danger is no longer so
 “ great.

Alcidonis’s thoughts were taken up a consi-
 derable part of the night with what he had
 heard. “ The women here (said he) are

“ very terrible then !” And he went to sleep with a resolution of avoiding them.

The fairy Galante appeared to him in a dream, and said, “ Nothing is so much like man
 “ as woman. All the good, all the evil, that is
 “ said of them, is true in particular, but false
 “ in general. One should neither trust in every
 “ one, nor distrust every one. Live with the wo-
 “ men, but resign yourself to them only at times.
 “ I have not given you a determined character,
 “ that you may be more flexible to their’s. A
 “ precise man is an unsociable man. You will
 “ be charming, if they cry, *We do whatever we*
 “ *please with him.* But it is not enough to please ;
 “ one must know likewise how to love, and to
 “ love neither too much nor too little. There
 “ are three sorts of love, passion, liking, and
 “ fancy. All the art of being happy consists
 “ in the proper disposition of these three shades.
 “ For this purpose, here are four phials, which
 “ you alone shall use. They are as different
 “ in their virtues as colours. You are to
 “ drink out of the purple phial, in order to
 “ be in love to distraction ; out of the rose-
 “ coloured one, to skim the surface of senti-
 “ ment and pleasure ; out of the blue one, to
 “ taste of it without uneasiness and intoxica-
 “ tion ; and out of the white one, to come
 “ to

“ to yourself again.” At these words the fairy vanquished like a vapour.

Alcidonis awakes quite ravished with so charming a dream. But what was his surprise, at finding in reality the four phials at his elbow ?

“ As for the tryal (said he) I shall make it at my
“ leisure.” He gets up full of gratitude to the
fairy, and the same day revisits Seliana. She was
alone. “ You have seen my husband ? (says she).

“ Has not he been declaiming against gallan-
“ try ?”——“ Violently.”——“ He has told
“ you a thousand frightful stories of women ?”

“ ——He has.”——“ I hope he excepted me.”

“ ——Only in the article of fidelity.”——

“ Poor man !”——“ He is persuaded that you
“ are faithful to him ; but he says that you
“ are only the more dangerous on that
“ account, and that you divert yourself
“ most cruelly with those who have the mis-
“ fortune to fall in love with you.”——“ Ah !

“ how he abuses me ! He would richly de-
“ serve But hold, I must have some
“ respect to myself.”——“ Your virtue, he

“ says, is of his own forming ; and it is
“ he that has made you honest.”——“ He !”

“ ——Yes, He ; and in spite of your teeth.”

“ ——In spite of my teeth ! Upon my word !

“ See whether he can make me virtuous in

“ spite

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“spite of my teeth!”——“I must own, that
 “in your place And I should be
 “glad too to revenge his insult to my mother.”
 “——Your mother!”——“Yes; he dared to
 “tell me that my father was a fool, and that
 “there is no man in the world but himself who
 “is not so.”——“Poor man! he has great rea-
 “son to brag truly! But, once more, I must
 “respect myself. No, Sir, I am no coquette;
 “and since he obliges me to justify myself, I
 “have a heart as tender, and more tender, than
 “another.”——“And what use do you make
 “of that heart?”——“Alas, no use at all;
 “but you may easily believe that it is not for
 “his sweet looks that I keep it. I am prudent
 “for my own sake, that I may not expose my-
 “self to the caprice, inconstancy, and ingra-
 “titude of men. I feel that if I loved, I
 “should love passionately, and I should wish to
 “be passionately beloved.”——“Ah! and so
 “you shall.”——“I dare not flatter myself
 “with that: nothing is weaker, vainer,
 “and more inconstant, than the love of
 “your sex. They have their likings, their
 “fancies; but the passion of love, that
 “intoxication which is the greatest charm,
 “and its only excuse, they are quite unac-
 “quainted with.”——“For my part, Madam,
 “I know very well how to acquire that love
 “which

A MORAL TALE. III

“ which you deserve; and were I sure of a
 “ return, I should take a good dose of it!”
 Seliana smiled at Alcidonis’s simplicity (for
 the fairy had given him that unaffected air,
 that ingenuous manner, which coquettes are
 so fond of). “ No (said she) people are not
 “ inflamed all at once; and how can we possibly
 “ be in love? We do not know each other yet.”
 “ —At your own time, Madam; I am in no
 “ hurry. To-morrow we shall know each other
 “ better.”——“ I shall see you to-morrow
 “ then!”——“ Yes, Madam.”——“ After din-
 “ ner, do you hear? For I would spare you the
 “ disagreeable circumstance of finding my hus-
 “ band at home. We shall be alone, and
 “ at liberty, and I shall talk reason to
 “ you.”

Alcidonis repaired to the appointment,
 with his phials in his pocket. Seliana re-
 ceived him in the most tempting dishabille.
 “ See there (said Alcidonis, on seeing her)
 “ the privilege of beauty: the less orna-
 “ ment, the more charms.” Seliana affect-
 ed to blush.——“ Do you know (said she)
 “ that this pretended simplicity of yours
 “ makes you dangerous? One might be
 “ taken by it, and be deceived.”——“ I de-
 “ ceive you, Madam! I never deceived any
 “ body.”——“ And you would begin with
 “ me?”

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“ me ? ” — “ No, I swear. ” — “ Why then
 “ this flattering discourse, those tender looks ? ”
 “ — You are handsome ; I have eyes ; I
 “ speak what I see ; there is no flattery in
 “ that. ” — “ Why, indeed your tranquillity
 “ makes it evident that you have no design to
 “ seduce me. ” — “ Nay, nay, if you would
 “ but have it so, that tranquillity should soon
 “ vanish. ” — “ Oh, to be sure ! and to be all
 “ on fire, you only wait for my consent, is it
 “ not so ? ” — “ Nothing else ; you need only say
 “ the word. ” — “ Indeed you are very fine,
 “ with that air of yours, so cold and so deter-
 “ mined. ” — “ It is because I am certain of
 “ what I do. ” — “ What if I should oblige
 “ you to show some desire of being loved ? ” —
 “ You may do it to any degree you please, I as-
 “ sure you. ” — “ I see, Alcidonis, that you
 “ don’t know what you promise, and what I
 “ might demand. ” — “ Demand, Madam, de-
 “ mand ; my heart defies you. I will love you
 “ as much as you please. ” — “ You will love
 “ me then, if I please to distraction ! ” — “ To
 “ distraction ; it is all the same to me. ” —
 “ His simplicity charms me. Very well
 “ then, I would have you vastly in love
 “ with me. ” — “ Passionately ? ” — “ Passio-
 “ ately. ” — “ And you will love me in
 “ like

“like manner?”——“I believe so.”——“That is not enough.”——“Well, I am sure of it.”——“That is sufficient; now you shall see fine sport.”——“Where are you going?”——“Your’s; allow me but one minute.”

The credulous Alcidonis, having retired into a corner, drank up the elixir in the purple phial, to the very last drop. He appears again, his eyes enflamed, his heart beating, and his voice almost extinct. The more foolery, the more gallantry: his language was rapid, broken, full of matter and warmth. Words were not sufficient to declare his sentiments. Inarticulate accents supplied the place of speech; a vehement gesture, an impetuous action redoubled their energy. This pathetic eloquence put Seliana quite beside herself. She is moved, agitated, lost: she hardly knows him again, and can scarce conceive so wonderful a change. She would seem to doubt, to fear, to hesitate still: vain efforts! Her heart relents, her eyes brighten, her reason fails; and one would have thought, the very moment after, that she had also drank of the same phial.

Two months passed away in transports which they found it difficult to confine within any bounds. The husband was perpetually rallying Alcidonis on his assiduities to his wife. “Poor dupe (said he to him) you would
“not

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“ not believe me. You are caught ; I am glad
 “ of it. . Throw yourself away in dangling af-
 “ ter her : you have a fine time of it !” Alcido-
 nis took the best revenge he could for this insult-
 ing irony. But his passion was no longer second-
 ed : Seliana’s grew every day weaker and weaker.
 Seliana sufficed him ; but he was no longer
 able to suffice Seliana. She wanted dissipation,
 diversion, and to return to the world, which she
 had forgot. Alcidonis was hurt, and saw with
 concern that she amused herself with every thing,
 while he was taken up with nothing but her.
 He became pensive, uneasy, and jealous ; and
 went so far, that she was offended, and resolved
 to dismiss him.

“ It is true (said she to him) I have
 “ loved you ; I was mad. I am now come
 “ to my senses again ; do you do so too.
 “ We are no where enjoined to carry on love,
 “ even to decay. Every thing has an end,
 “ even love itself. Mine is enfeebled ; you
 “ have chid me for it. It is become extinct ;
 “ you distract yourself about it. So much
 “ the worse for you : but I cannot help it.”—
 “ How ! perfidious ! ungrateful ! perjured wo-
 “ man !”——“ Go on ; vent your reproaches,
 “ if that will comfort you.”——“ Ah ! just
 “ heaven ! how am I treated !”——“ Like a
 “ child, in whom we pardon every thing.”——
 “ Are

" Are these, perfidious woman, the oaths that
 " you have sworn a hundred times, to love me
 " to the last gasp ?"—" Rash oaths, which
 " bind us to nothing ; mad, whoever makes
 " them ; mad, whoever trusts them. Would
 " you believe any one who, on sitting down to
 " table, should swear by all the gods that he
 " would always have the same stomach ?"—
 " The same stomach ! What an image ! Is this
 " your boasted delicacy ?"—" Another piece
 " of folly. We disavow the empire of the
 " senses, at the very instant we are their slaves.
 " I am a woman, I love like a woman, and you
 " ought not to have expected that Nature should
 " work a miracle in your favour." Alcidonis,
 at these words, tore his hair with despair. " Very
 " fine (pursued she) what is that for ?
 " Will you be more amiable, or better be-
 " loved, when you are bald ? Hark ye, Al-
 " cidonis ! I have still a compassionate friend-
 " ship for you ?"—" Ah ! cruel woman !
 " is it friendship or compassion that I require
 " of you ?"—" You must really bring your-
 " self to that ; I feel nothing more for you.
 " Which of the two is to blame, the party
 " who ceases to love, or that which ceases
 " to be agreeable ? The question is not yet,
 " nor will soon be determined. In the mean
 " time, be advised, and take your resolution
 " with

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“ with courage”——“ It is taken, ungrateful woman, it is taken” (said he) withdrawing to drink ; and I need not say, that he had recourse to the white phial.

On a sudden his senses were all calm, and his reason returned. “ Indeed (said he, returning to Seliana with an easy and sedate air) I was a fool to make myself uneasy. We have been lovers ; now we are friends. All this must happen in life. Passion is a fever : when it is over, there is an end of the matter. We are not obliged to see one another any longer than is agreeable, and nothing is more natural than to change when we are tired. You loved me as long as you were able. It would have been ridiculous to pique yourself on a constancy that was painful ! Enjoy, Madam, the right your beauty gives you of multiplying your conquests. I am too happy in having been of the number. Every man in his turn, and I wish you much entertainment.”

Seliana was as much surpris'd as piqued at this coldness. She wish'd, indeed, that he should console himself, but neither so soon, nor so easily. So sudden a change was inconceivable. On reflexion she was persuaded, that this apparent tranquillity was only a pretended disgust ; and she fail'd not
to

to tell some of her she-friends, that the poor boy was mad with despair, that he had put her into a terrible fright, and that she had all the difficulty in the world to prevent him from committing violence on himself. The day following, Alcidonis went to sup at the voluptuous Alcipe's, with some of the youngest and handsomest women in Athens. "All one to me (said he to himself) "the purple phial is dry; and it would be to "no purpose for the fairy to replenish it, for "may I die if I would taste a single drop of it." As soon as he saw all those beauties, "Ah! now "let us trifle for once: this is the moment for "whim and frolick." He drinks of the rose-coloured phial, and immediately his eyes and desires wander without fixing.

Chance seated him at a table next to a fair beauty, with languishing looks, and an extreme modesty and timidity, with which he was sensibly touched; but he had on the other side of him a *brunette* dazzling the beholders with her freshness and vivacity. He had a great mind to the latter, yet was deeply smitten with the former; and on further consideration would have preferred the fair beauty, had it not been for a certain *je-ne-scai-quoi* which inclined him to the brown. This *je-ne-scai-quoi* determined his choice. He showed her all the assiduities of a warm gallantry;

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lantry ; which she received with an air of inattention, as an homage that was due to her. Alcidonis was piqued at it. Whim, as well as passion, is irritated by obstacles. Excited by the desire of pleasing, he formed all the delight of the entertainment. Corinna, his charming *brunette*, saw that the ladies envied her her conquest. She at length perceived the value of it, and some looks of complacency infused hope into the heart of her new lover.

The hour of parting now arrived. Corinna rises, he follows. “ You will attend me then ? (said she to him, receiving the offer of his hand) I am sensible of all the sacrifices you make me.” He swore that he made her none.—“ Pardon me : I carry you away from the handsomest women in Athens ; and that it is no mean triumph.”—“ I did but just look at them : but they appeared to me pretty well.”—“ Pretty well ! Your commendations are very sparing indeed ! Will you only call Cleonida *pretty well* ? Those large eyes, and regular features, that majestick figure one would take her for a goddess.”—“ True, the stately Juno.”—“ You wicked devil ; and Amate, what do you think of her ? That air of voluptuousness, that attracting negligence, which seems to invite pleasure.”—“ Right ;
“ the

“ the picture of opportunity neglected.”——
 “ Neglected ; a cruel phrase, I will not repeat
 “ it ; it would pass into a proverb. I hope at
 “ least that you will show some favour to the in-
 “ genuous and timid air of Cephisa : That lively
 “ complexion, that tender look, that mouth
 “ which is afraid to smile, and yet when it smiles
 “ is so beautiful : what say you to her ?”——
 “ That she wants nothing but a soul.”——
 “ And you would be glad to give her your’s ?”
 “ ——I confess, that if it had not been for your-
 “ self she should have had the apple”——“ Alas !
 “ and what would she have done with it ? No-
 “ thing is more cold, more indolent, more in-
 “ sensible than Cephisa.”——“ And therefore
 “ she had only my first glance.”——“ Yet I
 “ caught you, when supper was almost over,
 “ with your eyes fixed upon her.”——“ True,
 “ I admired her as I would a fine model in wax.”
 “ ——Right, a fine model if you please : but
 “ the general opinion is, that this model stands
 “ in great need of drapery.”

While they thus run over the objects of
 Corinna’s jealousy, they arrived at her house.
 “ Will you walk up for a moment ? (said
 “ she to Alcidonis) it is early ; we will have
 “ a little chat.”——Alcidonis was transported.
 The fairy, who had made him so censorious
 with Corinna, knew what she was doing.
 The

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The most flattering compliment to a handsome woman, is the abuse of her rivals: and this she had taken well at his hands.

“ I long (pursued Corinna) to know, in
 “ my turn, the good and ill you think of me.”
 “ —The ill ! alas, if you have any, have you
 “ given me time, or occasion to find it out ?
 “ You are surrounded with illusion. That lustre,
 “ that sparkling vivacity, would conceal deformity
 “ itself: I should have taken it for beauty. I see you,
 “ I am dazzled, intoxicated, transported : this is my case.
 “ ’Tis an infatuation, a madness, whatever you please ; but
 “ nothing in the world is truer ; and you can make me,
 “ by a single word, the happiest or most miserable of men.”——“ Madness indeed
 “ (cried she, seeing him at her knees) you see me by chance,
 “ you love me, if one may believe it, and dare confess it to me !
 “ Do you know whether I merit this ? Do you know whether
 “ I can make any return to it ?——“ No, Madam,
 “ I know nothing. You are perhaps the most cruel of women,
 “ the most inconstant, the most perfidious. That fine person,
 “ those charming features, may conceal an insensible soul.
 “ I fear it, yet I will run the hazard of it ; and though the danger
 “ were as great again, it is not in my power
 “ to

* to avoid it."—" Ah ! I perceive plainly
 " by these strokes the truth of your general
 " character. You, Alcidoñis, who are the
 " most dangerous of men, and the person
 " whom of all mankind I should most dread
 " to love."—" Why so ? What have you
 " heard of me ?"—" That you are one who
 " love passionately ; and a man who loves
 " passionately is insupportable : that you
 " abandon yourself distractedly : that you love
 " like a madman, and want to be loved in the
 " same manner. If we do not love as pas-
 " sionately as yourself, then come nothing
 " but complaints and reproaches. You be-
 " come sulky, uneasy, and jealous. There
 " is no knowing how to quit you, and no
 " possibility of keeping you."—" It is true,
 " Madam, that I have given into these absur-
 " dities ; but I am now thoroughly cured.
 " You may take me with safety ; and I will
 " sign my discharge beforehand."—" Do not
 " imagine, Sir, that I am jesting with you :
 " what but liberty, forms the charms of love !
 " Without these a lover becomes a husband,
 " and indeed it would be no misfortune to
 " become a widow."—" I understand rea-
 " son, my beautiful Corinna, and you may
 " depend upon me."—" You would give
 " your word of honour then to a woman,
 VOL. I. G " who

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“ who should entertain a weakness for you, to
 “ retire without making a bustle, as soon as she
 “ should have told you as a friend, I have
 “ loved you, but now I love you no longer?”——
 “ To be sure : I have learned to live, and you
 “ need only try me.”——“ Well, I will then ;
 “ but remember, that I engage myself to love you
 “ no longer than you shall be agreeable.”

“ I see plainly (said Alcidonis within him-
 “ self) that here the white phial will be of
 “ great service to me.” He was mistaken :
 he had no occasion for it : the impression of
 the rose-coloured one very soon vanished of it-
 self. He was yet at Corinna’s, and yet the
 idea of the other beauties he had seen at Al-
 cipe’s presented itself to his imagination.
 “ Such a one is lively (says he) but that
 “ is all ; no sentiment, no delicacy. That
 “ other changes her lovers as she does her
 “ clothes. To-morrow I should be dismissed,
 “ if to-morrow any other amuses her. I
 “ should have a fine time of it to throw away
 “ my sighs on her ! I should have done much
 “ better to have bestowed them on that lan-
 “ guishing fair beauty, whose eyes were raised
 “ towards me in so tender, so affecting a
 “ manner. Corinna speaks ill of Cephisa, and
 “ therefore Cephisa must have merit. She is
 “ not very animated ; but what a pleasure it
 “ would

"would be to animate her ! A woman naturally lively is so to all the world ; but such a one would be so to me alone. Come, let me go and see her ; besides, I should not care to be dismissed. Corinna shall find that I am not one of those who are to be dropped as she pleases, and that I know how to give a dismissal full as well as herself."

He repeats to Cephisa the same things that he said to Corinna, but with more discretion. "Is it possible ? (cried she, without any emotion) What ! you would be unhappy if I were not to love you ?"—"More unhappy than I can express."—"I am sorry for it, for I do not know how to love."—"Oh ! my beautiful Cephisa, with that enchanting smile, that tender look, that voice which goes to the very soul, you do not know how to love !"—"No, indeed !"—"But if I should teach you how ?"—"You would do me great pleasure, for I am very curious." But so many have attempted it, and not one has succeeded. My husband himself would lose all his labour."—"Your husband ; I believe it ; but have you had lovers ?"—"Many, and those some of the handsomest and most tender."—"And did you make them happy ?"—"No ; for they

G 2

" all

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“ all complained that I did not love them. It was
 “ not my fault; I did all in my power. Only
 “ think ! I used now and then to take four at a
 “ time, in order to endeavour, among the num-
 “ ber, to love at least one or two : yet all to no
 “ purpose.”

“ This (said Alcidonis) is a very rare instance
 “ of ingenuity ; but let us not be discouraged,
 “ my dear ; you will love me.”——“ Do you
 “ think so ?”——“ I do think so : you have
 “ sensibility !”——“ Yes, at times, here and
 “ there ; but it passes away in a moment.”——
 “ This is certainly a disease. Have you, in order
 “ for your cure, offered up any sacrifices to Ve-
 “ nus ?”——“ My husband has offered up a
 “ great many ; but he always found me the same
 “ at his return from the temple.”——“ And why
 “ did he not carry you there ?”——“ He took
 “ care not to do that : the priest was young, and
 “ wanted to initiate me.”——“ Initiate you ! And
 “ do you know what that means ?”——“ Alas !
 “ not I ; I know nothing of it.”——“ Shall I
 “ show you ?” (resumed Alcidonis, taking some
 “ liberties with her)——“ Softly, Sir (cried
 “ she) you act as if I loved you ; I am not
 “ in love with you yet.”——“ How should you
 “ know that, unless we make some experi-
 “ ments ?”——“ I have made a thousand ;
 “ but

“ but all that proves nothing. At first I think
 “ I love, and then I think I do not. It is bet-
 “ ter to wait till it comes ; and if it comes, I
 “ will tell you.”

Alcidonis, from day to day, made some new progress on the indolent sensibility of Cephisa ; but she was not yet come to the pitch that he wanted to bring her to. In order to heat her imagination, he proposed to meet her at a feast which was to be celebrated in honour of Venus. She consented, on condition that she should not be initiated. The day after, each of them, out of decency, repaired separately to their quarter. The girls and the boys, arrayed like the Graces and the Loves, sung hymns in honour of the goddesses, and danced to the sound of the lyre, beneath the shade of a sacred grove which surrounded the temple.

Cephisa got there first. “ Ah ! (said she to
 “ Alcidonis) I was looking for you ; I have
 “ good news to tell you. The goddesses has
 “ anticipated our vows : I think I now begin
 “ to love you in good earnest. This very
 “ night I have seen you in my sleep. You
 “ was pressing ; I was animated.”——“ Well !”
 ——“ Well ! I will tell you the rest at sup-
 “ per.”——“ At supper ? (replied Alcidonis,
 “ with an indifferent air, and his eyes fixed
 “ on the feast) At supper let it be, with

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“all my heart. What a beautiful dancing girl is there; how charmingly that woman sings!”——“We shall be alone, do you hear?”——“Alone! very well. I should be glad to know who that handsome dancer is?”——“Alcidonis, you do not hear me!”——“Pardon me, I do hear you; but I am looking out for somebody who may tell me.... Oh! Pamphilus, one word. Tell me, who is that beautiful dancer?”——“It is Chloe (says Pamphilus). I am to sup with her.”——“This evening?”——“This very evening.”——“I should be glad to make one.”——“That cannot be.”——“I beseech you, my dear Pamphilus, by our friendship.”——“You do not consider, Alcidonis (whispered the disordered Cephisa) you are to sup with me; I told you so.”——“True, I intended it; but I have promised my friend Pamphilus. My word is sacred, and I cannot break it.”

He saw Chloe, found her adorable, as it is called, for a quarter of an hour, and insipid the moment after. He saw Phillira the singer; he was smitten with her for an evening; and the next day tired of her. “Alas! how fatiguing are whimsies! (says he) every instant new desires, without satisfaction. It is the torment of the Danaides. Away with these transitory beams of sentiment
“ which

“ which revive so fast, and leave me no repose : let me drink oblivion to my follies.” He said, and emptied the white phial. He had now none left but the blue ; and his happiness depended on the use he should make of it.

Alcidonis studied philosophy under Aristus the academician. Aristus, dying, left behind him a young widow, one of the most virtuous and beautiful women in the world. The disciple of Aristus thought it is duty to give the widow all the consolation and assistance of friendship. Glycerium refused his offers with a modesty mingled with sweetness and pride. “ I have little wealth (said she) and less desires. My husband has left me a most valuable inheritance, a relish for the golden mean, and the habit of living upon little.” So much prudence united to so much beauty deserved a delicate and lasting attachment. “ It is time (says Alcidonis) that I should drink out of the blue phial.”

A soft and lively warmth diffuses itself through all his veins ; not the restlessness of whim ; not the transport of passion ; but a delightful emotion, the presage of happiness. He burns to belong to Glycerium ; he burns to have henceforth but one fortune with her, one life, and one soul ; and giving way to his impatience, he proposes marriage to her.

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Glycerium was not insensible to this mark of love and esteem. "You are generous enough (said she) to offer me your hand. I will deserve it by refusing it. I should be unworthy of it, if I accepted it." It was in vain that he urged his father's consent, that he made it a crime in her to refuse him, that he menaced her with the reproaches she would throw out against herself, for having made him unhappy; she appeared immovable.

Glycerium, however, in her retirement, wept without ceasing. The only slave she had left saw the grief that consumed her, but was not able to penetrate the cause. Should he attribute it to the death of her husband? What! lament, without ceasing, a philosophical husband! That was not natural. His mistress often writ to a citizen of Argos; and the answers he returned her forced deep sighs from her. Curiosity or zeal induced the slave to open one of Glycerium's letters. It was conceived in these terms.

"If you have not a heart of brass, you will be touched, my Lord, with the despair of an unfortunate woman, who would give her life for the liberty of her father. Aristus, my husband, to whom I was not ashamed to confess that I was born of a
" slave,

“ slave, spared no pains to restore my father to
 “ my wishes. He caused him to be sought after
 “ in vain. I learn at last that he is in your
 “ power, and I learn it in indigence. I have
 “ made an estimate of every thing that I have
 “ left; but, alas! I am far from being able to
 “ raise what you demand: so that the only re-
 “ source now left me, is, to offer myself in ex-
 “ change for my father. It is not just that I
 “ should be free, while my father is a slave. I
 “ am young; he is borne down by years. You
 “ may derive more advantage from my servitude
 “ than from his. My hands will inure them-
 “ selves to labour; my heart is prepared for pa-
 “ tience. Were I inclined to avail myself of
 “ the easy means which those of my age have
 “ in their power to seduce and interest the men,
 “ I should not be reduced to this cruel extre-
 “ mity; but slavery is less shameful than vice,
 “ and I make my choice without hesitation.”

The slave, struck with admiration and pity,
 carried this letter to Alcidonis. “ Ah! (cried
 “ he, his heart overcome, and his eyes swim-
 “ ming with tears) here then is the cause of
 “ her refusal! She was born a slave! What
 “ signifies that? Virtue is the empress of the
 “ whole world. Fortune only should be
 “ ashamed. What piety! what tenderness!
 “ You, Glycerium, you in slavery! Why

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“ have I not a throne to offer you ! I conjure
 “ thee by the gods (said he to the slave) keep
 “ this a secret. I will go. The tears of thy
 “ mistress shall soon be wiped away, and thy
 “ zeal shall have its reward.”

Alcidonis repairs to Argos, and Glycerium's father is set free. The unknown stranger, who procured him his liberty, gives him wherewith to defray his expences to Athens, and says to him at parting, “ You are now going to see
 “ Glycerium ; you owe your liberty to her tenderness and virtue. It is in her power to be
 “ happy, and to render you so : and if the service I have just now done you be dear to you,
 “ promise me to engage this virtuous daughter
 “ of your's to conceal her birth and your misfortunes from the eyes of the man who demands
 “ her in marriage. I know his respect for her
 “ is so great, that it would shock him to see her
 “ blush. Wherefore, if your benefactor ever
 “ appears before you, suppress your gratitude ;
 “ for he would be known by you alone.”——
 “ What ! (said the old man melting into tears)
 “ shall my daughter never know the hand that
 “ has broken my chains ?”——“ No (replied
 “ Alcidonis) overwhelm not Glycerium with
 “ this load of humiliation. It is one of those
 “ duties that debase the soul. Leave to her's,
 “ I conjure you, its nobleness and freedom.”

The

The old man promised his deliverer to comply.

On his arrival at Athens, his daughter faints away at the sight of him. "Oh! my father" (said she to him) "what god grants you to my tears? Has then your master's avarice at length relented?"—"Yes, my daughter (replied the old Man) I know that I owe to your tenderness my life, and the happiness of coming to die in your arms."

Alcidonis, at his return, came to press Glycerium by all the tenderness of love to consent to their marriage. The old man had not been wanting to exhort his daughter to silence on the humbleness of their former condition. "No (replied she to him with spirit) it is less humiliating to confess, than to be silent: they whom it shall concern to know me, shall learn from myself who I am."

"You choose then (said she to Alcidonis) that I should open my soul to you? While I was unhappy, I concealed my grief; but you deserve to partake of my joy. Know that my destiny decreed me to be born in servitude. I was emancipated; but my father still groaned under it. Some propitious deity restored him to me; he is free; he is here; you shall see him. How-

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“ ever, the blot of our servitude is not to be
 “ effaced ; and to confess to you who we are,
 “ is to declare irrevocably, that neither your
 “ honour, nor my gratitude, will permit me
 “ to listen to your offers.”

“ You do me injustice, Glycerium (said
 “ Alcidonis, with an air of tenderness mingled
 “ with reproach). Do you think me less a phi-
 “ losopher, or less generous, than Aristus ?
 “ Did you conceal from him the misfortune of
 “ your birth ? No, certainly. Did not he
 “ despise the injustice of fortune and opinion ?
 “ I am his disciple : his precepts are engraved
 “ in my heart. Is it reproachful to follow his
 “ example ? Or do you imagine that I have
 “ not virtue enough to imitate him ?”——“ It
 “ is not virtue (said she to him, smiling) but
 “ prudence, that you want. Aristus had had
 “ time to try himself. You are not, like him,
 “ of an age at which we can answer for our-
 “ selves ; and I would save you the bitterness
 “ of repentance.”

Alcidonis, grieved at her invincible constan-
 cy, fell at Glycerium's feet, in order to move
 her by pity. In that moment appears the old
 man, whom he had delivered from slavery.
 “ What do I see ? Ah ! daughter (cried
 “ he) it is he . . .” and then all of a sud-
 den calling to mind Alcidonis's prohibition,
 he

he stopped short, and remained with his eyes fixed
 on his deliverer, as it were inadvertently letting
 fall tears. "What! my father (said Glyce-
 rium astonished) you know him then? It is
 he, you say! make an end. What has he
 done? Where have you known him? Alci-
 donis, you look down! you blush! My
 father views you with the most melting ten-
 derness! — Ah! I understand you both.
 My father, it is he who redeemed you; it is
 to him that I owe my father." — "Yes, my
 daughter, there is my benefactor." — "Is
 this (said Alcidonis, embracing the old man,
 who threw himself at his feet) is this what
 you promised me?" — "Pardon me (said the
 old man) my heart was touched; my daughter
 has guessed my secret; it is not my fault. —
 Well then, since she knows all, oblige this
 cruel daughter not to drive me to despair. It
 is her hand, her heart, that I ask as the price
 of the happiness I restore to her." The old
 man, struck to the heart, warmly reproached his
 daughter for a piece of ingratitude of which she
 was not guilty; and taking her trembling hand,
 put it into that of his deliverer. "It is to your
 father that I owe it, that I owe this hand
 which you refused me (said Alcidonis to
 her tenderly, and kissing her hands). —
 Console yourself (replied Glycerium, with a
 smile,

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“ smile) you owe him only my hand ; my
“ heart surrendered of itself.”

Alcidonis, transported, employed the remainder of the day in preparing to set out on the morrow for Megara. That night, while he enjoyed a gentle slumber, the fairy Galante appeared to him again, and said, “ Be happy,
“ Alcidonis ; love without uneasiness ; possess
“ without disgust : desire in order to enjoy :
“ make others jealous, but never be so yourself. It is not advice that I now give you ;
“ it is your destiny that I unfold. You have
“ drank at the spring of perfect happiness.
“ I distribute with a lavish hand the purple
“ and rose-coloured phials ; but the blue bottle
“ is a gift which I reserve for my favourites.”

LAUSUS



LAUSUS & LYDIA.

Sharp sculp.

LAUSUS AND LYDIA.

Lausus Equum Dormitor, Debellatorque Ferarum.

VIRG. ÆN. vii.

THE character of Mezentius, king of Tyrrhene, is well known. A bad prince and a good father, cruel and tender by turns. He had nothing of the tyrant, nothing that showed violence, as long as his desires knew no obstacle; but the calm of this haughty soul was the repose of a lion.

Mezentius had a son named Lausus, whose valour and beauty rendered him famous among the young heroes of Italy. Lausus had attended Mezentius in the war against the king of Præneste. His father, at the very summit of joy, saw him, covered with blood, fighting and vanquishing by his side. The king of Præneste driven out of his territories, and seeking safety in flight, had left in the hands of the conqueror a treasure more precious than his crown, a princess, at that age wherein the heart has only the virtues of nature, and nature has all the charms of innocence and beauty. Every thing that the

Graces in tears possess, either noble or affecting, was painted in Lydia's countenance. In her grief, courage, and dignity, one might discover the daughter of kings amidst the crowd of slaves. She received the first compliments of her enemies without haughtiness, without acknowledgment, as an homage due to her rank, the noble sentiments of which were not weakened by ill fortune.

She heard her father named, and at that name lifted up to heaven her fine eyes filled with tears. All hearts were moved. Mezentius himself, astonished, forgot his pride and age. Prosperity, which hardens weak souls, softens proud hearts, and nothing can be gentler than an hero after a victory.

If the savage heart of old Mezentius was not able to resist the charms of his captive, what was the impression on the virtuous soul of young Lausus ! He mourned over his exploits ; he reproached himself with his victory : it cost Lydia tears. " Let her avenge herself " (said he) let her hate me as much as I love her ; I have deserved it but too much." But an idea still more distressful presents itself to his imagination : he sees Mezentius, astonished, softened, pass on a sudden from rage to clemency. He judged rightly that humanity alone had not effected this revolution ; and the fear
of

of having his father for a rival completed his confusion.

At the age of Mezentius jealousy follows closely upon love. The tyrant observed the eyes of Lausus with an uneasy attention : he saw extinguished in them, all at once, that joy and ardour which had lighted up the face of the young hero on his first victory. He saw him disturbed : he caught some looks which it was but too easy to understand. From that instant he considered himself as betrayed ; but nature interposed, and suspended his rage. A tyrant even in his fury constrains himself to think that he is just ; and before he condemned, his son, Mezentius laboured to convict him.

He began by dissembling his own passion with so much art, that the prince looked on his former fears as vain, and considered the attentions of love as nothing more than the effects of clemency. At first he affected to allow Lydia all the appearances of liberty : but the tyrant's court was full of spies and informers, the usual retinue of men of power, who, not being able to make themselves beloved, place their greatness in being feared.

His son was no longer afraid of paying Lydia a respectful homage. He mingled with his sentiments an interest so delicate and tender, that Lydia very soon began to reproach herself

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herself for the hatred which she thought she entertained for the blood of her enemy ; while Lausus lamented that he had contributed to Lydia's misfortunes. He called the gods to witness that he would do all in his power to repair them. " The king my father (says he) is
 " as generous after victory, as untractable before battle : satisfied with victory, he is incapable of oppression. It is easier than ever
 " for the king of Præneste to engage him to a peace that shall be glorious to both. That
 " peace will dry up your tears, beautiful Lydia ; but will it efface the remembrance of
 " their crime who caused you to shed them ?
 " Why did I not see all my blood flow rather
 " than those tears. ?"

Lydia's replies, which were full of modesty and greatness, betrayed to Lausus no warmer emotion than that of gratitude : though at the bottom of her heart she was but too sensible of the care he took to console her. She sometimes blushed for having listened to him with complaisance ; but her father's interests made it a law to her to avail herself of such a support.

In the mean time their conferences growing more frequent, became also more animated, more interesting, more intimate, and love made its way insensibly through respect
 and

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and gratitude, as a flower, which, in order to blow, opens the slight texture in which it is enfolded.

Deceived more and more by the feigned tranquillity of Mezentius, the credulous Lausus flattered himself, that he should very soon see his duty accord with his inclination: and nothing in the world, in his opinion, was easier than to reconcile them. The treaty of peace which he had meditated, was reduced to two articles; to restore to the king of Prænestæ, his crown, and his territories; and to make his marriage with the princess the band of union between the two powers. He communicated this project to Lydia. The confidence he placed in it, the advantages he saw accruing from it, the transports of joy which the idea alone inspired him with, surprised the lovely captive into a smile, mingled with tears. “Generous prince (says she to him) may heaven fulfil the wishes you pour out for my father! I shall not be sorry that I am made the pledge of peace, and the token of gratitude.” This touching reply was accompanied with a look still more touching. The tyrant was informed of all. His first transport would have hurried him to sacrifice his rival; but this son was the only support of his crown, the only barrier between the people and him: the same stroke would have rendered

dered him completely odious to his subjects, and have taken from him the only defender, whom he could oppose to the public hatred. Fear is the ruling passion of tyrants. Mezentius resolves to dissemble. He orders his son into his presence, talks to him with good-humour, and bids him prepare to set out the next day, for the frontiers of his territories, where he had left his army. The prince endeavoured to conceal the grief which wrung his soul, and set out without having time to take leave of Lydia.

The very day of Lausus' departure, Mezentius had caused honourable conditions of peace to be proposed to the king of Præneste, the first article of which was his marriage with the daughter of the vanquished monarch. That unfortunate monarch hesitated not to consent, and the same ambassador that offered him peace brought back his agreement for an answer.

Lausus had in the court a friend, who had been attached to him from his infancy. A remarkable resemblance to the young prince had been the means of making the fortune of this young man, who was called Phanor; but they resembled each other still more in their disposition than their figure; the same inclinations, the same virtues: Lausus and Phanor seemed

thought to have but one soul. Lausus at parting had confided to Phanor his passion and his despair. The latter was therefore inconsolable on hearing of the marriage of Lydia with Mezentius. He thought it his duty to acquaint the prince with it. The situation of the lover at this news cannot be described; his heart is troubled, his reason forsakes him; and in the distraction of a blind sorrow he writes to Lydia the warmest and most imprudent letter that love ever dictated. Phanor was charged with the delivery of it. He went to her at the hazard of his life, if he should be discovered. He was so; Mezentius, enraged, orders him to be laden with irons, and dragged to a frightful prison.

However, every thing was prepared for the celebration of this unhappy marriage. We may justly conclude that the feast was suitable to the character of Mezentius. Wrestling, the cestus, gladiators, combats between men and animals bred up to carnage, every thing that barbarity has invented for its amusements, was to have graced the pomp: nothing was wanting to this bloody spectacle, but persons to fight against the wild beasts; for it was customary to expose to these fights none but criminals condemned to die, and Mezentius, who on any suspicion was always eager to put the innocent to death, retarded still less the

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the punishment of the guilty. There remained in the prisons none but the faithful friend of Lausus. "Let him be exposed (said Mezentius) let him fall a prey to devouring lions: the traitor deserves a more cruel death; but this best suits his crime and my vengeance, and his punishment is a feast worthy of injured love." Lausus having in vain expected the answer of his friend; impatiently gave way to affright. "Should we be discovered! (says he) should I have lost my friend by my fatal imprudence! Lydia herself—Ah! I tremble. No, I cannot live any longer in this dreadful uncertainty." He sets out; he disguises himself carefully; he arrives; he hears the reports spread among the people: he learns that his friend is in chains, and that the next day is to unite Lydia with Mezentius: he learns that they are preparing the feast which is to precede the marriage-festival, and that, by way of show at this festival, they are to see the unhappy Phanor a prey to wild beasts. He shrinks at this recital; a deadly chillness spreads through all his veins: he comes again to himself; but lost in distraction, he falls on his knees, and cries out, "Great gods, restrain my hand, my despair terrifies me: let me die to save my friend; but let me die with virtue!" Resolved to deliver his dear Phanor, though he should perish

perish in his stead, he flies to the gates of the prison; but how is he to enter there? He addresses himself to the slave, whose office it was to carry food to the prisoners. "Open
 " your eyes (said he) and know me: I am
 " Lausus, I am the son of the king. I ex-
 " pect an important service from you: Phanor
 " is confined here; I will see him, I will.
 " I have but one way to come at him: give
 " me your clothes: fly! There are the pledges
 " of my acknowledgment: withdraw yourself
 " from the vengeance of my father. If you be-
 " tray me, you rush on your ruin; if you assist
 " me in my undertaking, my favour shall find
 " you in the very heart of the deserts."

The weak and timorous slave yields to his promises and threats. He assists the prince in disguising himself, and disappears, after having told him the hour at which he was to present himself, and the conduct he was to observe in order to deceive the vigilance of the guards. Night approaches, the moment arrives, Lau- sus presents himself: he assumes the name of the slave; the bolts of the dungeon open with a dismal sound. By the feeble glimmering of a torch, he penetrates into this mansion of horror, he advances, he listens; the accents of a moaning voice strike his ear, he knows it to be the voice of his friend, he sees him lying
 down

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down in the corner of a cell, covered with rags, consumed with weakness, the paleness of death on his countenance, and the fire of despair in his eyes. "Leave me (said Phanor to him, "taking him for the slave); away with these "odious nourishments; suffer me to die. Alas; " (added he, sending forth cries interrupted by "sighs) alas! my dear Lausus is still more unhappy than I. O, ye gods! if he knows the "state to which he has reduced his friend!"—— "Yes (cried Lausus, throwing himself on his "bosom) yes, my dear Phanor, he does know it, "and he partakes of it."——"What do I see? " (cried Phanor transported) : Ah, Lausus! ah, "my prince!" At these words both of them lose the use of their senses; their arms are locked in each other, their hearts meet, their sighs are intermingled. They remain for a long time mute and immoveable, stretched out on the floor of the dungeon; grief stifles their voice, and they answer each other only by embracing more closely, and bathing one another with their tears. Lausus at last coming to himself, "Let us not lose time (said he "to his friend) take these clothes, get hence, "and leave me here."——"What I, great "gods! can I be so vile? Ah, Lausus could "you believe it? Ought you to propose it "to me?"——"I know you well (said the prince)

“ prince) ; but you should also know me. The
 “ sentence is pronounced, your punishment is
 “ prepared, you must die or fly.”——“ Fly !”——
 “ Hear me ; my father is violent, but he is not
 “ without sensibility ; Nature asserts her right
 “ over his heart : if I deliver you from death,
 “ I have only to melt him to compassion for
 “ myself ; and his arm, when lifted up against
 “ a son, will be easily disarmed.”——“ He would
 “ strike (said Phanor) and your death would be
 “ my erime ; I cannot abandon you.”——“ Well
 “ then (said Lausus) remain here ; but at your
 “ death you shall see mine also. Depend not
 “ on my father’s clemency ; it would be in vain
 “ for him to pardon me ; think not that I
 “ would pardon myself. This hand, which
 “ wrote the fatal billet that condemns you,
 “ this hand, which, even after its crime, is still
 “ the hand of your friend, shall re-unite us in
 “ your own despite.” In vain would Pha-
 nor have insisted. “ Let us argue no longer
 “ (interrupted Lausus) you can say nothing
 “ to me that can equal the shame of sur-
 “ viving my friend, after I have destroyed
 “ him. Your pressing earnestness makes
 “ me blush, and your prayers are an af-
 “ front. I will answer for my own safety,
 “ if you will fly : I swear to die, if you will
 VOL. I. H “ stay

“ stay and perish ; choose : the moments now
“ are precious.”

Phanor knew his friend too well to pretend to shake his resolution. “ I consent (says he) “ to let you try the only means of safety that “ is left us ; but live, if you would have me “ live : your scaffold shall be mine.”——“ I “ readily believe it (said Lausus) and your “ friend esteems you too much to desire you to “ survive him.” At these words they embraced, and Phanor went out of the dungeon in the habit of the slave, which Lausus had just thrown off.

What a night ! what a dreadful night for Lydia ! Alas ! how shall we paint the emotions that arise in her soul, that divide, that tear it, between love and virtue ? She adores Lausus, she detests Mezentius, she sacrifices herself to her father’s interests, she delivers herself up to the object of her hatred, she tears herself for ever from the wishes of an adored lover. They lead her to the altar as it were to punishment. Barbarous Mezentius ! thou art content to reign over the heart by violence and fear ; it suffices thee that thy consort trembles before thee, as a slave before his master. Such is love in the heart of a tyrant.

Yet, alas ! it is for him alone that she is hereafter to live : it is to him that she is going
to

to be united. If she resists, she must betray her lover and her father : a refusal will discover the secret of her soul ; and if Lausus is suspected to be dear to her, he is undone.

It was in this cruel agitation that Lydia waited the day. The terrible day arrives. Lydia, dismayed and trembling, sees herself decked out, not as a bride to be presented at the altars of Love and Hymen, but as one of those innocent victims which a barbarous piety crowned with flowers before it sacrificed them.

They lead her to the place where the spectacle is to be exhibited, the people assemble there in multitudes, the sports begin. I shall not stop to describe the engagements at the cestus, at wrestling, at the sword ; a more dreadful object engages our attention.

An enormous lion advances. At first, with a calm pride, he traverses the arena, throwing his dreadful looks round the amphitheatre that environs him : a confused murmur announces the terror that he inspires. In a short time the sound of the clarions animate him ; he replies by his roarings ; his shaggy mane is erected around his monstrous head ; he lashes his loins with his tail, and the fire begins to issue from his sparkling eye-balls. The affrighted populace wish and dread to see

the wretch appear, who is to be delivered up to the rage of this monster. Terrour and pity seize on every breast.

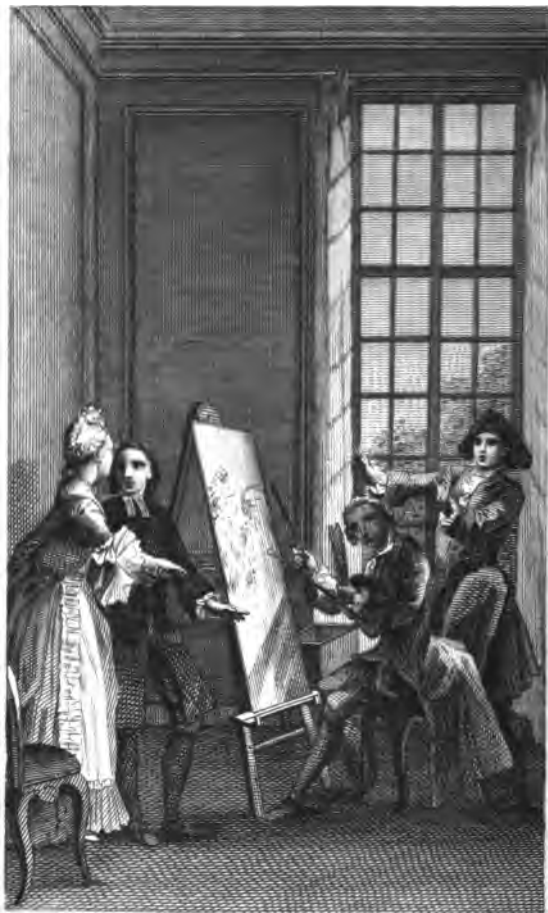
The combatant, whom Mezentius's guards themselves had taken for Phanor, presents himself. Lydia could not distinguish him. The horror with which she is seized had obliged her to turn away her eyes from this spectacle, which shocks the sensibility of her tender soul. Alas, what would she feel, if she knew that Phanor, that the dear friend of Lausus, is the criminal whom they have devoted; if she knew that Lausus himself had taken his friend's place, and that it is he who is going to fight?

Half-naked, his hair dishevelled, he walks with an intrepid air; a poniard for the attack, a buckler for defence, are the only arms by which he is protected. Mezentius, prepossessed, sees in him only the guilty Phanor. His own blood is dumb, Nature is blind; it is his own son whom he delivers up to death, and his bowels are not moved; resentment and revenge stifle every other sentiment. He sees with a barbarous joy the fury of the lion rising by degrees. Lausus, impatient, provokes the monster, and urges him to the combat. He advances towards him, the lion springs forward. Lausus avoids him. Thrice the enraged animal makes towards him with his

his foaming jaws, and thrice Lausus escapes his murderous fangs.

In the mean time Phanor learns what is doing. He runs up, and bears down the multitude before him, while his piercing cries make the amphitheatre resound. "Stop, Mezentius ! save your son : it is he ; it is Lausus who is engaged." Mezentius looks and knows Phanor, who hastens towards him : " O ye Gods ! what do I see ! My people assist me ; throw yourselves on the arena, ravish my son from the jaws of death." At the name of Lausus, Lydia falls down dead on the steps of the amphitheatre ; her heart is chilled, her eyes are covered with darkness. Mezentius sees only his son, who is now in inevitable danger : a thousand hands arm in vain for his defence ; the monster pursues him. and would have devoured him, before they could have arrived to his assistance. But, O ! incredible wonder ! O unlooked-for happiness ! Lausus, while he eludes the bounds of the furious animal, strikes him a mortal blow, and the sword, with which he is armed, is drawn reeking from the lion's heart. He falls, and swims in seas of blood, vomited through his foaming jaws. The universal alarm now changes into triumph, and the people reply to Mezentius's doleful cries only by shouts of admiration and joy. These shouts recall Lydia to life ;

She opens her eyes ; and sees Lausus at Mezentius's feet, holding in one hand the bloody dagger, and in the other his dear and faithful Phanor. " It is I (said he to his father) it is I alone who am culpable. Phanor's crime was mine : it was my duty to expiate it. I forced him to resign his place ; and was about to kill myself, if he refused. I live, I owe that life to him ; and if your son be still dear to you, you owe your son to him : but if your vengeance is not appeased, our days are in your hands : strike ; we will perish together ; our hearts have sworn it." Lydia, trembling at this discourse, viewed Mezentius with suppliant eyes, overflowing with tears. The tyrant's cruelty could not withstand this trial. The cries of nature and the voice of remorse put to silence jealousy and revenge. He remains for a long time immoveable, and dumb, rolling by turns, on the subjects that surround him, looks of trouble and confusion, in which love, hatred, indignation and pity, combat and succeed each other. All tremble around the tyrant. Lausus, Phanor, Lydia, a multitude innumerable, wait with terror the first words that he is to pronounce. He submits at last, in spite of himself, to that virtue whose ascendancy overpowers him ; and passing of a sudden, with impetuous violence, from rage to tender-



W. Sharp sculp.

BY GOOD-LUCK.

tendernefs, he throws himfelf into his fon's arms. " Yes (fays he) I pardon thee, and I
 " pardon alfo thy friend. Live, love one ano-
 " ther : but there remains one facrifice more
 " for me to make thee, and thou haft juft now
 " rendered thyfelf worthy of it. Receive it
 " then- (faid he with a new effort) receive this
 " hand, the gift of which is dearer to thee
 " than life : it is thy valour which has forced
 " it from me : it is that alone could have ob-
 " tained it."

BY GOOD LUCK.

" **N**O, Madam (faid the Abbé de Cha-
 " teauneuf to the old Marchionefs of
 " Lifban) I cannot believe that what is called
 " virtue in a woman, is fo rare as is faid ;
 " and I would lay a wager, without going far-
 " ther, that you yourfelf have never been guilty
 " of one indiscretion."—" Upon my word,
 " my dear Abbé, I could almoft fay, like Agnes,
 " *do not lay.*"—" Should I lofe ?"—" No,
 " you would win ; but by fo little, fo very little,
 H 4 " tha

“ that to say the truth it is not worth boasting of.”——“ That is to say, your prudence has run some risques.”——“ Alas ! yes : I have seen it more than once on the point of being shipwrecked. *By good luck* you behold it in port.”——“ Ah, Madam, trust me with the recital of your adventures.”——“ With all my heart. We are arrived at an age wherein we have no longer any thing to dissemble, and my youth is now so long past, that I may speak of it as of a gay dream.

“ If you recollect the Marquis of Lisbon, he was one of those insipid fine figures, which say to you, *Here am I !* He was one of those awkward pieces of vanity which always miss their aim. He valued himself on every thing, and was good at nothing : he took the lead in conversation, demanded silence, suspended the attention, and then brought out the flattest speech in the world. He laughed before he told a story, but no one else laughed at his stories ; he often aimed at being refined, and gave such fine turns to what he said, that at last he did not know what he was saying : when he had given ladies the vapours, he thought he had made them pensive : when they were diverting themselves with his follies, he took it for coquetry.”——“ Ah, Madam, what a happy temper !——“ Our first interviews
“ were

“ were filled with the recital of his intrigues.
 “ I began by listening to him with impatience;
 “ I ended by hearing him with disgust : I even
 “ took the liberty of declaring to my parents
 “ that the creature tired me to death. They re-
 “ plied, that I was a simpleton, for that a hus-
 “ band was formed to do so : I married him.
 “ They made me promise to love him alone :
 “ my mouth said *Yes*, my heart said *No*, and my
 “ heart kept its promise. The Count of Pal-
 “ mene presented himself before me with all the
 “ graces of mind and figure. My husband,
 “ who introduced him, did the honours of my
 “ modesty : he replied to the handsome things
 “ the count said on his happiness, with an air
 “ of superiority that made me mad. If you
 “ would believe him, I loved him to distraction;
 “ and this declaration was succeeded by all that
 “ indiscreet disclosure of secrets, no less shock-
 “ ing to truth than decorum, while vanity
 “ abuses the silence of modesty. I was not able
 “ to contain myself; I quitted the room, and
 “ Palmene could perceive by my disgust, that
 “ the Marquis imposed upon him. “ The
 “ impertinent creature ! (said I to myself) he
 “ goes on boasting of his triumphs, because
 “ he is persuaded I shall not have the cou-
 “ rage to contradict him. They will believe
 “ him, they will suppose me tasteless enough.

“ to love the filliest and vainest man in the
“ world. If he had spoken of an honest attach-
“ ment to my duty, I could have borne it ; but
“ to talk of love ! of a weakness for him ! this
“ is enough to bring a disgrace on me. No, I
“ would not have it said in the world, that I
“ am fond of my husband : it is of the highest
“ consequence that I should undeceive Pal-
“ mene ; and with him I ought to begin.

“ My husband, who congratulated him-
“ self on having put me out of countenance,
“ did not discover, any better than myself,
“ the true cause of my confusion and anger.
“ He valued himself too much, and loved me
“ too little, to condescend to be jealous. “ You
“ have behaved like a child (said he to me
“ when the Count was gone) : I can tell you,
“ however, that he thinks you charming. Yet
“ do not listen too much to him, he is a dan-
“ gerous man.” I felt it much better that he
“ could tell me.

“ Next day the Count de Palmene came
“ to see me ; he found me alone. “ Do you
“ forgive me, Madam (said he) for the con-
“ fusion I saw you in yesterday ? I was the
“ innocent cause of it, but I could freely
“ have dispensed with the Marquis’s making
“ me his confident.”——“ I know not (said
“ I to him, looking down) why he takes so
“ much

“ much pleasure in relating what it gives me
 “ so much pain to hear.”——“ When we are
 “ so happy, Madam, we are very pardonable
 “ in being indiscreet.”——“ If he is happy, I
 “ congratulate him ; but indeed he has no
 “ reason.”——“ What ! can he be otherwise
 “ (replied the Count with a sigh) when he
 “ possesses the most beautiful woman in the
 “ world ?”——“ Suppose, Sir, suppose for once
 “ that I am so ; where is the glory, the merit,
 “ the happiness of possessing me ? Did I dis-
 “ pose of myself ?”——“ No, Madam, but if
 “ I may believe him, you soon applauded the
 “ choice they had made for you.”——What ! Sir !
 “ will the men never consider that they train
 “ us up to dissimulation from our infancy ;
 “ that we lose our frankness with our liberty ;
 “ and that it is no longer the time to require of
 “ us to be sincere, when they have imposed it as
 “ a duty on us to be otherwise ?” Here I was
 “ a little too much so myself, and perceived it
 “ too late : hope had now insinuated itself in-
 “ to the Count’s soul. To confess that one
 “ does not love one’s husband, is almost to con-
 “ fess that we love another, and the person who
 “ is made the confidant of such a confession,
 “ is very often the object of it.

“ These ideas had plunged the Count into
 “ a pleasing reverie. “ You have dissembled

“ then mighty well (said he, after a long silence)
“ for the Marquis has told me astonishing
“ things of your mutual love.”——“ Very well,
“ Sir ; let him flatter himself as much as he
“ pleases : I shall not try to undeceive him.”——
“ But for yourself, Madam, ought you to be
“ unhappy ?”——“ I do my duty, I submit to
“ my destiny : question me no more about it,
“ and above all make no ill use of the secrets
“ which the imprudence of my husband, my
“ own natural sincerity, and my impatience
“ have forced from me.”——“ I ! Madam,
“ may I die sooner than be unworthy your con-
“ fidence. But I would enjoy it alone, and
“ without reserve ; look upon me as a friend
“ who shares all your disquiets, and in whose
“ breast you may safely deposit them.”

“ This name of *friend* infused into my
“ heart a perfidious tranquillity : I no longer
“ mistrusted either myself or him. A friend
“ of twenty-four hours, of the Count’s age
“ and figure, appeared to me the most reason-
“ able, as well as the most decent thing in the
“ world ; and a husband such as mine, the
“ thing of all the world the most ridiculous
“ and most afflicting.

“ The latter obtained no longer, from the
“ duty I owed him, any more than a few cold
“ civilities, of which, however, he had still
“ the

“ the folly to pride himself; and was always
 “ mentioning them in confidence to Palmene,
 “ and at the same time exaggerating their value.
 “ The Count knew not what to think of it.
 “ Why deceive me? (said he sometimes) Why
 “ disown a commendable sensibility? Are
 “ you ashamed to contradict yourself?”——
 “ Alas! no, Sir; I could glory in it; but I am
 “ not happy enough to have occasion to retract.”

“ At these words my eyes were filled with
 “ tears. Palmene was melted by them. What
 “ did he not say to me to soften my sorrows!
 “ What pleasure did I take in hearing him!
 “ O, my dear Abbé! the dangerous com-
 “ forter: He assumed from that moment an
 “ absolute empire over my soul, and of all
 “ my thoughts my love for him was the only
 “ one I concealed from him. He had never
 “ spoke to me of his own passion but under
 “ the title of friendship; but making an ill
 “ use at last of the ascendant he had over me,
 “ he writ to me as follows: “ I have de-
 “ ceived myself, and imposed upon you: that
 “ friendship so calm and so sweet, to which I
 “ resigned myself without fear, is become
 “ love, the most violent, the most passionate
 “ that ever existed. I shall see you this even-
 “ ing, to devote my life to you, or to bid you
 “ an eternal farewell.”

“ I shall

“ I shall not explain to you, my dear Abbé,
“ the different emotions that arose in my soul :
“ all I know is, that virtue, love, and fear,
“ strove there together ; but I remember too
“ that joy had its part. I endeavoured, how-
“ ever, to prepare myself for making a good
“ defence. First, I thought I would not be
“ alone, and I will go and tell them to let in
“ all the world. Secondly, I resolved I
“ would look at him but very slightly,
“ without giving his eyes an opportunity
“ to fix themselves for one moment on mine.
“ This effort will cost me dear ; but virtue
“ is not virtue for nothing. In short, I will
“ avoid giving him an opportunity of speak-
“ ing to me in particular : and, if he should
“ dare to attempt it, I will answer him in a tone,
“ in such a tone as shall deceive him,

“ My resolution being taken, I sat down
“ to my toilette, and, without intending it,
“ dressed myself that day with more grace and
“ elegance than ever. In the evening a pro-
“ digious deal of company came to see me,
“ and this company put me out of humour.
“ My husband also, more earnest and assir-
“ duous than usual, as if he had done it on
“ purpose, harrassed me almost to death. At
“ length they announced Palmene. He blush-
“ ed, he paid his respects to me : I received
“ him

" him with a profound curtesy, without deign-
 " ing to raise my eyes towards him, and said to
 " myself, " Well, this is very fine!" The
 " conversation at first was general: Palmene let
 " drop some words, which, to the rest of the
 " company, carried very little meaning, but
 " signified a great deal to me. I pretended not
 " to understand them, and applauded myself in
 " my own mind for so well-supported a rigour.
 " Palmene had not the courage to approach me:
 " my husband forced him to it by his familiar
 " pleasantries. The Count's respect and timi-
 " dity softened me. " The poor wretch. (said
 " I) is more to be pitied than blamed; if he
 " dared, he would ask pardon of me; but he
 " will never have the courage. I will cheer
 " him by a look." " I have been guilty of an
 " indiscretion, Madam (said he to me) do you
 " pardon me for it?" — " No, Sir."
 " This *No*, pronounced I know not how,
 " appeared to me very great. Palmene got
 " up, as it were to go: my husband retained
 " him by force. Word was brought that
 " supper was on table. " Come, my dear
 " Count, be gallant; give my wife your
 " hand: she seems to me to be rather in ill-
 " humour; but we shall contrive to drive it
 " away."

" Palmene.

“ Paleme in despair squeezed my hand ; I
“ looked at him, and thought I saw in his eyes.
“ the image of love and grief. I was touched.
“ with it, my dear Abbé ; and by a movement,
“ which proceeded from my heart, my hand re-
“ plied to his. I cannot describe to you the
“ change which appeared all of a sudden on his
“ countenance. It sparkled with joy, and that
“ joy diffused itself into the souls of all the com-
“ pany. Love, and the desire of pleasing seemed
“ to animate them all, as well as himself.

“ The discourse turned upon gallantry. My
“ husband, who thought himself an Ovid in
“ the art of love, delivered a thousand im-
“ pertinencies on the subject. The Count,
“ in his answers, endeavoured to soften them
“ with a delicacy and ingenuity that quite
“ charmed me. *By good luck*, a young fop,
“ who had seated himself by me, took it into
“ his head to say handsome things to me. *By*
“ *good luck* also I paid some attention to him,
“ and answered him with an air of satisfaction.
“ The amiable Palmene now changed of a
“ sudden both his language and temper. The
“ conversation had passed from love to co-
“ quetry. The Count inveighed against that
“ general desire of pleasing, with a warmth
“ and gravity that astonished me. “ I for-
“ give (said he) a woman for changing
“ her

“ her lover ; I can even pardon her having fe-
 “ veral ; all this is natural : it is not her fault
 “ if they cannot fix her : at least, if she seeks to
 “ captivate only those she loves, and whom she
 “ makes happy, and if she contributes at one
 “ time to the happiness of two or three, it is
 “ only a blessing multiplied. But a coquette is
 “ a tyrant who wants to enslave, merely for the
 “ pleasure of having slaves. Idolatress of her-
 “ self, she cares for nobody else : her pride
 “ makes a sport of our weakness, and a triumph
 “ of our torments : her looks are false, her
 “ mouth deceitful, her language and her beha-
 “ viour are only a series of snares, her graces so
 “ many Sirens, her charms so many poisons.”

“ This declamation astonished all present.
 “ What ! Sir (said the young gentleman to
 “ him, who had talked to me) do you prefer
 “ a woman of gallantry to a coquette !”——
 “ Yes, without doubt do I, and it is beyond
 “ all dispute.”——“ Such a one is more con-
 “ venient (said I to him ironically).”——“ And
 “ more estimable, Madam (replied he with
 “ an air of chagrin) more estimable a thou-
 “ sand times.” I confess that I was piqued
 “ at this insult. “ Come, Sir (replied I
 “ with disdain) it is to no purpose that
 “ you reproach us, as with a crime, of one
 “ of the most innocent and most natural plea-
 “ sur

“ fures in the world ; your opinion will not be a
“ law. The coquettes, you say, are tyrants :
“ you are a much greater tyrant yourself ; for
“ wanting to deprive us of the only advantage
“ that nature has given us. If we must give up
“ the desire of pleasing, what have we left in so-
“ ciety ? Talents, genius, the striking virtues, all
“ these you have, or think you have: it is permit-
“ ted a woman only to attempt to be amiable ;
“ and yet you most cruelly condemn her never
“ to wish to be so, except to one man. This is
“ to bury her alive amidst the living ; this is to
“ render the whole world nothing to her.”
“ Ah ! Madam (said the Count to me in a
“ pet) you are in in the way of the world ! In-
“ deed I could not have believed it.”——“ You
“ are wrong, my dear (replied my husband).
“ you are wrong : my wife would please every
“ body, but desires to make none happy but
“ me. That is cruel, I confess, and I have
“ told her so a hundred times ; but it is her
“ foible : so much the worse for the dupes.
“ Besides, why take so seriously what is but
“ a jest ? If she takes a pleasure in hearing
“ herself called handsome, must she for that
“ reason reply in the same strain ? She loves
“ me, that is plain ; but you, and as many
“ others as amuse her, ye have no pretensions
“ to her heart. She keeps that for me, and
“ I defy

“ I defy any body to rob me of it.”——“ You
 “ shut my mouth (said Palmene) the mo-
 “ ment you cite your lady for an example,
 “ and I have nothing to say in reply.” At
 “ these words they went out from table.

“ I conceived from that instant, I will not
 “ say an aversion for the Count, but a dread
 “ which almost comes up to it. “ What a
 “ strange man (said I to myself) what an
 “ imperious disposition ! He would make a
 “ woman miserable.” After supper he fell into
 “ a sullen silence, from which nothing could
 “ rouse him. At last, finding me for a moment
 “ alone, “ Do you really think as you spoke ?”
 “ (demanded he with the air of a severe judge).
 “ ——Certainly.”——“ Enough : you shall
 “ never see me more as long as I live.”

“ *By good luck* he kept his word with me,
 “ and I perceived by the chagrin which this
 “ rupture gave me, all the danger I had run.”
 “ See (said the Abbé, moralizing very gravely)
 “ what one moment of ill humour produces.
 “ A trifle becomes a serious affair : we are exas-
 “ perated, humbled, love is terrified, and flies.”

“ The character of the Chevalier de Luzel
 “ (resumed the Marchioness) was quite the
 “ reverse of that of the Count de Palmene.”——
 “ This gentleman, Madam, was without
 “ doubt the person who was so sweet upon
 “ you

“ you during supper ? ” — “ Yes, my dear Abbé, the same. He was beautiful as Narcissus, and he loved himself no less : he had vivacity, and a gentility in his understanding, but not the shadow of common sense.

“ Ah ! Marchioness (said he to me) this Palmene of your's is a melancholy creature ! What do you do with the man ? He talks, he moralises, he overwhelms us with his arguments. For my own part, I know but two things ; to amuse myself, and to be amusing to others : I know the world I live in, I see what passes there ; I see that the greatest of evils that afflict mankind is dullness. Now this dullness proceeds from an evenness in the temper, a constancy in our connexions, a solidity in our tastes, a monotony, in short, which gives a sleepiness even to pleasure itself ; while levity, caprice, coquetry, keep it awake. Besides, I love coquettes to distraction : coquetry is the charm of society. Besides, sensible women are tiresome in the long-run. It is a good thing to have somebody with whom you may unbend.” — “ With me (said I to him smiling) you may unbend as much as you please.” — “ And that now is what I want, what I seek in a coquette ; to oppose, to resist, to defend herself, if possible.

“ Yes,

“ Yes, Madam, I would fly you, if I thought you
 “ capable of a serious attachment.”——“ Ma-
 “ dam (replied the Abbé gravely) this young
 “ fop was a dangerous person.”——“ I assure
 “ you, my good friend, he was, and I was not
 “ long before I perceived it. I treated him at
 “ first as a child, and this ascendancy of my un-
 “ derstanding over his could not but be very flat-
 “ tering at my time of life ; but he might be ta-
 “ ken from me by somebody. I began to grow
 “ uneasy at it. His absence put me out of hu-
 “ mour, his connexions raised my jealousy. I de-
 “ manded sacrifices, and wanted to impose laws.
 “ Well now (said he to me one day when
 “ I was reproaching him for his dissipation)
 “ would you work a little miracle ; make me
 “ discreet at once : I ask nothing better.” I
 “ understood very well, that to make him
 “ discreet, there was a necessity for ceasing to
 “ be so myself. I asked him, however, on
 “ what this little miracle depended. “ On a
 “ trifle (said he) we seem to me to love
 “ one another already ; the rest is easily ima-
 “ gined.”——“ If we loved one another, as you
 “ say, but which I do not believe, the mi-
 “ racle would be already performed : love
 “ alone would have rendered you discreet.”——
 “ Oh ! no, Madam, we must be just : I wil-
 “ lingly abandon all other hearts for your’s ;
 “ win

“ win or lose, it is the chance of the game, and
 “ I wish to run the hazard of it ; but yet there
 “ is an exchange to make, and you cannot in
 “ conscience desire that I should renounce all
 “ pleasure for nothing.”——“ Madam (inter-
 “ rupted the Abbé) the Chevalier was not so void
 “ of sense as you say, and here he reasoned pretty
 “ well.”——“ I was astonished (said the Marchi-
 “ ones) but the more I perceived he was in the
 “ right, the more I endeavoured to persuade him
 “ that he was wrong. I even told him, as
 “ far as I can remember, some of the finest
 “ things in the world on honour, duty, and
 “ conjugal fidelity : but he paid no regard to
 “ them ; he pretended that honour was only a
 “ decorum, marriage a ceremony, and the
 “ oath of fidelity a compliment, a piece of
 “ politeness, which in reality bound us to no-
 “ thing. So much was said on one side and
 “ the other, that we began to lose ourselves
 “ in our ideas, when on a sudden my husband
 “ arrived.”

“ *By good luck, Madam !*”——“ Oh ! by
 “ great good luck, I confess : never did
 “ husband come more opportunely. We
 “ were confused ; my blushes would have be-
 “ trayed me, and, for want of time to re-
 “ collect myself I said to the Chevalier, *Hide*
 “ *yourself*. He retired into the closet of my
 “ dressing-room.”——“ A dangerous retreat,
 “ Madam !”

“Madam!”——“It was so; but this closet
 “had a back door, and I was easy about the
 “Chevalier’s escape.”——“Madam (said the
 “Abbé, with his air of reflection) I would lay
 “a wager that the Chevalier is still in the clo-
 “set.”——“Patience (replied the Marchioness)
 “we are not come to the unravelling of the
 “plot. My husband accosted me with that air
 “of self-content which appeared always on his
 “countenance; and I, in order to conceal my
 “embarrassment from him, ran up hastily to
 “embrace him with an exclamation of surprise
 “and joy.”——“So, you little fool (said he to
 “me) there now I suppose you are pleased!
 “You see me again. I am very good to come
 “and pass the evening with this poor thing.
 “You are not ashamed then to love your hus-
 “band? But do you know that it is ridiculous,
 “and that they say that they must bury us
 “together, or that I must be banished from
 “you; that you are good for nothing, ever
 “since you have been my wife; that you
 “drive all your lovers into despair, and that
 “you ought to be punished for it?”——“I,
 “Sir! I drive nobody into despair. Do not
 “you know me? I am one of the best-na-
 “tured women in the world.”——“What an
 “air of simplicity! one would believe it.
 “Thus, for example, Palmerie ought to take
 “it

“ it for granted that you have not played the
“ coquette with him : the Chevalier ought to
“ be content that you prefer your husband to
“ him ; and what a husband too ! A dull, infi-
“ pid fellow, who has not even common sense:
“ is it not so ? What a contrast to an elegant
“ Chevalier ! ” — “ Indeed I form no comparison
“ between you. ” — “ The Chevalier has wit,
“ vivacity, and grace. How do I know but he
“ has the gift of tears also ? Has he never wept
“ at your knees ? You blush ! That is almost a
“ confession. Out with it, tell me. ” — “ Have
“ done (said I to him) or I’ll leave the room. ”
“ — What ! do not you see that I am joking ! ”
“ — Such joking would deserve ” “ How
“ now ! what, angry ! You threaten me too !
“ You may, but I shall not be at all alarmed. ”
“ — You take advantage of my virtue. ” —
“ Of your virtue ? Oh, not at all : I depend
“ only on my own planet, which will not
“ suffer me to be made a fool of ! ” — “ And
“ you trust to your planet ? ” — “ I trust so
“ strongly in it, I depend so thoroughly upon
“ it, that I defy you to counteract it. Hark
“ ye, child, I have known women without
“ number ; and not one, whatever I did,
“ could bring herself to be untrue to me.
“ Ah ! I may say without vanity, that when
“ they love me, they love me heartily.
“ Not

“ Not that I am better than any other : I do
 “ not flatter myself so far as that ; but there is
 “ a certain *je-ne-sçai-quoi*, as Moliere says, which
 “ cannot be explained.” At these words, sur-
 “ veying himself with his eyes, he walked be-
 “ fore a glass. “ You see too (continued he)
 “ how little restraint I put upon you. For ex-
 “ ample, to-night have you any appointment,
 “ any *tête à tête*, I take my leave. It is merely
 “ on a supposition that you are disengaged, that
 “ I come to pass the evening with you.”——
 “ However that be (said I to him) you had bet-
 “ ter stay.”——“ For the greater surety, is it
 “ not so ?”——“ Perhaps so.”——“ I thank you :
 “ I see I must sup with you.”——“ Sup then
 “ quickly (interrupted the Abbé) the Mar-
 “ quis makes me impatient : I am in pain till
 “ you get up from table, till you are retired
 “ into your own apartment, and your husband
 “ leaves you there.”——“ Well, my dear Abbé,
 “ behold me there, in the most cruel anxiety
 “ I ever experienced in my life. My soul
 “ struggling (I blush at it yet) between fear
 “ and desire, I advance with a trembling pace
 “ towards the closet of my dressing-room,
 “ to see at last if my fears have any founda-
 “ tion : I perceive nobody there, I think him
 “ gone, this perfidious Chevalier ; but, *by good*
 “ *luck* I hear somebody speaking in a low
 Vol. I. I “ voice

“ voice in the next room : I draw near, I listen :
“ it was Luzel himself, with the youngest of
“ my women. “ It is true (said he) I came
“ here with a design upon the Marchioness, but
“ chance uses me better than love. What a
“ comparison ! and how unjust is fortune !
“ Your mistress is well enough ; but has she
“ that shape, that air of neatness, that bloom,
“ that gentility ? You are, by nature, a woman
“ of quality. A woman must either be very
“ modest, or very vain, to have an attendant of
“ your age and figure ! Faith, Lucy, if the
“ Graces are made like you, Venus cannot shine
“ much at her toilette.”——“ Keep your gal-
“ lantries, Sir, for my lady, and remember that
“ she will be here presently.”——“ Oh, no,
“ she is with her husband ; they are the best
“ in the world together. I even think, God
“ forgive me ! that I hear them saying ten-
“ der things to each other. It would be
“ pleasant if he should come to pass the night
“ with her. But however that be, she does
“ not know that I am here, and from this
“ moment I am no longer for her.”——“ But,
“ Sir, you do not consider ; what will be-
“ come of me if they should know it?——
“ Take courage, I have provided for every
“ thing : if to-morrow they should see me go
“ out, it is easy to give it a proper turn.”——

“ But, Sir, my lady’s honour”——“ Stuff:
 “ your lady’s honour is mightily concerned in
 “ it! And, after all, if they should give her
 “ such a man as myself, so much the better, that
 “ would bring her into fashion.”——“ Oh! the
 “ wretch ” (cried the Abbé).——“ Judge, my
 “ friend (resumed the Marchioness) my indig-
 “ nation at this discourse, I was on the point of
 “ bursting out upon them; but such a burst of
 “ passion would have ruined me: neither my
 “ people nor my husband would have been able
 “ to persuade themselves that the Chevalier came
 “ there on Lucy’s account. I resolved to dis-
 “ semble: I rang; Lucy appeared: I had ne-
 “ ver seen her look so handsome before; for
 “ jealousy embellishes its object, when it cannot
 “ make it ugly. “ Was that one of your
 “ master’s servants (said I to her) whom I just
 “ now heard talking with you?”——“ Yes,
 “ Madam (replied she with confusion).”——
 “ Let him withdraw this instant, and do not
 “ come back till he is gone.” I said no more;
 “ but whether Lucy saw through me, or fear
 “ determined her to send away the Chevalier,
 “ he retired that instant, and got out undis-
 “ covered. You may easily judge, my dear
 “ Abbé, that my door was ever after shut
 “ against him, and that Lucy, the next day,
 “ dressed my head ill, did every thing wrong,

“ was good for nothing, put me quite out of patience, and was discharged.”

“ You had reason, Madam (cried the Abbé) to say that your virtue has run some risques.”

“ This is not all (continued she) I shall now entertain you with another adventure. We passed the summer every year at our country-house at Corbeil, where we had a celebrated painter for our neighbour, which inspired the Marquis with the gallant notion of having my portrait and his own. You know that it was his foible to believe himself beloved by me. He would have us represented in the same piece, chained together by Hymen with wreathes of flowers. The painter took the hint; but being accustomed to draw after Nature, he desired to have a model for the figure of Hymen. In the same village was at that time a young Abbé, who now and then came to see us. His fine eyes, his rosy mouth, his complexion scarce yet shaded with the down of youth, his hair of a bright flaxen colour, flowing in small ringlets on a neck whiter than ivory, the tender vivacity of his looks, the delicacy and regularity of his features, every thing about him seemed so formed for the purpose, that the Marquis prevailed on the Abbé to consent to serve as a model to the painter.”

At

At this beginning, the Abbé de Chateauneuf redoubled his attention ; but contained himself till the end, in order to hear the conclusion of the story.

“ The expression to be given to the countenances (continued the Marchioness) produced excellent scenes between the painter and the Marquis. The more my husband endeavoured to put on an air of sensibility, the more simple he looked. The painter copied faithfully, and the Marquis was enraged at seeing himself painted to the life. For my part, I had something of mockery in my countenance, which the painter imitated as well. The Marquis swore, the artist retouched without ceasing ; but he still found on the canvas the air of a sly baggage and a fool. At last a dullness seized me ; the Marquis took it for a soft languor : on his side he gave himself a foolish laugh, which he called a tender smile, and the painter came off for drawing him as he saw him. We were to proceed next to the figure of Hymen. “ Come, Sir (said the painter to the Abbé) now for the Graces and voluptuousness ! Look tenderly on the lady ; still more tenderly : ” Take her hand (added my husband) and imagine that you are saying to her, Fear not, my dear ; these bands are made of
I 3 “ flowers ;

“ flowers ; strong, but light. Animate yourself then, my dear Abbé ; your countenance has no expression in it : you have the air of a Hymen benumbed.” “ The young man profited wonderfully by the instructions of the painter and the Marquis. His timidity vanished by degrees, his mouth wore an amorous smile, his complexion was heightened with a livelier red ; his eyes sparkled with a gentler flame, and his hand pressed mine with a tremor, which myself only could perceive. I must tell you all ; the emotion of his soul passed into mine, and I viewed the god with much more tenderness than I had done my spouse. “ There ! the very thing (said the Marquis) go on, Abbé ; admirable ! Is not it ? (said he to the painter). We shall make something of this little model. Come, wife, do not let us be cast down : I knew very well that it would be a fine piece. There, you are now just as I wanted : courage, Abbé ; go on, Madam ; I leave you both in the right attitude. Do not change it till I return.” As soon as the Marquis was gone, my little Abbé became quite heavenly ; my eyes devoured his, and yet I could not be satisfied. The sittings were long, and seemed to us to last only for a moment. “ What a pity (said the painter) that I “ did

“ did not take my lady at such a juncture as
 “ this ! There is the expression I wished for !
 “ quite another countenance. Ah ! Sir, what a
 “ pleasure it is to copy you ! You do not flag
 “ at all : your features become more and more
 “ animated. No inattention, Madam ; fix your
 “ eyes on his ; my Hymen will be a capital
 “ figure.” When the head of the Hymen was
 “ finished, “ I want, Madam (said he to me one
 “ day in my husband’s absence) I want to re-
 “ touch your portrait. Change places, Abbé,
 “ and take that of the Marquis.” “ Why so,
 “ Sir ? (said I blushing).”—“ Oh ! heavens !
 “ Madam, let me alone. I know best what will set
 “ you off to advantage. I understood him, and
 “ the Abbé blushed at it, as well as myself.
 “ The artifice of the painter had a wonder-
 “ ful effect. The languor gave place to
 “ the most touching expression of timid vo-
 “ luptuousness. The Marquis, at his re-
 “ turn, could not cease admiring this change,
 “ which he could not comprehend. “ This
 “ is very strange ! (said he) it looks as if
 “ the picture had animated itself.”—“ It
 “ is the effect of my colours (replied the
 “ painter coldly) to display themselves thus
 “ in proportion as they take place. You
 “ will see it quite a different thing in a
 “ short time from what it is now !”—“ But
 I 4 “ my

“ my head (resumed the Marquis) to me does
 “ does not seem to improve so.”——“That is
 “ easily accounted for (replied the artist) : the
 “ lineaments are stronger, and the colours less
 “ delicate. But do not be impatient : it will
 “ become, in time, one of the finest husband’s
 “ heads that ever was seen.”

“ When the picture was finished, the Abbé
 “ and myself fell into a profound melancholy.
 “ Those soft moments in which our souls
 “ spoke through our eyes, and shot them-
 “ selves into one another, were now no more.
 “ His timidity and my modesty laid us under
 “ a cruel restraint. He no longer dared to
 “ visit us so often, and I no longer dared to
 “ invite him.

“ In short, one day when he happened to
 “ be at our house, I found him alone, mo-
 “ tionless and pensive, before the picture.
 “ You are well employed, Sir (said I to
 “ him).”——“Yes, Madam(replied he briskly)
 “ I am enjoying the only pleasure that will
 “ henceforth be permitted me: I am admiring
 “ yourself in your picture.”——“ You are ad-
 “ miring me? That is very gallant!”——
 “ Ah ! I would say more if I durst.”——“ In-
 “ deed? You are content?”——“ Content,
 “ Madam ! I am enchanted. Alas ! why are
 “ you not still such as I see you in this pic-
 “ ture !”

“ture!”——“It is pretty well (interrupted
 “I, pretending not to understand him) but
 “your’s appears to me to be better.”——
 “Better, Madam? Mine is as cold as ice.”——
 “You joke about your coldness: nothing in
 “the world can be more warm.”——“Ah, Ma-
 “dam! had I but been at liberty to suffer that
 “emotion to display itself in my countenance
 “which passed in my heart, you should have
 “seen quite another thing. But how could I
 “express what I felt in those moments? The
 “painter, if not the Marquis, had his eyes con-
 “tinually upon me. I was obliged to assume a
 “tranquil air. Would you see (added he) how
 “I should have viewed you, if we had been
 “without witnesses? Give me once more that
 “hand which I pressed not without trembling,
 “and let us resume the same attitude.”——
 “Would you believe it, my friend? I had the
 “curiosity, the complaisance, and, if you please,
 “the weakness, to let my hand drop into his.
 “I must confess, I never saw any thing so
 “tender, so passionate, so touching, as the
 “figure of my little Abbé at this dangerous
 “conference. Voluptuousness smiled on his
 “lips, desire sparkled in his eyes, and all the
 “flowers of the spring seemed to blow on his
 “beautiful cheeks. He pressed my hand
 “against his heart, and I felt it beat with a
 I 5 “vivacity

“vivacity that communicated itself to mine.
 “Yes (said I, endeavouring to dissemble my
 “confusion) that would be more expressive, I
 “confess, but it would no longer be the figure
 “of Hymen.”——“No, Madam, no, it would
 “be that of Love; but Hymen at your feet
 “ought to be no other than Love himself.”——
 “At these words he seemed to forget himself,
 “and thought himself in reality the god whose
 “image he represented.

“*By good luck* I had still strength enough left
 “to be in a passion: the poor creature, shock-
 “ed and confounded, took my emotion for
 “anger, and lost, in asking my pardon, the
 “most favourable moment to offend me with
 “impunity.”——“Ah! Madam (cried the
 “Abbé de Chateaufort) is it possible that
 “I have been such a fool!”——“How now?”
 “(resumed the Marchioness). ——“Alas!
 “this little fool was I!”——“You! impos-
 “sible!”——“’Twas I, I myself, nothing
 “more certain. You recall my own story to
 “my remembrance. Cruel woman! had I
 “known but what I know now!”——“My
 “old friend, you would have had too great
 “an advantage; and this prudence which
 “you now extol so highly would have
 “made but a feeble resistance.”——“I am
 “confounded (cried the Abbé) I shall
 “never



W. Sharp sculp.

THE TWO UNFORTUNATES.

“ never forgive myself as long as I live.”——
 “ Console, yourself, for it is time (replied
 “ the Marchioness smiling) but confess that
 “ there is a great deal of *good luck* in vir-
 “ tue itself, and that those ladies who have
 “ the most, ought to judge less severely of
 “ them who have not had enough.”

THE

TWO UNFORTUNATE LADIES.

IN the convent of the visitation of Cl. . . .
 I had for some short time retired the Marchioness of Clarence. The calm and serenity which she saw reign in this solitude did but render more lively and bitter the grief that consumed her. “ How happy (said she) are
 “ those innocent doves, which have taken their
 “ flight towards heaven! Life is to them a
 “ cloudless day; they know neither the sor-
 “ rows nor pleasures of the world.”

Amidst these pious maidens, whose happiness she envied, one only, named Lucilia, seemed to her to be pensive and pining. Lucilia, still in the bloom of her youth, had that stile of

beauty which is the image of a sensible heart; but sorrow and tears had taken off its freshness, like a rose which the sun has withered, but which leaves us still capable of judging, in its languishing state, of all the beauty it had in the morning. There seems to be a dumb language between tender souls. The Marchioness read in the eyes of this afflicted fair one what nobody had discovered there before. So natural is it to the unhappy to complain, and love their partners in affliction! She took a liking to Lucilia. Friendship, which in the world is hardly a sentiment, in the cloister is a passion. Their connexion in a short time became very intimate; but on both sides a concealed sorrow poisoned its sweetness. They were sometimes a whole hour sighing together, without presuming to ask each other the secret of their griefs. The Marchioness at last broke the silence.

“ A mutual confession (said she) would spare us perhaps a great deal of uneasiness :
 “ we stifle our sighs on both sides ; ought
 “ friendship to keep any thing a secret from
 “ the breast where a mutual friendship is
 “ found ? ” At these words a modest blush animated the features of Lucilia, and the veil of her eye-lids dropped over her fine eyes.
 “ Ah ! why (replied the Marchioness) why
 “ this blush ? Is it the effect of shame ? It is
 “ thus

“ thus that the thought of happiness ought to
 “ colour beauty. Speak, my Lucilia; pour
 “ out your heart into the bosom of a friend,
 “ more, without doubt, to be lamented than
 “ yourself, but who would console herself for
 “ her own happiness, if she could but soften
 “ your’s”——“ What is it you ask of me, Ma-
 “ dam? I share all your sorrows, but I have
 “ none of my own to confide to you. The al-
 “ teration of my health is the only cause of that
 “ languor into which you see me plunged. I
 “ am decaying insensibly, and, thanks to heaven,
 “ my end approaches.” She spoke these last
 words with a smile, at which the Marchioness
 was greatly affected. “ Is that then (said she)
 “ your only consolation? yet, though impatient
 “ to die, you will not confess to me what it is
 “ that renders life odious to you. How long
 “ have you been here?”——“ Five years, Ma-
 “ dam.”——“ Was you brought hither by com-
 “ pulsion?”——“ No, Madam, by reason, by
 “ heaven, which was pleased to attract my heart
 “ entirely to itself.”——“ That heart then was
 “ attached to the world?”——“ Alas! yes, for its
 “ own punishment.”——“ Finish.”——“ I have
 “ told you all.”——“ Were you in love, Lucilia,
 “ and had the fortitude to bury yourself alive!
 “ Was it some perfidious wretch whom you
 “ have abandoned?”——“ The most virtuous,
 “ most

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" most tender, and most valuable of mankind.
 " Ask no more : you see the guilty tears that
 " steal from my eyes : all the wounds of my
 " heart open afresh at the thought."—No, my
 " dear Lucilia, it is not a time for us now to
 " keep any thing a secret. I would penetrate
 " into the inmost recesses of your soul, in order
 " to pour consolation into it : believe me, the
 " poison of grief exhales not but by complaints ;
 " shut up in silence, it only becomes the more
 " violent."—" You will have it, Madam ?
 " Weep then over the unfortunate Lucilia, weep
 " over her life, and shortly over her death."

" Scarce had I appeared in the world, when
 " this fatal beauty attracted the eyes of a fickle
 " and imprudent youth, whose homage could
 " not dazzle me. One man alone, yet in
 " the age of innocence and candour, taught
 " me that I was sensible of love. The equa-
 " lity of our years, birth, fortune, the con-
 " nexion also between our families, and, above
 " all, a mutual inclination, had united us to
 " each other. My lover lived only for me :
 " we saw with pity this immense void of the
 " world, where pleasure is only a shadow,
 " where love is but a gleam : our hearts full
 " of themselves. . . . But I lose myself. Ah !
 " Madam, what do you now oblige me to
 " call to mind !"—" What, my dear, do
 " you

“ you reproach yourself for having been just ?
 “ When heaven has formed two virtuous and
 “ sensible hearts, does it make it criminal in
 “ them to seek each other, to attract, to cap-
 “ tivate reciprocally ? If so, why has it made
 “ them !”——“ It formed, no doubt, with
 “ pleasure that heart in which mine lost itself ;
 “ where virtue took place of reason, and where
 “ I saw nothing that was a reproach to nature.
 “ Oh ! Madam, who was ever loved like me !
 “ Would you believe that I was obliged to spare
 “ my lover’s delicacy even the confession of
 “ those tender inquietudes which sometimes af-
 “ flict love ? He would have deprived himself
 “ of life, if Lucilia had been jealous of it. When
 “ he perceived in my eyes any mark of sor-
 “ row, it was to him as if all nature had
 “ been eclipsed : he supposed himself always
 “ the cause, and reproached himself for all
 “ my faults.

“ It is but too easy to judge to what excess
 “ the most amiable of men must have been
 “ loved. Interest which dissolves all ties,
 “ except those of love, interest disunited our
 “ families : a fatal law-suit commenced against
 “ my mother was to us the æra and source of
 “ our misfortunes. The mutual hatred of
 “ our friends raised itself as an eternal barrier
 “ between us : we were obliged to give over
 “ seeing

“ seeing each other. The Letter which he
 “ wrote me will never be effaced out of my
 “ memory.

“ **E**VERY thing is lost to me, my dear Lu-
 “ cilia : they tear from me my only hap-
 “ piness. I am just come from throwing myself
 “ at my father’s feet, I am just come from con-
 “ juring him, bathing him at the same time
 “ with my tears, to give over this fatal law-
 “ suit. He received me as a child. I protested
 “ to him that your fortune was sacred to me,
 “ that my own would become odious. He has
 “ treated my disinterestedness as a folly. Man-
 “ kind conceive not that there is something
 “ above riches : and yet what should I do with
 “ wealth if I lose you ? They say that one day I
 “ shall be glad they did not listen to me. If I
 “ believed that age, or what they call reason,
 “ could so far debase my soul, I should cease to
 “ live from this moment, terrified at what was
 “ to come. No, my dear Lucilia, no ; all I
 “ have or ask is your’s. The laws would in
 “ vain give me a part of your inheritance ; my
 “ laws are in my heart, and my father there
 “ stands condemned. A thousand pardons for
 “ the uneasinesses he occasions you. Pray God
 “ that I offer up no criminal wishes ! I could
 “ cut off from my own days to add to my fa-
 “ ther’s :

“ther’s; but, if ever I am master of those riches
 “he is now accumulating, and with which he
 “would overload me in spite of myself, ample
 “reparation shall be made for all. But yet I am
 “deprived of you. They will dispose, perhaps,
 “of the heart which you have given me. Ah!
 “beware of ever consenting to it: think that
 “my life is at stake, think that our oaths are
 “written in heaven. But can you withstand
 “the imperious will of a mother? I shudder at
 “the thought, speak comfort to me, in the
 “name of the most tender love.”

“You answered him, without doubt?”——
 “Yes, Madam, but in very few words.

“**I** Upbraid you with nothing. I am un-
 “happy, but I know how to be so: learn
 “from me to suffer.”

“The law-suit however was begun, and
 “carried on with heat. One day, alas!
 “one terrible day, while my mother was
 “reading with indignation a memorial pub-
 “lished against her, somebody asked to
 “speak with me. “Who is it? (said she)
 “let them come in.” The servant, con-
 “founded, hesitates for some time, stam-
 “mers in his answers, and concludes by con-
 “fessing

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“ fessing that he was charged with a billet to
 “ me.—“ For my daughter ! from whom ?”
 “ I was present ; judge of my situation ; judge
 “ of the indignation of my mother when she
 “ heard the name of the son of the person whom
 “ she called her persecutor. If she had vouch-
 “ safed to read the billet, which she sent back
 “ without opening, perhaps she had been moved
 “ by it. She would have seen at least the ex-
 “ treme purity of our sentiments : but whether
 “ the vexation into which this law-suit had
 “ plunged her, required only an opportu-
 “ nity to vent itself, or that a secret corre-
 “ spondence between her daughter and her
 “ enemies was in her eyes a real crime, there
 “ are no reproaches with which I was not
 “ loaded. I fell down confounded at my
 “ mother’s feet, and submitted to the humi-
 “ liation of her upbraidings, as if I had de-
 “ served them. It was determined on the spot
 “ that I should go and conceal in a cloister
 “ what she called my shame and her own.
 “ Being brought here the day after, orders
 “ were given not to suffer me to see any body ;
 “ and I was here three whole months, as if
 “ my family and the world had been entirely
 “ annihilated to me. The first and only visit
 “ I received was my mother’s : I presaged
 “ from her embraces the sentence she was
 “ going

“ going to pronounce. “ I am ruined (said
 “ she to me, as soon as we were alone) : ini-
 “ quity has prevailed ; I have lost my law-suit,
 “ and, with it, all means of establishing you in
 “ the world. Scarce enough remains for my
 “ son to support himself according to his birth.
 “ As to you, my daughter, God has called you
 “ here ; here you must live and die : to-mor-
 “ row you take the veil.” At these words,
 “ which were strengthened by the cold and ab-
 “ solute tone in which they were pronounced,
 “ my heart was struck, and my tongue frozen ;
 “ my knees gave way beneath me, and I fell
 “ senseless on the ground. My mother called
 “ for assistance, and laid hold of that opportu-
 “ nity to withdraw herself from my tears.
 “ When I was come to myself again, I found
 “ myself surrounded with those pious damsels,
 “ whose companion I was to be, and who in-
 “ vited me to partake with them the sweet
 “ tranquillity of their condition. But that
 “ state, so fortunate for an innocent and dis-
 “ engaged soul, presented to my eyes nothing
 “ but struggles, perjuries, and remorse. A
 “ dreadful abyss was going to be opened betwixt
 “ my lover and me ; I found my better part
 “ torn from me ; I saw no longer any thing
 “ around me but silence and vacuity ; and in
 “ this immense solitude, in this renunciation
 “ of

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“ of all nature, I found myself in the presence of heaven, with my heart full of the lovely object, which it was necessary I should forget for its sake. These holy damsels told me, with the strongest conviction, all that they knew of the vanities of the world : but it was not to the world that I was attached : the most horrible desert would have seemed a ravishing abode, with the man whom I had left in that world which to me was nothing.

“ I desired to see my mother again : she pretended at first to have taken my swooning for a natural accident. “ No, Madam, it is the effect of the violent situation into which you have thrown me ; for it is no longer time to feign. You have given me life, you may take it from me ; but, Madam, have you conceived me only as a victim devoted to the torment of a lingering death ? and to whom is it you sacrifice me ? Not to God. I feel that he rejects me : the Almighty demands only pure victims, voluntary sacrifices ; he is jealous of the offerings made him, and the heart which presents itself to him ought thenceforward to be his alone. If violence drags me to the altar, perjury and sacrilege attend me there.”——
 “ What say you, wretched girl ?”——“ A
 “ terrible

“ terrible truth, which despair forces from me :
 “ yes, Madam, my heart has given itself away
 “ without your consent ; innocent or culpable,
 “ it is no longer mine ; God only can break the
 “ band by which it is tied.”——“ Go, unworthy
 “ daughter, go and ruin yourself : I will never
 “ acknowledge you more.”——“ Dear mother,
 “ by your own blood, abandon me not ; see my
 “ tears, my despair ; see hell open at my feet.”——
 “ Is it in this light then that a fatal passion
 “ makes thee view the asylum of honour, the
 “ tranquil port of innocence ? What is there
 “ then but the world in thy eyes ? Know,
 “ however, that this world has but one idol,
 “ interest. All our homages are for the success-
 “ ful : oblivion, desertion, and contempt, are
 “ the portion of the unfortunate.”

“ Ah ! Madam, separate from that cor-
 “ rupt multitude the man”——“ Whom
 “ you love, is it not so ? I know all that he
 “ can have said to you. He is no accomplice
 “ in the iniquity of his father : he disclaims
 “ it, he complains to you of it ; he will re-
 “ pair the injury done you. Vain promises,
 “ the fine speeches of a young man, which
 “ will be forgot to-morrow. But were he
 “ constant in his passion, and faithful in his
 “ promises, his father is young ; he will
 “ grow old, for the wicked grow old ; and
 “ in

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“ in the mean time love becomes extinct, am-
“ bition prompts, duty commands ; rank, al-
“ liance, fortune, present themselves to him,
“ and the credulous, beguiled maid, becomes
“ the publick talk. Such is the lot that awaited
“ you : your mother has preserved you from it.
“ I now cost you some tears, but you will one
“ day bless me for it. I leave you, my daugh-
“ ter : prepare yourself for the sacrifice which
“ God requires of you. The more painful this
“ sacrifice, the more worthy will it be of
“ him.”

“ In a word, Madam, I was obliged to re-
“ solve. I took this veil, this bandage ; I en-
“ tered the path of penitence ; and during the
“ time of probation, in which we are yet free,
“ I flattered myself with the hopes of subduing
“ myself, and attributed my irresolution and
“ weakness solely to the fatal liberty of having
“ it in my power to return. I thought the time
“ long till I could bind myself by an irrevoca-
“ ble oath. I took that oath : I renounced the
“ world : an easy matter. But, alas ! I re-
“ nounced also my lover, and that was more than
“ renouncing my life. On pronouncing those
“ vows, my soul fluttered on my lips, as if
“ ready to leave me. Scarce had I strength
“ enough to drag me to the foot of the altar :
“ whence they were obliged to carry me
“ away

“ away as dead. My mother came to me
 “ transported with a cruel joy. Pardon me,
 “ my God : I respect, I love her still ; I will
 “ love her to my last gasp.” These words of
 Lucilia were interrupted by sighs, and two rivu-
 lets of tears overflowed her face.

“ The sacrifice was now completed (re-
 “ sumed she, after a long silence) : I was the
 “ Almighty’s, I was no longer my own. All
 “ sensual ties were now to be broken : I was
 “ become dead to the earth ; I presumed to
 “ believe it. But what was my terrour, on
 “ searching into the abyfs of my own soul !
 “ I there still found love, but a frantick and
 “ criminal love, love covered with shame and
 “ despair, love rebelling againſt heaven, againſt
 “ nature, againſt myſelf ; love conſumed by
 “ regret, torn with remorse, and transformed
 “ into rage. “ What have I done (cried I
 “ to myſelf a thouſand times) what have I
 “ done ! This adored man, whom I muſt ſee
 “ no more, preſents himſelf to my imagination
 “ in all his charms. The happy knot which
 “ was to have made us one, all the moments
 “ of a delicious life, all the emotions of two
 “ hearts which death alone would have ſepa-
 “ rated, preſented themſelves to my diſtracted
 “ ſoul. Ah ! Madam, how grievous was the
 “ image ! There is nothing which I have not
 “ done

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“ done in order to blot it from my memory.
 “ For these five years past have I by turns
 “ banished it from my sight, and seen it recur
 “ without ceasing. In vain do I sink myself
 “ in sleep, which only revives it in my mind ;
 “ in vain do I abstract myself in solitude, where
 “ it awaits me; I find it at the foot of the altar,
 “ I bear it into the bosom of God himself.
 “ Mean time that God, who is the father of
 “ mercies, has at length taken pity on me.
 “ Time, reason, penance, have weakened the
 “ first shocks of this criminal passion, but a
 “ painful languor has succeeded. I feel my-
 “ self dying every moment, and the thought
 “ that I am drawing near to my grave is my
 “ sole consolation.”

“ Oh ! my dear Lucilia (cried the Mar-
 “ chioness, after hearing her) which of us
 “ is most to be pitied ! Love has been the
 “ cause both of your misfortunes and mine :
 “ but you loved the tenderest, the most
 “ faithful, the most grateful of men ; and
 “ I the most perfidious, the most ungrate-
 “ ful, the most cruel. You devoted your-
 “ self to heaven ; I delivered myself up to a
 “ villain : your retreat was a triumph ; mine
 “ is a reproach : people lament you, love you,
 “ and respect you ; but me they revile and
 “ traduce.

“ Of all lovers, the most passionate before marriage was the Marquis of Clarence. Young, amiable, seducing to the highest degree, he promised a most happy disposition. He seemed to possess all the virtues, as he really did all the graces. The docile ease of his temper received in so lively a manner the impression of virtuous sentiments, that they seemed as if they could never have been effaced. It was too easy for him, alas ! to inspire me with the passion which he had himself, or at least thought he had for me. All the conveniencies, which make great matches, conspired with this mutual inclination ; and my parents, who had seen it rising in my bosom, consented to crown it. Two years passed in the tenderest union. Oh Paris ! Oh theatre of vices ! Oh dreadful rock of love, innocence, and virtue ! My husband, who till then had been but little conversant with those of his own age, and that merely to amuse himself, as he said, with their irregularities and follies, imbibed insensibly the poison of their example. The noisy preparation for their insipid meetings, the mysterious confidence of their adventures, the proud recitals of their empty pleasures, the commendations lavished on their worthless conquests, all

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“ excited his curiosity. The sweetness of an
 “ innocent and peaceful union had no longer
 “ the same charms for him. I had myself no
 “ other talents than those which a virtuous edu-
 “ cation bestows ; I perceived that he required
 “ more in me. “ I am undone (said I to my-
 “ self) my heart is no longer a sufficient return
 “ for his.” Indeed his attentions from that
 “ time were nothing more than complaisance ;
 “ he no longer preferred those sweet conversa-
 “ tions, those private interviews so delicious to
 “ me, to the ebb and flow of a tumultuous so-
 “ ciety. He himself persuaded me to abandon
 “ myself to dissipation, only in order to autho-
 “ rise him to be abandoned. I became more
 “ pressing, and restrained him. I took the re-
 “ solution of leaving him at liberty, that he
 “ might wish for me, and see me again with
 “ pleasure, after a comparison which I thought
 “ must be to my advantage ; but young cor-
 “ rupters seized that soul, unfortunately too
 “ flexible ; and from the instant he had steeped
 “ his lips in the poisoned cup, his intoxication
 “ was without remedy, and his wandering
 “ without return. I wanted to recal him ; but
 “ it was too late. “ You destroy yourself,
 “ my dear (said I to him) and though it be
 “ dreadful to me to see a husband torn from
 “ me who formed all my delight, yet it is
 “ more

“ more for your sake than my own that I lament
 “ your error. You seek happiness where it is
 “ most assuredly not to be found. False de-
 “ lights, shameful pleasures, will never satisfy
 “ your soul. The art of seducing and deceiv-
 “ ing is the whole of that worldly art that now
 “ charms you : your wife knows it not, and
 “ you know it no better than she : that infam-
 “ ous school is not formed for our hearts ;
 “ your’s suffers itself to be lost in its intoxica-
 “ tion ; but it will last only for a time : the
 “ illusion will vanish like a dream ; you will
 “ return to me, and find me still the same ; an
 “ indulgent and faithful love waits you return
 “ and all will be forgotten. You will have
 “ neither reproach nor complaint to fear from
 “ me : happy if I can console you, for all
 “ the chagrins which you may have occa-
 “ sioned me ! But you, who know the value
 “ of virtue, and have tasted of her charms ;
 “ you, whom vice shall have plunged from
 “ one abyss into another ; you, whom it shall
 “ dismiss perhaps with contempt, to con-
 “ ceal at home with your wife the languish-
 “ ing days of a premature old age, your heart
 “ withered with sadness, your soul a prey to
 “ cruel remorse, how will you reconcile your-
 “ self to yourself ? how will you be able still
 “ to relish the pure pleasure of being beloved

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“ be me? Alas! my love itself will be your
“ punishment. The more lively also and ten-
“ der that love will be, the more humiliating
“ will it be for you. It is this, my dear Mar-
“ quis, it is this that grieves and overpowers
“ me. Cease to love me, if you please; I can
“ forgive you, since I have ceased to be agree-
“ able: but never render yourself unworthy of
“ my tenderness, and contrive at least not to
“ be obliged to blush before me. Would you
“ believe it, my dear Lucilia? a piece of rail-
“ lery was all his answer. He told me that I
“ talked like an angel, and that what I had said
“ deserved to be committed to writing. But
“ seeing my eyes brimful of tears, “Nay, do
“ not play the child (said he to me) I love
“ you, you know it; suffer me to amuse my-
“ self, and be assured that nothing attaches
“ me.”

“ However, some officious friends failed not
“ to inform me of every thing that could grieve
“ and confound me. Alas! my husband him-
“ self in a short time desisted from keeping
“ himself under my restraint, and even from
“ flattering me.

“ I shall not tell you, my dear Lucilia,
“ the many marks of humiliation and disgust
“ that I endured. Your griefs, in compa-
“ rison of mine, would even appear light to
“ you.

“ you. Imagine, if possible, the situation of
 “ a virtuous and feeling soul, lively and deli-
 “ cate to excess, receiving every-day new out-
 “ rages from the only object of its affection ;
 “ still living for him alone, when he lives no
 “ longer for her, when he is not ashamed to
 “ live for objects devoted to contempt. I spare
 “ your delicacy the most horrible part of this
 “ picture. Rejected, abandoned, sacrificed
 “ by my husband, I devoured my grief in si-
 “ lence : and if I afforded some profligate com-
 “ panies a topick of ridicule, a more just and
 “ compassionate publick consoled me with its
 “ pity : and I enjoyed the sole good which his
 “ vice could not take from me, a spotless
 “ character. I have since lost that, my dear
 “ Lucilia. The wickedness of the women,
 “ whom my example humbled, could not
 “ bear to see me irreproachable. They in-
 “ terpreted, according to their wishes, my
 “ solitude, and apparent tranquillity : they
 “ ascribed to me as a lover the first man who
 “ had the impudence to conceive that he was
 “ well received by me. My husband, to
 “ whom my presence was a continual re-
 “ proach, and who found himself not yet suf-
 “ ficiently at liberty, in order to rid himself
 “ of my importunate grief, took the first pre-
 “ text that was presented to him, and ba-

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“ nished me to one of his country-seats.” Un-
 “ known to the world, far from the sight of
 “ my misfortunes, I at least enjoyed in solitude
 “ the liberty of indulging my grief; but the
 “ cruel man caused it to be notified to me, that
 “ I might choose a convent; that his seat of
 “ Florival was sold, and that I must retire from
 “ thence.”——“ Florival (interrupted Lucilia,
 “ in a violent emotion).”——“ That was the place
 “ of my exile (resumed the Marchioness).”——
 “ Ah! Madam, what name have you pronounc-
 “ ed!”——“ The name of my husband before
 “ he acquired the marquisate of Clarence.”——
 “ What do I hear! Oh heaven: Oh, just
 “ heaven! is it possible?” (cried Lucilia,
 throwing herself upon the bosom of her
 friend). —— “ What is the matter! what
 “ troubles you! what sudden revolution! Lu-
 “ cilia, recover your senses.”——“ How, Ma-
 “ dam! is Florival then the perfidious wretch,
 “ the villain, who betrays and dishonours you!”
 “ ——“ Do you know him?”——“ It is the
 “ man, Madam, whom I adored, whom I have
 “ mourned for these five years past; the man
 “ who would have had my last sighs!”——
 “ What say you?”——“ It is he, Madam;
 “ alas! what had been my lot!” At these
 words, Lucilia bowing her face to the ground;
 “ Oh, my God! (said she) Oh, my God! it
 “ was

“ was thou who stretchedst out thine hand to-
 “ wards me.” The Marchioness was confound-
 ed, and unable to recover from her astonishment.
 “ Doubt it not (said she to Lucilia) the designs
 “ of heaven are visibly manifested upon us : it
 “ brings us together, inspires us with a mutual
 “ confidence, and opens our hearts to each
 “ other, as two sources of light and consol-
 “ tion. Well, my worthy and tender friend, let
 “ us endeavour to forget at once both our mis-
 “ fortunes and the person who occasioned them.”

From this time the tenderness and intimacy
 of their friendship increased to the highest
 degree : their solitude had pleasures, known
 only to the unfortunate. But, in a little time,
 this calm was interrupted by the news of
 the danger which threatened the Marquis.
 His dissipations cost him his life. At the point
 of death he asked for his virtuous wife. She
 tears herself from the arms of her forlorn
 companion ; hastens to him ; arrives ; and
 finds him expiring. “ Oh you, whom I have
 “ so greatly and so cruelly injured (said he to
 “ her on recollecting her) see the fruit of my
 “ irregularities ; see the dreadful stroke which
 “ the hand of God has inflicted upon me.
 “ If I am yet worthy of your pity, raise up to
 “ heaven your innocent voice, and lay my

K 4

“ remorse

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“ remorse before it.” The distracted wife would have thrown herself on his bosom. “ Stand off “ (said he) I shudder at myself ; my breath is “ the blast of death :” Adding, after a long silence, “ Do you know me again in this “ state to which my crimes have reduced me ? “ Is this that pure soul that used to mix itself “ with thine ? Is this that half of thyself ? “ Is this that nuptial bed that received me “ when worthy of thee ? Perfidious friends, “ detestable enchantresses, come, see, and shud- “ der. Oh, my soul ! who will deliver thee “ from this hideous prison ? Sir (said he to “ his physician) have I yet long to live ? My “ pains are intolerable. Leave me not, my “ generous friend ; I should fall, but for thee, “ into the most dreadful despair. . . . Cruel “ death, complete, complete the expiation of “ my life. There are no evils which I do not “ deserve ; I have betrayed, dishonoured, basely “ persecuted innocence and virtue itself.”

The Marchioness, in the agonies of grief, made every moment new efforts to throw herself on the bed, from which they endeavoured to remove her. At last the unhappy man expired, his eyes fixed upon her, and his voice died away in asking her pardon.

The only consolation the Marchioness was capable of, arose from that religious confidence

dence with which so good a death inspired her.

“ He was (said she) more weak than wicked,
 “ and more frail than culpable. The world
 “ led him astray by its pleasures. God brought
 “ him back again by afflictions. He has chastised,
 “ and pardons him. Yes, my husband,
 “ my dear Clarence (cried she) now disencumbered
 “ of the ties of blood and the world,
 “ thou waitest me in the bosom of thy God.”

Her soul filled with those holy ideas, she went to join her friend, whom she found at the foot of the altar. Lucilia's heart was rent within her at the relation of this cruel and virtuous death. They wept together for the last time; and, some time after, the Marchioness consecrated to God, with the same vows as Lucilia, that heart, those charms, those virtues, of which the world was unworthy.

ALL OR NOTHING.

AT that time of life, when it is so agreeable to be a widow, Cecilia could not help thinking of a fresh engagement. Two rivals disputed her choice. One, modest and plain, loved only her; the other, artful and vain, was above all things fond of himself. The first had the confidence of Cecilia: the second had her love. Cecilia was unjust, you will say: not at all. Plain folks neglect themselves; they think, that in order to please, it is sufficient to love with sincerity, and to convince others of their love. But there are few dispositions which do not require a little ornament. A man without art in the midst of the world, is like a lady at the opera without *rouge*.

Eraustus, with his usual frankness, had said to Cecilia, "I love you;" and from that time loved her as if he had breathed nothing else: his love was his life. Floricourt had rendered himself agreeable by those little gallantries which have the air of pretending to nothing. Among the attentions which he paid

to



ALL OR NOTHING.

“yourself.” — “I must abandon myself,
 “when I cannot help it.” — “How unhappy
 “am I in having ever known you!” —
 “Indeed, you had need complain: it is a
 “terrible misfortune to be beloved!” —
 “Yes, it is a misfortune to have cause to re-
 “proach one’s self on account of a man we
 “esteem.” — “You, Madam, you have no-
 “thing to reproach yourself. An honest man
 “may complain of a coquette who trifles with
 “him; or rather, she is unworthy of his
 “complaints and regret; but what wrongs
 “have you committed? Have you em-
 “ployed any seducing arts to attract me,
 “any complaisance to retain me? Did
 “I consult you about loving you? Who
 “obliges you to think me amiable? Follow
 “your own inclination, and I will follow
 “mine. Be not afraid that I shall plague
 “you.” — “No, but you will plague your-
 “self; for, in short, you will see me.” —
 “What! would you be cruel enough to for-
 “bid me your sight?” — “Far from it, I
 “assure you; but I wish to see you easy, and
 “as my best friend.” — “Friend, let it be;
 “the name signifies nothing.” — “But the
 “name is not enough; I would bring you
 “back in reality to that sentiment so pure,
 “so tender, and so solid, to that friendship
 “which

“ which I feel for you.” — “ Well, Ma-
 “ dam, you may love me as you please ;
 “ pray now permit me to love you as I can,
 “ and as much as I can. I only desire
 “ the liberty of being unhappy after my own
 “ manner.”

The obstinacy of Eraſtus grieved Cecilia ; but, after all, ſhe had done her duty : ſo much the worſe for him if he loved her ſtill. She gave herſelf up, therefore, without concern, or reproach, to her inclination for Floricourt. The moſt refined gallantry was put in practice to captivate her. Floricourt ſucceeded without difficulty. He knew how to pleaſe, thought he loved ; and was happy, if he had choſen to be ſo. But ſelf-love is the bane of love. It was but a triſtle in Floricourt’s eyes to be loved more than every thing elſe ; he wanted to be loved ſolely, without reſerve, or participation. It is true that he ſet the example : he had detached himſelf for Cecilia from a prude whom he had ruined, and a coquette who ruined him ; he had broke off with five or fix of the vaineſt and fooliſheſt young fellows in the world. He ſupped no where but at Cecilia’s, where it was delicious ſupping ; and he had the goodneſs to think of her amidſt a circle of women, not one of whom
 equalled

equalled her either in grace or beauty. Such uncommon proceedings, not to speak of merit still more uncommon, had not they a right to exact from Cecilia the most absolute devotion ?

In the mean time, as he was not sufficiently in love to be at all deficient in address, he took care not to suffer his pretensions to appear at first. Never had man, before conquest, been more complaisant, more docile, less assuming, than Floricourt; but from the moment he saw himself master of her heart, he became its tyrant. Difficult, imperious, jealous, he wanted to possess alone all the faculties of Cecilia's soul. He could not so much as permit her one idea except his own, much less a thought which came not from him. A decisive taste, a strict connection, was sure to displease him; but his meaning was to be guessed at. He would force her to ask him a hundred times over what he was thinking of, or what had put him out of humour; and it was never but as a favour that he confessed at last that such a thing had displeased him, or such a person made him dull. In short, as soon as he saw that his will was a law, he declared it without ceremony; and it was submitted to without opposition. It was but a small matter to require of Cecilia the sacrifice of those pleasures which naturally presented themselves; he gave birth to them the oftener,

oftener, on purpose to see them sacrificed to him. He spoke with transport of a play or an entertainment; he invited Cecilia to it; and they settled the party with ladies of his own naming; the hour came, they were dressed, the horses put to; he changed his design, and Cecilia was obliged to pretend a head-ach. He presented to her a she-friend, whom he introduced as an adorable woman: she was found such: an intimacy was contracted. A week after, he confessed he had been deceived; she was affected, insipid, or giddy; and Cecilia was obliged to break off with her. Cecilia was in a short time reduced to slight acquaintances, whom however he complained of her seeing too often. She perceives not that her complaisance was changed into slavery. We think we pursue our own will when we pursue the will of those we love. Floricourt seemed to her only to forestall her own desires. She sacrificed every thing to him, without so much as suspecting that she made him any sacrifices; yet Floricourt's self-love was not satisfied.

The company of the town, perfectly frivolous and transitory as it was, yet appeared to him too interesting. He extolled solitude, he repeated a hundred times, that there was no true love but in the country, far from dissipation and noise, and that he should never be happy but in a retreat inaccessible to importunents

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nents and rivals. Cecilia had a country-house to his wish. She had longed to pass the finest part of the year there with him, but could she do it with decency? He gave her to understand, that it was sufficient to take off all the air of a private party by carrying such a friend along with them as Erastus and a woman of the character of Artenice. After all, if people should talk, their marriage, which was soon to be concluded, would silence them. They set out, Erastus was of the party, and this again was a refinement of Floricourt's self-love. He knew that Erastus was his rival, his unsuccessful rival: it was the most flattering testimony that he could have of his triumph; therefore he had contrived excellently to bring it about. His attentions to him had an air of compassion and superiority, at which Erastus was sometimes quite out of patience; but the tender and delicate friendship of Cecilia made him amends for these humiliations, and the fear of displeasing her made him disguise them. However, sure as he was that they were going into the country only in order to enjoy their love there at liberty, how could he resolve with himself to follow them? This reflexion Cecilia made, as well as he: she would have hindered him, but the party was settled, past revocation. Besides, Artenice was young
and

and handsome. Solitude, opportunity, liberty, example, jealousy, and pique, might engage Eraſtus to turn towards her thoſe vows which Cecilia could not liſten to. Cecilia was modeſt enough to think it poſſible for a perſon to be unfaithful to her, and juſt enough to wiſh it; but it was betraying a very ſlight knowledge of the heart and character of Eraſtus.

Artenice was one of thoſe women with whom love is only an arrangement of ſociety, who are offended at a long attachment, who grow tired of a conſtant paſſion, and who depend ſufficiently on the honeſty of the men to deliver themſelves up to them without reſerve, and to quit them without heſitation. They had told her, “ We are going to paſs ſome
 “ time in the country; Eraſtus is to be there;
 “ will you make one?” She replied with a ſmile, “ With all my heart; a pleaſant
 “ ſcheme;” and the party was immediately ſettled. This was an additional torment to Eraſtus. Artenice had heard Cecilia praiſe her friend, as the moſt prudent man in the world, the honeſteſt, and moſt reſerved. “ That is charming (ſaid Artenice within
 “ herſelf) that is a kind of man to be taken
 “ and diſmiſſed without precaution or noiſe.
 “ Happy or unhappy, that is not to the pur-
 “ poſe: one is never at one’s eaſe but
 “ with

“ with people of this sort. An Eraſtus is a rarity”. We may readily conclude, after theſe reflections, that Eraſtus did not want for encouragement.

Florincourt behaved towards Cecilia with an aſſiduity perfectly diſtreſſing to an unſucceſſful rival. Cecilia in vain endeavoured to conſtrain herſelf; her looks, her voice, her very ſilence betrayed her. Eraſtus was upon the rack; but he concealed his pain. Artenice, like a dextrous woman, kept conveniently at a diſtance, and engaged Eraſtus to follow her. “ How happy are they (ſaid ſhe one day to “ him as they were walking together). Wholely “ taken up with each other, they feel a mu- “ tual ſatiſfaction, and live only for them- “ ſelves. It is a great happineſs merely to love. “ What ſay you to it?”—“ Yes, madam “ (replied Eraſtus looking down) it is a great “ happineſs when two”—“ Oh, there “ are always two; for I do not ſee that one “ is alone in the world.”—“ I mean, Ma- “ dam, two hearts equally ſenſible, and made “ to love one another equally.”—“ Equally! “ that is very unreaſonable. For my part, I “ think that we ought to be leſs difficult, and “ to content ourſelves with coming up within “ a ſmall matter of it. Suppoſe, I have “ more ſenſibility in my temper than he who “ attaches himſelf to me, muſt I puniſh him “ for

“ for it? Every one gives what he has, and we
 “ have no room to reproach him who contributes
 “ towards society that portion of sensibility
 “ which nature has given him. I wonder that
 “ the coldest hearts are always the most delicate.
 “ You, for example, you now are a man that
 “ would expect one to love you to distraction.”
 “—— I, Madam! I expect nothing.”——“ You
 “ mistake me; that is not what I mean. You
 “ have enough in you to seduce a woman, to be
 “ sure. I should not even be surprised at her con-
 “ ceiving an inclination for you.”——“ That may
 “ be, Madam: in point of folly, I doubt no-
 “ thing; but if a woman were so foolish as to
 “ fall in love with me, I think she would
 “ be much to be pitied.”——“ Is this a cau-
 “ tion, Sir, which you are so good as to give
 “ me?”——“ You, Madam? I flatter my-
 “ self that you think me neither foolish nor
 “ weak enough to give you any such cau-
 “ tion.”——“ Very well, you speak in gene-
 “ ral then, and except me out of politeness?”
 “—— The exception itself is unnecessary, Ma-
 “ dam; for you have nothing to do in the
 “ case.”——“ Pardon me, Sir: it is I who tell
 “ you, that you have qualities enough to
 “ please, and that one might very easily love
 “ you to distraction; and it is to me that you
 “ reply, that one should be very much to be
 “ pitied

" pitied if one loved you. Nothing, in my
 " opinion, can be more personal. Hey!
 " what, you are embarrassed?"—" I con-
 " fess that your raillery embarrasses me; I
 " know not how to reply to it; but it is not
 " generous to attack me with weapons which
 " I am not armed with."—" But if I were in
 " earnest, Eraſtus; if nothing in the world
 " were truer?"—" Your ſervant, Madam:
 " the ſituation I am now reduced to will not
 " permit me to amuſe you any longer."
 " Ah! upon my word he is in downright ear-
 " neſt (ſaid ſhe following him with her eyes).
 " The tone of levity, the laughing air which I
 " aſſumed, piqued him: he is a man for ſenti-
 " ment: I muſt talk to him in his own lan-
 " guage. To-morrow in this grove, one turn
 " more, and my victory is decided."

Eraſtus's walk with Artenice had appeared
 very long to Cecilia. Eraſtus returned from
 it quite penſive, and Artenice in triumph.
 " Well (ſaid Cecilia to her friend in a very
 " low voice) what do you think of Eraſtus?"

"— Why I like him pretty well; he has not
 " quite tired me, and that is a great deal;
 " he has ſome excellent qualities, and one
 " might make an agreeable man of him. I
 " find him only a little romantick in his man-
 " ner. He expects ſentiment; a fault of ha-
 " bit,

“bit, a mere country-prejudice, of which it is
 “easy to break him.”——“*He expects senti-*
 “*ment!* (said Cecilia within herself) they are
 “coming to terms already! This is going very
 “far at one interview. I think Erastus acts
 “his part with a good grace. Well! but if
 “he is happy, am I to take it ill? Yet it was
 “wrong in him to want to persuade me that
 “he was so greatly to be pitied. He might
 “have spared my delicacy the heavy reproaches,
 “which he knew very well I heaped upon my-
 “self. It is the frenzy of lovers always to
 “exaggerate their pains. In short, he is con-
 “soled, and I am sufficiently comforted.”

Cecilia, in this idea, put less restraint on herself with regard to Floricourt. Erastus, whom nothing escaped, became more melancholy than usual. Cecilia and Artenice attributed his melancholy to the same cause. A growing passion always produces that effect. The day after, Artenice did not fail to contrive a *tête-à-tête* for Cecilia and Floricourt, by taking away Erastus along with her.

“You are angry (said she) and I want
 “to be reconciled to you. I see, Erastus,
 “that you are not one of those men with
 “whom love is to be treated with raillery:
 “you look upon an engagement as one of the
 “most serious things in the world; I like
 “you

“ you the better for it.”——“ I ! Not at all
 “ Madam ; I am too well persuaded that a seri-
 “ ous passion is the highest extravagance, and
 “ that love is no longer a pleasure than while it
 “ is a jest.”——“ Be consistent then. Yester-
 “ day evening you required an equal sensibility,
 “ a mutual inclination.”——“ I required an
 “ impossibility, or, at least, the most uncom-
 “ mon thing in the world ; and I maintain, that
 “ without this union, which is so difficult that
 “ it must be given up, the wisest and surest way
 “ is to make a jest of love, without annexing
 “ any chimerical value or importance to it.”——
 “ Upon my word, my dear Erastus, you talk
 “ like an angel. Why indeed should we tor-
 “ ment ourselves to no purpose, endeavouring
 “ to love more than we are able ? We agree,
 “ fettle matters, grow weary of each other, and
 “ part. On casting up the account, we have
 “ had pleasure ; the time, therefore, was well
 “ employed, and would to heaven we could
 “ be so amused all our lives !”——“ This now
 “ (said Erastus within himself) is a very con-
 “ venient way of thinking !”——“ I well
 “ know (continued she) what they call a serious
 “ passion : nothing is more gloomy, nothing
 “ more dull. Uneasiness, jealousy, are con-
 “ tinually tormenting the two unhappy crea-
 “ tures. They pretend to be satisfied with
 “ each

“ each other, and weary themselves to
 “ death.”——“ Ah! Madam, what is it you
 “ say? They want nothing, if they love
 “ truly. Such an union is the charm of life,
 “ the delight of the soul, the fullness of hap-
 “ piness.”——“ Really, Sir, you are mad
 “ with your eternal inconsistencies. What
 “ would you have, pray?——“ What is not to
 “ be found, Madam, and what perhaps will
 “ never be seen”——“ A fine expectation true-
 “ ly! And in the mean while your heart will
 “ continue disengaged?”——“ Alas! would to
 “ heaven it could!”——“ It is not so then,
 “ Erastus?”——“ No certainly, Madam, and
 “ you would pity its condition, could you but
 “ conceive it.” At these words he left her,
 lifting his eyes towards heaven, and heaving a
 profound sigh. “ This then (said Artenice)
 “ is what they call a reserved man! He is so
 “ much so, that it makes him a downright
 “ beast. By good luck, I have not explained
 “ myself. Possibly I ought to have spoken
 “ out: bashful people must be assisted. But
 “ he walks off with an exclamation, without
 “ giving one time to ask him what possesses or
 “ afflicts him. He shall see: he must declare:
 “ for, in short, I am come to a compromise,
 “ and my honour is concerned.”

Florincourt

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Floricourt, during supper, wanted to entertain himself at the expence of Eraſtus. “ So
 “ (ſaid he to Artenice) where have you been ?
 “ Nothing ſhould be concealed from friends,
 “ and we ſet you the example.”——“ Right
 “ (ſaid Artenice with indignation) if we knew
 “ how to profit by the examples that are ſet us ;
 “ or did we even know what we would be at.
 “ If one talks of a ſerious proſſion, the gentle-
 “ man treats it as a jeſt ; if one agrees to its
 “ being a jeſt, he goes back again to the
 “ ſerious.”——“ It is eaſy for you, Madam
 “ (ſaid Eraſtus) to turn me into ridicule ;
 “ I ſubmit to it, as much as you pleaſe.”——
 “ Nay, Sir ! I have no ſuch deſign ; but we
 “ are among friends, let us explain. We have
 “ not time to obſerve and gueſs at each other.
 “ I pleaſe you ; that you have given me to
 “ underſtand : I will not diſſemble that you
 “ are agreeable enough to me. We are not
 “ come here to be idle ſpectators ; honour
 “ itſelf requires that we ſhould be employed :
 “ let us make an end, and underſtand one
 “ another. How is it that you would love
 “ me ? How would you have me love
 “ you ?”——“ I, Madam (cried Eraſtus) I do
 “ not want you to love me.”——“ What, Sir,
 “ have you deceived me then ?”——“ Not
 “ at all, Madam ; I call heaven to witneſs
 “ that

“ that I have not said one word to you in the
 “ least like love.”——“ Nay then (said she
 “ to him, getting up from table) this is
 “ a piece of effrontery beyond any thing I
 “ ever saw.” Floricourt would have detained
 her. “ No, Sir, I am not able to endure the
 “ sight of a man who has the assurance to
 “ deny the dull and insipid declarations with
 “ which he has affronted me, and which I
 “ had the goodness to put up with, prepossessed
 “ by the commendations that had been given me,
 “ I know not why, of this wretched creature.”

“ Artenice is gone off in a rage (said Ce-
 “ cilia to Erastus, on seeing him again the next
 “ day): what has passed between you?”——
 “ Some idle talk, Madam, the result of
 “ which on my side was, that nothing
 “ is more to be dreaded than a serious
 “ passion, and nothing is more despicable than
 “ a frivolous one. Artenice has seen me
 “ sigh; she thought I sighed for her; and I
 “ undeceived her, that is all.”——“ You
 “ undeceived her; that is handsome enough;
 “ but you should have done it with a little
 “ more art!”——“ How, Madam! could
 “ she dare to tell you that we were on the
 “ brink of love, and would you have had me
 “ contain myself? What would you have
 “ thought of my assent, or even of my silence?”

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“ That

" — That you were very much in the right.
 " Artenice is young and handsome, and your
 " attachment would have been merely an amuse-
 " ment." — " I am not in an humour to amuse
 " myself, Madam, and I beg of you to spare
 " the advice, by which I shall never profit." —
 " But you are now alone with us, and you
 " yourself must perceive that you will act but a
 " very strange part here." — " I shall act,
 " Madam, the part of a friend : nothing is,
 " in my opinion, more honourable." — " But,
 " Eraſtus, how will you be able to support
 " it ?" — " Leave that to me, Madam, and
 " do not make yourself at all uneasy on my
 " account." — " I cannot help being uneasy ;
 " for, in ſhort, I know your ſituation, and,
 " indeed, it is dreadful." — " May be ſo ;
 " but it is neither in your power nor mine to
 " render it better : let me alone, and let us talk
 " no more of it." — " Talk no more of it !
 " Soon ſaid ; but you are unhappy, and I am
 " the cauſe." — " Oh ! no, Madam, no,
 " I have told you ſo a hundred times ; you
 " have nothing to reproach yourſelf with : in
 " God's name be eaſy." — " I ſhould be eaſy,
 " if you could but be ſo." — " Nay, now, you
 " are cruel. Though you ſhould inſiſt upon
 " knowing what paſſes in my ſoul, yet I ſhould
 " not have one pang the leſs, but you would
 " have

“ have a piece of chagrin the more for it: pr’y-
 “ thee now forget that I love you.”——“ Hey!
 “ how? forget it? I see it every moment.”——
 “ You would have me leave you then?”——
 “ Why, our situation would require it.”——
 “ Very well: drive me away then, that will be
 “ the best.”——“ I drive you away, my friend!
 “ It is for you that I am in pain.”——“ Oh
 “ then, for my part I declare to you, that I
 “ cannot live without you.”——“ You think
 “ so; but absence. . . .”——“ Absence! a fine
 “ remedy for love like mine!”——“ Doubt not
 “ its efficacy, my dear Eraſtus: there are wo-
 “ men more amiable and leſs unjuſt than I.”——
 “ I am glad of it; but that is all one to me.”——
 “ You think ſo at preſent.”——“ I am now
 “ what I ſhall be all my life long: I know my-
 “ ſelf: I know the women. Do not be afraid
 “ that any of them can make me either happy
 “ or unhappy.”——“ I believe that you would
 “ not attach yourſelf at firſt; but you will
 “ diſſipate in the world.”——“ And with
 “ what? Nothing in it amuſes me. Here
 “ at leaſt I have no time to grow dull: I ſee
 “ you, or am going to ſee you; you talk to
 “ me kindly; I am ſure that you do not for-
 “ get me; and if I were at a diſtance from
 “ you, I have an imagination that would be
 “ my torment.”——“ And could it paint any
 L 2 “ thing

“ thing more cruel than what you see ? ” ——
 “ I see nothing, Madam : I desire to see nothing :
 “ spare me the uneasiness of being your confi-
 “ dent.” —— “ Indeed I admire your modera-
 “ tion.” —— “ Yes, I have great merit, indeed,
 “ in being moderate ! Would you have me beat
 “ you ? ” —— “ No ; but people usually complain
 “ on such occasions.” —— “ And of what ? ” ——
 “ I do not know ; but I cannot reconcile so
 “ much love with so much reason.” —— “ Be
 “ assured, Madam, every one loves after his own
 “ fashion ; mine is not to rave. If ill language
 “ would please you, I could bestow as much as
 “ another ; but I doubt whether that would
 “ succeed.” —— “ I lose nothing by that, Eras-
 “ tus ; and at the bottom of your heart.” ——
 “ No, I vow that my heart respects you as much
 “ as my mouth. I never surprised myself one
 “ moment possessed with the least anger against
 “ you.” —— “ Yet you torment yourself, I see
 “ plainly. Melancholy gains upon you.” ——
 “ I am not very gay.” —— “ You hardly eat.” ——
 “ I live at least.” —— “ I am sure you do not
 “ sleep at all.” —— “ Pardon me, I sleep a little,
 “ and that is the happiest part of my time ; for I
 “ see you in my slumbers such almost as I wish
 “ you to be.” —— “ Erasmus ! ” —— “ Cecilia ! ”
 “ —— You offend me. —— “ Nay, Madam ! it
 “ is too much to want to rob me of my
 “ dreams.

“ dreams. You are, in reality, such as you
 “ think proper; suffer me then at least in
 “ idea to have you such as pleases me.”——Do
 “ not be angry, but let us talk reason. These very
 “ dreams, which I ought not to know of, nourish
 “ your passion.”——“ So much the better, Ma-
 “ dam, so much the better: I should be very sorry
 “ to be cured of it.”——“ And why do you persist
 “ to love me without hope ?”——“ Without
 “ hope ! I am not reduced to that yet: if your sen-
 “ timents were just, they would be durable:
 “ But . . .”——“ Do not flatter yourself, Era-
 “ stus; I am in love, and for my whole life.”——
 “ I do not flatter myself, Cecilia; it is you
 “ that slander yourself. Your passion is a
 “ fever, which will have its period. It is not
 “ generous to speak ill of one’s rival: I
 “ am silent; but I refer it to the goodness
 “ of your disposition, to the delicacy of your
 “ heart.”——“ They are both blind.”——
 “ That is owning they are not so. One
 “ must have seen or have had some glimmer-
 “ ings, even to know that we see badly.”——
 “ Well, I confess it: I remember to have
 “ discovered faults in Floricourt; but I know
 “ nothing more in him.”——“ That know-
 “ ledge will come to you, Madam, and on
 “ that I depend.”——“ And if I marry Flori-
 “ court, as indeed every thing tends that
 L 3 “ way

“ way” — “ In that case I shall have no-
 “ thing more either to hope or to fear, and my
 “ resolution is already taken.” — “ And what
 “ is it ?” — “ To give over loving you.” —
 “ And how are you to do that ?” — “ How ?
 “ nothing so easy. If I were in the army, and
 “ a ball” — “ O heavens !” — “ Is it
 “ so difficult then to suppose one’s self in the
 “ army ?” — “ Ah, my cruel friend, what is it
 “ you say ? and with what levity do you tell me
 “ of a mischief for which I should never forgive
 “ myself !” Cecilia began to melt at this idea,
 when Floricourt came up to them. Erastus soon
 left them, according to his usual practice. “ Our
 “ friend, my dear Cecilia (said Floricourt) is a
 “ very gloomy mortal ; what say you ?” — “ He
 “ is an honest creature (replied Cecilia)
 “ whose virtues I respect.” — “ Faith, with
 “ all his virtues I wish he would go and
 “ indulge his reveries somewhere else ; we
 “ want gaiety and company in the country.”
 “ — Perhaps he has some reason to be pensive
 “ and solitary.” — “ Yes, I believe so, and I
 “ guess it. You blush, Cecilia ! I shall be
 “ discreet, and your embarrassment imposes
 “ silence on me.” — “ And what should be
 “ my embarrassment, Sir ? You believe that
 “ Erastus loves me, and you have reason to
 “ believe it. I pity him, I advise him, I
 “ talk

“ talk to him as his friend; there is nothing
 “ in all this to blush at.”——“ Such a confes-
 “ sion, my beautiful Cecilia, renders you still
 “ more deserving of esteem; but allow that it
 “ comes a little too late.”——“ I did not
 “ think myself obliged, Sir, to inform you of a
 “ secret which was not mine, and I should have
 “ concealed it from you all my life long, if you
 “ had not surprised me into the discovery.
 “ There is in these kinds of confidences an osten-
 “ tation and cruelty not in my disposition. We
 “ should at least respect those whom we have
 “ made unhappy.”——“ There is heroism for
 “ you (cried Floricourt in a tone of anger and
 “ irony). And does this friend whom you
 “ use so well know how far matters are gone
 “ between us?”——“ Yes, Sir, I have told
 “ him all.”——“ And he has still the goodness
 “ to stay here!”——“ I endeavoured to dis-
 “ pose him to leave us.”——“ Ah! I have no-
 “ thing more to say; I should have been
 “ surprised if your delicacy had not fore-
 “ run mine. You perceived the indecency
 “ of suffering a man who loves you to con-
 “ tinue in your house, at the very moment in
 “ which you are going to declare for his rival.
 “ There would even be inhumanity in it to
 “ render him a witness of the sacrifice you
 “ make me. When is he to depart?”——

L 4

“ I do

224 ALL OR NOTHING,

“ I do not know: I have not had the courage
 “ to prescribe the time; and he has not the re-
 “ solution to determine upon it.”——“ You ral-
 “ ly, Cecilia: who then is to propose to him
 “ to rid us of his presence? It would not be
 “ handsome in me.”——“ It shall be myself,
 “ Sir; do not be uneasy.”——“ And what un-
 “ easiness do I show, Madam! Would you do
 “ me the honour of supposing me to be jealous?
 “ I assure you I am not in the least so; my de-
 “ licacy has yourself only in view, and for the
 “ little pain it may give you . . .”——“ It will
 “ give me pain, no doubt, to deprive a respect-
 “ able friend of the only consolation that is left
 “ him: but I know how to do myself violence.”
 “ ——Violence, Madam! that is very strong.
 “ I would have no violence; that would be
 “ the way to render me odious, and I shall
 “ therefore go myself, and persuade this re-
 “ spectable friend not to abandon you.”——
 “ Go on, Sir; your raillery is mighty well
 “ timed, and I deserve, indeed, that you
 “ should talk to me in this manner.”——“ I
 “ am very unhappy, Madam, to have dis-
 “ pleased you (said Floricourt, on seeing her
 “ eyes bedewed with tears). Forgive me my
 “ imprudence. I did not know all the con-
 “ cern you had for my rival and your friend.”

At

At these words he left her, overcome with grief.

Erastus, at his return, found her in this situation. "What is the matter, Madam? (said he, accosting her) in tears!"—"You see, fir, the most wretched of women: I am sensible that my weakness will ruin me, and yet am unable to cure myself. A man, to whom I have sacrificed every thing, doubts of my sentiments, treats me with contempt, and suspects me."—"I understand, Madam, he is jealous, and must be made easy. Your quiet is concerned in it, and there is nothing that I would not sacrifice to a concern so dear to me. Adieu: may you be happy! and I shall be less wretched." Cecilia's tears burst forth afresh at these words. "I have exhorted you to fly me (said she to him) I advised you to it as a friend, and for your own sake. The effort I made over my own soul had nothing humiliating in it; but to banish you to gratify an unreasonable man, to rid him of a suspicion which I ought never to have feared; to be obliged to justify my love by the sacrifice of friendship, is shameful and overwhelming. Never did any thing cost me so dear before."—"It must be so, Madam, if you love Floricourt."—"Yes, my dear Erastus, pity

L 5

"me:

“ me : I do love him, and it is in vain I reproach myself for it.” Erastus listened no longer, but went off.

Floricourt made use of every method to appease Cecilia ; his gentleness, his complaisance, were not to be equalled, when his will was fulfilled. Erastus was almost forgot ; and what is it we do not forget for the person we love, when we have the happiness to believe ourselves beloved again ! One only amusement, alas ! and that a very innocent one, yet remained to Cecilia in their solitude. She had brought up a goldfinch, which, by a wonderful instinct, answered to her caresses. He knew her voice, and would fly to meet her. He never sung but when he saw her ; he never eat but out of her hand, nor drank but out of her mouth : she would give him his liberty, he would use it but for a minute, and as soon as she called him, he flew to her immediately. No sooner was he placed on her bosom, then a sensibility seemed to agitate his wings, and to precipitate the warblings of his melodious throat. Could one believe that the haughty Floricourt was offended at the attention which Cecilia paid to the sensibility and sportiveness of this little animal?—
 “ I will know (said he one day within himself) whether the love she entertains for me is superior to these weaknesses. It would
 “ be

“be pleasant indeed, if she should be more
“attached to her gold-finch than her lover.
“Yet it may be so; I will make the experi-
“ment, and that before the evening be over.
“And where is the little bird?” said he, ac-
costing her with a smile.—“He is enjoying
“the open air and liberty; he is somewhere
“fluttering in the garden.—“And are you
“not afraid that at last he should accustom him-
“self to that, and never return more?”—“I
“would forgive him if he found himself hap-
“pier.”—“Ah! pr’ythee now let us see if he
“be faithful to you. Will you please to recal
“him?” Cecilia made the usual signal, and the
bird flew to her hand.—“That is charming
“ (says Floricourt) but he is too dear to you, I am
“jealous of him, and I would have *all or nothing*
“from the person I love.”—At these words he
attempted to lay hold of the dear little bird, in
order to throttle it; she set up a cry, the bird
flew away; Cecilia, affrighted, grew pale, and
lost all sensation. The servants ran to her as-
sistance, and recalled her to life. As soon as
she opened her eyes, she saw at her feet, not
the man whom she loved best, but to her the
most odious of mortals. “Begone, Sir
“ (said she to him with horror). This last
“stroke has given me a clear insight of your
“frightful character, equally mean and cruel.

“ Out of my house ! never to enter it more !
 “ You are too happy that I still respect myself
 “ more than I despise you. O, my dear and
 “ worthy Erastus ! to what a man should I
 “ have sacrificed you ?” Floricourt went out,
 fuming with rage and shame : the bird returned
 to caress his beautiful mistress ; and it is un-
 necessary to add, that Erastus saw himself re-
 called.

T H E

PRETENDED PHILOSOPHER.

CLARISSA had for some years heard of
 nothing but philosophers. “ What kind
 “ of mortals are they ? (said she) I want
 “ much to see one.” They tell her first,
 that true philosophers were very rare, and not
 much addicted to communication ; but in
 every other point, they were of all men the
 plainest, without the least singularity. “ There
 “ are two sorts then (said she) for in all
 “ the accounts that I hear, a philosopher
 “ is a fantastical being, who pretends to be
 “ like nothing.” Of those they told her,
 there were enough every where : “ you shall
 “ have

“ have as many as you please of them : nothing
 “ so easily contrived.”

Clarissa was in the country with an idle party,
 who sought only to amuse themselves. They
 presented to her, a few days after, the senten-
 tious Aristus. “ The gentleman then is a phi-
 “ losopher?” (said she on seeing him.)—“ Yes
 “ Madam.” replied Aristus.—“ This philo-
 “ sophy is a fine thing, is it not?”—“ Why,
 “ Madam, it is the knowledge of good and evil,
 “ or, if you please, wisdom.”—“ Is that all?”
 “ (said Doris) —“ And the fruit of this wisdom
 “ (continued Clarissa) is to be happy, no
 “ doubt?”—“ And, Madam, to make others
 “ happy also.”—“ I should be a philosopher
 “ to them (said the simple Lucinda in a low voice)
 “ for I have been told a hundred times, that it de-
 “ pended only on me to be happy by making others
 “ happy.”—“ Right! who does not know that?
 “ (resumed Doris) It is a mere stage-secret.”

Aristus, with a smile of contempt, gave
 them to understand, that philosophical hap-
 piness was not that which a pretty woman can
 taste, and make others taste.—“ I doubted
 “ it much (said Clarissa) and nothing is
 “ more unlike, I should think, than a fine
 “ woman and a philosopher ; but let us hear
 “ first how the sage Aristus makes use of it,
 “ in

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“ in order to be happy himself.”——“ That is
 “ very simple, Madam: I have no prejudices,
 “ I depend on nobody, I live on little, I love
 “ nothing, and I speak every thing that I think.”
 “——To love nothing (observed Cleon) seems
 “ to me a disposition but little favourable to
 “ make people happy.”——“ How, Sir! (re-
 “ plied the philosopher) what, do we do good
 “ only to that we love? Do you love the mi-
 “ serable wretch whom you relieve as you go
 “ along? It is just so that we distribute to man-
 “ kind the assistance of our lights.”——“ And it is
 “ with your lights then (said Doris) that you
 “ make people happy?”——“ Yes, Madam, and
 “ that we are so ourselves.” The fat Lady Presi-
 dent of Ponval thought this happiness very slender!
 “ Has a philosopher (demanded Lucinda)
 “ many pleasures?”——“ He has but one, Madam,
 “ that of despising them all.”——“ That must
 “ be very entertaining (said Mrs. President
 “ roughly). And if you love nothing, Sir,
 “ what do you do with your soul?”——“ What
 “ do I do with it? I employ it to the only use
 “ worthy of it. I contemplate, I observe
 “ the wonders of Nature.”——“ Ay, but what
 “ can that nature have interesting to you
 “ (replied Clarissa) if mankind, if your equals
 “ have nothing in them to attach you?”——
 “ My equals, Madam! I will not dispute
 “ about

“ about words: but that expression is a little
 “ too strong. But however that be, nature,
 “ which I study, has to me the attraction of
 “ curiosity, which is the spring of under-
 “ standing, as that which is called desire is
 “ the movement of sentiment.”——“ Oh, ay, I
 “ conceive (said Doris) that curiosity is some-
 “ thing; but do you reckon desire, Sir, as
 “ nothing?”——“ Desire, I have already told
 “ you, is an attraction of another sort.”——
 “ Why then deliver yourself up to one of these
 “ attractions, while you resist the other?”——
 “ Ah! Madam, because the enjoyments of
 “ the understanding are not mingled with any
 “ bitterness, and all those of the senses con-
 “ tain a concealed poison.”——“ But at least
 “ (said Cleon) you have senses?”——“ Yes,
 “ I have senses, if you please; but they have
 “ no dominion over me: my mind receives
 “ their impressions as a glass, and nothing but
 “ the pure objects of the understanding can
 “ affect it strongly.”——“ A very insipid fellow
 “ this! (said Doris to Clarissa in a very low
 “ voice) who brought this strange creature
 “ here?”——“ Peace (replied Clarissa) this will
 “ do for the country; there is a way to divert
 “ ourselves with him.”

Cleon, who wanted still to develop the cha-
 racter of Aristus, testified his surprise of seeing
 him

him resolved to love nothing ; “ for, after all
 “ (said he) do you know nothing amiable ? ” —
 “ I know surfaces (replied the philosopher) but
 “ I know how to defy the bottom. ” — “ It re-
 “ mains then to know (said Cleon) whether this
 “ defiance be well founded. ” — “ Oh, very
 “ well founded, believe me : I have seen enough
 “ to convince me that this globe is peopled only
 “ by fools, knaves, and ingrates. ” — “ If you
 “ were to consider it well (said Clarissa to him
 “ in a tone of reproach) you would be less un-
 “ just, and perhaps also more happy. ”

The sage, confounded for a moment, pre-
 tended not to have heard. Word was brought
 that dinner was ready ; he gave his hand to
 Clarissa, and seated himself next her at table.
 “ I would fain (said she to him) reconcile
 “ you to human nature. ” — “ Impossible,
 “ Madam ! impossible : man is the most vici-
 “ ous of beings. What can be more cruel,
 “ for example, than the spectacle of your din-
 “ ner ? How many innocent animals are
 “ sacrificed to the voraciousness of man ? The
 “ ox, from which you have this beef, what
 “ harm had he done you ? And the sheep
 “ from whence came this mutton, the symbol
 “ of candour, what right had you over his
 “ life ? And this pigeon, the ornament of our
 “ dove-houses, just torn from its tender mate ?
 “ O heavens !

“ O heavens ! if there had been a *Buffon* *
“ among the animals, in what class would he
“ place man ? The tiger, the vulture, the
“ shark, would yield to him the first rank
“ among those of prey.” All the company
concluded that the philosopher subsisted only on
pulse, and they were afraid to offer him any
part of the meats which he enumerated with so
much compassion. “ Nay, help me (said he)
“ since they have gone so far as to kill them,
“ somebody must eat them.” He declaimed, in
like manner, at the same time that he eat of
every thing, against the profusion of victuals,
the pains taken to procure them, and the deli-
cacy of them : “ O happy time ! (said he) when
“ man browsed with the goats. Some drink,
“ pray ? Nature is greatly degenerated !” The
philosopher got drunk in describing the clear brook
where his forefathers used to quench their thirst.

Cleon seized the moment when wine makes
us say every thing, to discover the principle of
this philosophical ill-humour, which extended
itself towards all mankind. “ Well (said he
“ to Aristus) you are here now among men ;
“ do you find them so odious ? Confess that
“ you condemned them on hearsay, and that
“ they do not deserve all the harm that is said
“ of them.” — “ On hearsay, Sir ! Learn, that
“ a philo-

* *Buffon*, the famous naturalist.

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“ a philosopher judges not but after his own
 “ notions : it is because I have well considered,
 “ and well developed mankind, that I believe
 “ them vain, proud, and unjust.”——“ Ah !
 “ pr’ythee now (interrupted Cleon) spare us a
 “ little : our admiration of you merits at least
 “ some tenderness ; for, in short, you cannot
 “ reproach us with not honouring merit.”——
 “ And how do you honour it ? (replied the phi-
 “ losopher briskly) is it by neglect and deser-
 “ tion that it is to be honoured ? O ! the phi-
 “ losophers of Greece were the oracles of their
 “ age, the legislators of their country. Now-
 “ a-days wisdom and virtue languish in obli-
 “ vion ; intrigue, meanness, and servility carry
 “ all before them.”——“ Suppose that were the
 “ case (said Cleon) it would possibly be the
 “ fault of those great men who disdain to show
 “ themselves.”——“ And would you have them
 “ then run their heads into the faces, or rather
 “ throw themselves at the feet of the dispensers
 “ of rewards ?”——“ It is true (said Cleon)
 “ that they might spare themselves the trouble,
 “ and that such a person as yourself (pardon
 “ my bringing up your name) . . .”——“ No
 “ harm done” (replied the philosopher with
 “ great humility) . . . such a person as your-
 “ self ought to be dispensed from paying his
 “ court,”——“ I pay my court ! Ah ! let them
 “ wait

“ wait for that ; I believe their pride would
 “ never have much to plume itself upon : I know
 “ how to set a right value on myself, thank
 “ heaven, and I would go and live in the de-
 “ ferts rather than disgrace my being.”——“ It
 “ would be great pity (said Cleon) that society
 “ should lose you : born to enlighten mankind,
 “ you ought to live amongst them. You cannot
 “ think, ladies, the good that a philosopher does
 “ to the world : I will lay a wager now, that
 “ this gentleman has discovered a multitude of
 “ moral truths, and that there are perhaps at
 “ this very time fifty virtues of his own mak-
 “ ing.”——“ Virtues ! (replied Aristus, look-
 “ ing down) I have not struck out many of
 “ them, but I have unveiled many vices.”——
 “ How, Sir ! (said Lucinda to him) why did not
 “ you leave them their veil ? They would have
 “ been less ugly.”——“ Your humble servant
 “ for that (replied Madam de Ponval) : I love an
 “ acknowledged vice better than an equivocal
 “ virtue : one knows at least what to depend
 “ on.”——“ And yet see how they requite us
 “ (cried Aristus with indignation). It is on
 “ this account that I have taken the resolu-
 “ tion to live only for myself : let the world
 “ go on as it may.”——“ No (said Clarissa
 “ politely to him, getting up from table) I must
 “ have you live for us. Have you any urgent
 “ business

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“ business at Paris ?”——“ None, Madam : a
 “ philosopher has no business.”——“ Well,
 “ then, I shall keep you here. The country
 “ should be agreeable to philosophy, and I
 “ promise you solitude, repose, and freedom.”
 “ ——Freedom, Madam (said the philosopher,
 “ in an articulate voice) I am greatly afraid
 “ you will fail in your promise.”

The company dispersed to walk, and Aristus, with a thoughtful air, pretended to go and meditate in a walk, where he mused without thinking of any thing. I mistake, he thought of Clarissa, and said within himself, “ A handsome woman, a good house, all the conveniencies of life ; that promises well ! let us see the end. It must be confessed (continued he) that society is a pleasant scene : if I were gallant now, forward, complaisant, amiable, they would scarce pay any attention to me : they see nothing else in the world, and the vanity of women is surfeited with these common homages ; but to tame a bear, to civilise a philosopher, to bend his pride, to soften his soul, is a triumph difficult and uncommon, with which their self-love is not a little flattered. Clarissa, of her own accord, rushes into my toils ; let me expect her there, without coming to any compromise.”

The

The company on their side amused themselves at the expence of Aristus. "He is a pleasant original enough (said Doris) what shall we strike out of him?"—"A comedy (replied Cleon) and if Clarissa will come into it, my plan is already settled." He communicated his thought, all the company applauded it, and Clarissa, after some difficulty, consented to play her part. She was much younger and handsomer than was necessary to move a philosopher, and some words, some looks which had escaped our sage, seemed to promise an excellent catastrophe. She threw herself, therefore, as it were by chance, into the same walk with Aristus. "I put you out (said she) excuse me, I was only passing."—"You do not interrupt me, Madam, I can meditate with you."—"You will do me pleasure (says Clarissa): I perceive that a philosopher does not think like another man, and I should be very glad to see things with your eyes."—"It is true, Madam, that philosophy creates, as it were, a new world. The vulgar see only in the gross: the details of nature are a spectacle reserved for us: it is for us that she seems to have disposed with an art so wonderful, the fibres of these leaves, the stamina of these flowers, the texture of this rind: an ant-hill is to me a republick, and each of the

" atoms

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" atoms that compose the world, appear in my eyes
 " a new world."——" That is admirable ! (said
 " Clarissa) what was it took up your thoughts
 " this moment !"——" These birds" (replied
 " the sage).——" They are happy, are they
 " not ?"——" Ah ! very happy, without doubt,
 " and can they be otherwise ? Independence,
 " equality, few wants, ready pleasures, oblivion
 " of the past, no concern for the future, and
 " their whole sollicitude to support life, and to
 " perpetuate their species ; what lessons, Madam,
 " what lessons for mankind !"——" Confess, then,
 " that the country is a delicious abode ; for, in
 " short, it brings us nearer to the condition of ani-
 " mals, and like them we seem to have no laws
 " there, but the gentle instinct of nature."——
 " Ah ! Madam, how true is all this ! but the im-
 " pression is effaced from the heart of man :
 " society has ruined every thing."——" You are
 " right : this society is something very trouble-
 " some, and since we want nobody, it would be
 " quite natural to live for one's self."——" Alas !
 " that is what I have said a hundred times,
 " and what I never cease to write ; but nobody
 " will listen to me : you, Madam, for example,
 " who seem to acknowledge the truth of this
 " principle, could you have the strength to
 " practise it ?"——" I cannot but wish (said
 " Clarissa) that philosophy should come in
 " fashion :

“ fashion : I should not be the last to come into
 “ it, as I ought not to be the first to set it.”——
 “ This is the language that every one speaks,
 “ nobody will venture to set the example, and,
 “ in the mean time, human nature groans,
 “ loaded with the yoke of opinion, and the
 “ chains of custom.”——“ What would you
 “ have us do, Sir ? Our ease, our honour, all
 “ that we hold dear, depends on decorums.”——
 “ Well, Madam, observe then these tyrannical
 “ decorums ; wear virtues as you do habits,
 “ made to the taste of the age ; but your soul is
 “ your own : society has no right but to exter-
 “ nals, and you owe it only appearances. The
 “ decorums, so much insisted on, are them-
 “ selves nothing more than appearances well
 “ preserved : but the interior, Madam, the in-
 “ terior is the sanctuary of the will, and the will
 “ is independent.”——“ I conceive (said Cla-
 “ rissa) that I may wish for what I please, pro-
 “ vided I go no farther.”——“ To be sure (re-
 “ plied the philosopher) it is better to stop there
 “ than to run the hazard of giving into impru-
 “ dences : for, Madam, do you know what
 “ a vicious woman is ? It is a woman who
 “ has no regard, no respect to herself, in any
 “ case.”——“ What, Sir (demanded Clarissa,
 “ affecting an air of satisfaction) does vice
 “ then consist only in imprudence ?”——“ Be-
 “ fore

“ fore I answer you, Madam, permit me to ask
 “ you, what is vice in your eyes? Is it not that
 “ which overturns order, which hurts, or which
 “ may hurt?” — “ The very thing.” —
 “ Very well, Madam, all that is external.
 “ Why then submit your sentiments, and your
 “ thoughts to prejudice? See in these birds that
 “ soft and unrestrained liberty which nature
 “ gave you, and which you have lost.” — “ Ah
 “ (said Clarissa with a sigh) the death of my
 “ husband had restored me this precious gift;
 “ but I am on the point of renouncing it a-
 “ gain.” — “ O heaven! what do I hear (cried
 “ he) are you going to form a new chain?” —
 “ Why, I do not know.” — “ You do not
 “ know!” — “ They will have it so.” —
 “ And who, Madam? who are the enemies who
 “ dare propose it to you? No; believe me,
 “ marriage is a yoke, and freedom is the su-
 “ preme good. But, however, who is the hus-
 “ band whom they would give you? — “ Cle-
 “ on.” — “ Cleon, Madam! I am no longer
 “ surpris’d at the unconstrained air he assumes
 “ here. He questions, decides, condescends
 “ sometimes to be affable, and has that haugh-
 “ ty politeness which seems to let himself
 “ down to a level with us; it is plain that
 “ he is doing the honours of his own house,
 “ and I know, from henceforth, the respect
 “ and deference that I owe him.” — “ You

“ owe to each other a mutual civility, and I
 “ intend that with me every body shall be on an
 “ equality.”——“ You intend it, Clarissa!
 “ Alas! your choice destroys all equality be-
 “ tween mankind, and the person who is to
 “ possess you . . . But let us talk no more of it,
 “ I have said too much already; this place is
 “ not made for a philosopher. Permit me to
 “ leave it.”——“ No (said she to him) I have need
 “ of you, and you plunge me into irresolutions,
 “ from which you alone can draw me. It must
 “ be confessed, that philosophy is a very com-
 “ fortable thing; but if a philosopher were a de-
 “ ceiver, he would be a very dangerous friend!
 “ Adieu, I would not have them see us together:
 “ I am going to rejoin the company: come to us
 “ soon. See there then (said she, as she was go-
 “ ing from him) what they call a philosopher!”
 “ ——Courage! (said he on his side) Cleon hangs
 “ only by a thread.” Clarissa, with blushes, gave
 an account of the first scene, and her beginning
 was received with applause: but the Lady Presi-
 dent, knitting her brow, “ Do you intend (said
 “ she) that I should be only a looker-on? No,
 “ no, I must play my part, and I assure you, it
 “ shall be pleasant. Do you think that you shall
 “ subdue this sage? No: I will have the honour
 “ of it.”——“ You, Madam!”——“ Oh! you
 “ may laugh: my fifty years, my triple chin,
 Vol. I. M “ and

“ and my mustaches of Spanish snuff defy all
 “ your graces.” The whole company applauded
 this challenge by redoubled peals of laughter.
 “ Nothing is more serious (resumed she) and
 “ if it be not enough to triumph over one, you
 “ have only to join, and dispute the conquest
 “ with me ; I defy you all three. Go, divine
 “ Doris, charming Lucinda, admirable Clarif-
 “ sa, go and display before his eyes all the se-
 “ ductions of beauty and coquetry ; I laugh at
 “ it.” She spoke these words with a tone of
 resolution sufficient to make her rivals tremble.

Cleon affected to appear dull and pensive at
 the arrival of Aristus, and Clarissa assumed
 with the philosopher a reserved air of mystery.
 They spoke little, but ogled much. Aristus,
 on retiring to his apartment, found it furnished
 with all the inventions of luxury. “ Oh
 “ heavens (said he to the company, who for
 “ the sake of diverting themselves had conduct-
 “ ed him thither) Oh heavens ! is it not ridicu-
 “ lous that all this preparation should be made
 “ for one man’s sleep ? Was it thus that they
 “ slept at Lacedæmon ? O Lycurgus ! what
 “ wouldst thou say ! a toilette for me ! This
 “ is downright mockery. Do they take me
 “ for a Sybarite ? I must retire, I cannot stand
 “ it.”——“ Would you have us (said Clarissa)
 “ unfurnish it on purpose for you ? Take my
 “ advice,

“ advice, and enjoy the pleasures of life, when
 “ they present themselves : a philosopher should
 “ know how to put up with every thing, and
 “ accommodate himself to every thing.”——
 “ Very well, Madam (said he somewhat ap-
 “ peased) I must at present comply with you ;
 “ but I shall never be able to sleep on this
 “ heap of down. Upon my word (says he, as
 “ he laid himself down) this luxury is a fine
 “ thing !” and the philosopher fell asleep.

His dreams recalled to his remembrance
 his conversation with Clarissa, and he awoke
 with the pleasing idea, that this virtue by
 convention, which is called prudence in wo-
 men, would make but a feeble resistance against
 him.

He was not yet up, when a lacquey came to
 propose the bath to him. The bath was a good
 presage. “ Be it so (said he) I will bathe :
 “ The bath is a natural institution. As for
 “ perfumes, the earth yields them : let us
 “ not disdain her presents.” He would fain
 have made use of the toilette which they had
 provided for him ; but shame restrained him.
 He contented himself with giving to his philo-
 sophical negligence the most decent air he
 could, and the glass was twenty times consult-
 ed. “ What a fright you have made yourself !
 “ (said Clarissa to him on seeing him appear) :

M 2

“ why

“ why not dressed like the rest of the world?
 “ This habit, this wig, give you a vulgar air
 “ which you have not naturally.”——“ What!
 “ Madam, is it by the air that we are to judge
 “ of mankind? Would you have me submit to
 “ the caprices of fashion, and be dressed like
 “ your Cleons?”——“ Why not, Sir? Do you
 “ not know that they derive an advantage from
 “ your simplicity, and that it is this in particu-
 “ lar that lessens in people’s opinions the con-
 “ sideration due to you? I myself, in order to do
 “ you justice, have need of my reflexion: the
 “ first sight makes against you, and it is very
 “ often the first sight that decides. Why not
 “ give to virtue all the charms of which she is
 “ capable?”——“ No, Madam; art is not made
 “ for her. The more naked, the more beautiful;
 “ they disguise her when they endeavour to
 “ adorn her.”——“ Very well, Sir, let her con-
 “ template herself alone at her ease; as for me,
 “ I declare, that this rustick and low air dis-
 “ pleases me. Is it not strange that having
 “ received from nature a distinguished figure,
 “ any one should take a pride in degrading
 “ it?”——“ But, Madam, what would you say,
 “ if a philosopher should employ his attention
 “ about his dress, and set himself off like your
 “ marquis?”——“ I would say, he seeks to
 “ please, and he does right; for do not flatter
 “ yourself,

“ yourself, Aristus; there is no pleasing without taking a good deal of pains.”——“ Ah! I desire nothing so much as to please in your eyes.”——“ If such a desire really possesses you (replied Clarissa, with a tender look) bestow at least a quarter of an hour upon it. Here, Jasmin, Jasmin! go, dress the gentleman’s head.” Aristus, blushing, yields at length to these gentle instances; and now behold the sage at his toilette!

The nimble hand of Jasmin disposes his locks with art; his physiognomy now displays itself; he admires the metamorphosis, and is scarce able to conceive it. “ What will they say on seeing me? (said he to himself); let them say what they please; but the philosopher has a good face.” He presents himself blown up with pride, but with an awkward and bashful air. “ Ay, now (said Clarissa) you look handsome. There is nothing now but the colour of those clothes that offends my eyes.”——“ Ah! Madam, for the sake of my reputation, leave me at least this characteristick of the gravity of my condition.”——“ And what then, by your leave, is this chimerical condition which you have so much at heart? I approve very much of people’s being wise; but in my opinion all sorts of colours are indifferent to wisdom. Is this

“ chestnut of Mr. Guillaume more founded in
 “ nature than the sky-blue or rose-colour? By
 “ what caprice is it that you imitate in your
 “ garments the husk of the chestnut rather than
 “ the leaf of the rose or the tuft of the lily with
 “ which the spring is crowned? Ah! for my
 “ part, I confess to you that the rose-colour
 “ charms my sight: that colour has something,
 “ I know not what, of softness in it, which goes
 “ to my very soul, and I should think you the
 “ handsomest creature living in a suit of rose-
 “ colour.”——“ Rose-colour, Madam! O hea-
 “ vens! a philosopher in rose-colour!”——“ Yes,
 “ Sir, a very rose-colour: what would you have?
 “ It is my weakness. By writing to Paris direct-
 “ ly, you may have it by to-morrow afternoon,
 “ can you not?”——“ What, Madam?”——
 “ A suit for the country of the colour of my rib-
 “ bands.”——“ No, Madam, it is impossible.”
 “——Pardon me, nothing is easier, the workmen
 “ need only be up all night.”——“ Alas! it is of
 “ mighty consequence what the time is which
 “ they are to employ in rendering me ridi-
 “ culous! Consider, I beseech you, that such
 “ an extravagance as this would ruin my repu-
 “ tation.”——“ Well, Sir, when you shall
 “ have lost that reputation, you will gain ano-
 “ ther, and it is odds that you will gain by
 “ the exchange.”——“ I protest to you, Ma-
 “ dam,

“ dam, that it is shocking to me to displease
 “ you, but . . .”——“ But you put me out of
 “ all patience; I do not love to be thwarted.
 “ It is very strange (continued she in a tone of
 “ displeasure) that you should refuse me a trifle.
 “ The importance you give it teaches me to
 “ take care of myself in matters that are more
 “ serious.” At these words she quitted the room,
 leaving the philosopher confounded that so trifling
 an incident should destroy his hopes.
 “ Rose-colour! (said he) rose-colour! how ridiculous!
 “ what a contrast! she will have it so,
 “ I must submit:” and the philosopher wrote
 for the clothes.

“ You are obeyed, Madam” (said he to Clarissa,
 “ sa, accosting her.)——“ Has it cost you much?”
 demanded she with a smile of disdain).——“ A
 “ great deal, Madam, more than I can express;
 “ but, in short, you would have it so.” All the
 company admired the philosopher’s head. Madam
 President, above all, swore by the great gods, that
 she had never seen any man’s head so well dressed
 before. Aristus thanked her for so flattering a compliment.
 “ Compliments (resumed she) compliments!
 “ I never make any. They are the
 “ false coin of the world.”——“ Nothing was
 “ ever better conceived (cried the sage):
 “ that deserves to be set down in writing.”
 They perceived that Madam President was now

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beginning the attack, and they left them to
themselves. "You think then (said she to him)
"that nobody but yourself can make sentences?
"I am a philosopher too, such as you see me."
"—You, Madam! and of what sect! A
"Stoick, or an Epicurean?"—"Oh! take
"my word for it, the name is nothing. I have
"ten thousand crowns a year, which I spend
"with gaiety; I have good champagne, which I
"drink with my friends; I enjoy a good state
"of health; I do what I please, and leave every
"one to live after their own manner. There's a
"sect for you!"—"It is well done, and
"exactly what Epicurus taught."—"Oh! I
"declare to you I was taught nothing: all
"this comes of my own self. For these twenty
"years I have read nothing but the list of
"my wines and the bill of fare of my supper."
"—Why, upon that footing you must
"be the happiest woman in the world."—"Happy!
"not entirely so: I want a husband of my own way of thinking. My Pre-
"sident was a beast; good for nothing but
"the bar: he understood the law, and
"that was all. I want a man who knows
"how to love me, and who would employ
"himself about me alone."—"You may
"find a thousand, Madam."—"Oh, I want
"but one; but I would have him be a good one.
"Birth

“ Birth, fortune, all that is perfectly indif-
 “ ferent to me; I attach myself only to the
 “ man.”——“ Indeed, Madam, you astonish
 “ me: you are the first woman in whom I
 “ have found any principles; but is it precisely
 “ a husband that you want?”——“ Yes, Sir,
 “ a husband who shall be mine in all forms.
 “ These lovers are all rogues, who deceive us,
 “ and who forsake us without leaving us room
 “ to complain: whereas a husband is ours in
 “ the face of the world; and if mine should
 “ desert me, I should like to be able to go,
 “ with my title in my hand, and in all honour
 “ and honesty give a hundred slaps on the face
 “ to the insolent huffy, that should have taken
 “ him from me.”——“ Very good, Madam, very
 “ good! the right of property is an inviolable
 “ right. But do you know that there are very
 “ few souls like your’s? What courage, what
 “ vigour!”——“ Oh, I have as much as a
 “ lioness. I know I am not handsome; but
 “ ten thousand crowns a year, made over on
 “ the wedding-day, are worth all the pretti-
 “ nesses of a Lucinda or Clarissa; and though
 “ love be rare in this age, one ought to have
 “ it for ten thousand crowns.” This conver-
 sation brought them back again to the house,
 at the very instant that word was brought that
 supper was ready.

Aristus

Aristus appeared plunged in serious reflections; he weighed the advantages and inconveniencies that might attend his marrying the Lady President, and calculated how much longer a woman of fifty could live, swallowing every evening a bottle of champagne. A dispute which arose between Madam de Ponval and Clarissa, drew him out of his reverie. Doris gave rise to the dispute. “Is it possible (said she) that Madam President should have been able to support for a whole hour a *tête-à-tête* with a philosopher, she who falls a yawning the moment one talks to her of reason!” — “Truely (replied Madam de Ponval) it is because your reason has not common sense: ask this wise man here if mine be not good. We talked of the state that suits an honest woman, and he agrees with me, that a good husband is by much the best for her.” — “Oh fie (cried Clarissa) are we made to be slaves? and what becomes then of that freedom, which is the first of all goods?” Cleon declaimed against this system of freedom; he maintained, that the union of hearts was very different from a state of slavery. Madam President supported this opinion, and declared that she could perceive no distinction between the love of freedom, and the love of libertinism. “May this glass of wine (said she) be the last I shall drink, if I ever form the least dependence on any
“ man.

“ man who shall not first have taken an oath that
 “ he will be only mine. All the rest is but
 “ froth.”——“ And there now (said Clarissa) is
 “ the great mortification of marriage. Love with
 “ its freedom loses all its delicacy. Is it not so,
 “ Sir ?” demanded she of the philosopher.——
 “ Why, Madam, I have thought as you do ;
 “ yet it must be confessed that if freedom has its
 “ charms, it has also its dangers, its rocks : hap-
 “ py dispositions are so great a good, and incon-
 “ stancy is so natural to man, that the moment
 “ he feels a laudable inclination, he acts pru-
 “ dently in depriving himself of the fatal power
 “ of changing.”——“ Do you hear him, ladies ?
 “ These men for my money ! no flattery ! this
 “ is what is called a philosopher. Try to seduce
 “ him if you can : for my part I retire quite
 “ charmed. Adieu, philosopher, I want rest ; I did
 “ not shut my eyes all last night, and I long to
 “ be asleep, in order to have the pleasure of
 “ dreaming.” She accompanied this adieu with
 an amorous glance, twinkling with champagne.
 “ Ladies (said Lucinda) did you mind that look ?”
 “ ——Surely (replied Doris) she is distracted
 “ for Aristus ; that is clear.”——“ For me, Ma-
 “ dam, ! you do not think so ; our tastes, I be-
 “ lieve, and our tempers are not made for each
 “ other. I drink little, I swear still less, and I
 “ do not love to be confined.”——“ Ah ! Sir, ten
 “ thousand crowns a year !”——“ Ten thousand
 “ crowns

“ crowns a year, Madam, are an insult when
 “ mentioned to persons like myself.”

These words were repeated the next day to Madam the President. “ Oh! the insolent wretch!
 “ (said she) I am piqued : you shall see him at
 “ my feet.” I pass slightly over the nocturnal reflections of the sage Aristus. A good coach, a commodious apartment, very far from my lady’s, and the best cook in Paris ; such was his plan in life. “ Our philosophers (said he) perhaps will murmur a little. However, an ugly
 “ woman has in it something philosophical ; at
 “ least, they will not suspect that I have pursued the pleasures of sensuality.”

The day of his triumph arrives, and the suit of rose colour along with it : he views it, and blushes through vanity rather than shame. Cleon however came to see him, with the disturbed air of one possessed ; and after having cast an eye of indignation on the preparations for his dressing, “ Sir
 “ (said he to him) if I had to do with a man
 “ of the world, I should propose to him, by
 “ way of preface, to exchange a thrust with
 “ me. But I am speaking to a philosopher,
 “ and I come to assault him with no other arms
 “ than frankness and virtue.”——“ What is
 “ the matter then ?” demanded the sage, somewhat confounded at this preamble.——“ I loved
 “ Clarissa, Sir (replied Cleon) she loved me, we
 “ were

“ were going to be married. I know not what
 “ change is made all of a sudden in her soul,
 “ but she will not hear me speak any more ei-
 “ ther of marriage or of love. I had at first only
 “ some suspicions concerning the cause ; but
 “ this rose-coloured suit confirms them. Rose-
 “ colour is her passion ; you adopt her colours :
 “ you are my rival.”——“ I, Sir !”——“ I can-
 “ not doubt it, and all the circumstances that
 “ attest it crowd themselves on my imagination :
 “ your secret walks, your whispers in the ear,
 “ looks and words that have escaped you, her
 “ hatred particularly against Madam de Ponval,
 “ every thing betrays you, every thing serves to
 “ open my eyes. Hear then, Sir, what I have
 “ to propose. One of us must give place.
 “ Violence is an unjust method ; generosity will
 “ set us on good terms. I love, I idolize Cla-
 “ rissa ; I had been happy but for you ; I may
 “ still be so : my assiduities, time, and your
 “ absence, may bring her back to me. If, on
 “ the contrary, I must renounce her, you see
 “ one who will be driven to despair, and death
 “ will be my resource. Judge, Aristus, whe-
 “ ther your situation be the same. Consult
 “ yourself, and answer me. If the happiness of
 “ your life depends on giving up your conquest
 “ to me, I require nothing, and I retire.”——
 “ Go, Sir (replied the philosopher to him with
 “ a serene

“ a serene air) you shall never overcome Aristus
 “ in a point of generosity ; and whatever it may
 “ cost me, I will prove to you that I merited
 “ this mark of esteem.”

“ At last (said he, when Cleon had left the
 “ room) here is an opportunity of showing an
 “ heroical virtue. Ha, ha, you gentlemen of
 “ the world, you will learn to admire us. . .
 “ They will not know it perhaps . . . Oh yes :
 “ Clarissa will communicate it in confidence to
 “ her friends ; these will tell it again to others :
 “ the adventure is uncommon enough to make a
 “ noise ; after all, the worst that can happen will
 “ be to publish it myself. It is necessary that a
 “ good deed should be known, and it matters
 “ not which way : our age has need of these
 “ examples : they are lessons for mankind. . . .
 “ However, let me not become a dupe to my
 “ own virtues, and dispossess myself of Clarissa
 “ before I am sure of Madam President. Let me see
 “ what champagne and sleep may have produced.”

While he reflected thus on his conduct, the
 philosopher dressed himself. The industrious
 Jasmin surpassed himself in dressing his head :
 the rose-coloured suit was put on before the
 looking-glass with a secret complacency, and
 the sage sallied out all radiant to visit Madam
 President, who received him with an excla-
 mation of surprise. But passing all of a sudden
 from joy to confusion, “ I perceive (said she)

“ Clarissa’s favourite colour ; you are attentive
 “ to study her taste. Go, Aristus, go and avail
 “ yourself of the trouble you take to please her :
 “ it will, no doubt, have its reward.”——“ My
 “ natural ingenuousness (replied the philoso-
 “ pher) permits me not to conceal from you,
 “ that in the choice of this colour I have fol-
 “ lowed only her caprice. I will do more,
 “ Madam ; I will confess that my first desire
 “ was to please in her eyes. The wisest is not
 “ without weakness ; and when a woman pre-
 “ judices us by flattering attentions, it is dif-
 “ ficult not to be touched with them ; but how
 “ my attachment is weakened ! I acknowledge
 “ it with reproach to myself, Madam, and you
 “ ought also to reproach yourself for it.”——
 “ Ah ! philosopher, why is this not true ! But
 “ this rose-colour confounds all my ideas.”——
 “ Very well, Madam, I assumed it with regret ;
 “ I now go to quit it with joy ; and if my first
 “ simplicity. . . .”——“ No, stay, I think you
 “ charming. But what do I say ? Ah, how
 “ happy are people in being so handsome !
 “ Aristus, why am I not beautiful !”——
 “ What ! Madam, do not you know that ug-
 “ linefs and beauty exist only in opinion !
 “ Nothing is handsome, nothing ugly in it-
 “ self. A beauty in one country is far from
 “ being reckoned beauty in another ; so many
 “ men, so many minds.”——“ You flatter me
 “ (said

“ (said Madam President with a childish bash-
 “ fulness, and pretending to blush) but I know,
 “ alas ! but too well, that I have nothing beau-
 “ tiful in me, except my soul.”——“ Very well,
 “ and is not the supreme beauty the only charm
 “ worthy to touch the heart ?”——“ Ah, philo-
 “ sopher, believe me, that beauty alone has few
 “ charms.”——“ It has few, no doubt, for the
 “ vulgar ; but to repeat it once more, you are
 “ not reduced to that. Is there nothing in a no-
 “ ble air, a commanding look, and an expres-
 “ sive countenance ? And then as to majesty, is
 “ she not the queen of the graces ?”——“ And
 “ for this plumpness of mine, what say you to
 “ that ?”——“ Ah, Madam, this plumpness,
 “ which is reckoned an excess among us, is a
 “ beauty in Asia. Do you think, for example,
 “ that the Turks have no skill in women ? Well
 “ then, all those elegant figures which we
 “ admire at Paris would not even be admit-
 “ ted into the Grand Signor’s seraglio ; and
 “ the Grand Signor is no fool. In a word,
 “ a rosy state of health is the mother of the
 “ pleasures, and plumpness is its symbol.”——
 “ You will bring me presently to believe that
 “ my fat is not unbecoming. But for this
 “ nose of mine, nose without end, which
 “ runs out before my face.”——“ Why, good
 “ God, what do you complain of ? Were
 “ not the noses of the Roman matrons noses
 “ without

“without end? Observe all the ancient busts.”
 —“But at least they had not this great mouth,
 “and such blubber-lips?” —“Thick lips,
 “Madam, are the charm of the American beau-
 “ties: they are, as it were, two cushions, on
 “which soft and tender pleasure takes its repose.
 “As to a wide mouth, I know nothing that gives
 “the countenance more openness and gaiety.”
 “—True, when the teeth are fine; but un-
 “happily . . .” —“Go to Siam, there fine teeth
 “are vulgar, and it is a scandal even to have any.
 “Thus all that is called beauty depends on the
 “caprice of mankind, and the only real beauty
 “is the object which has charmed us.” —“Shall
 “I be yours then, my dear philosopher?” de-
 manded she, hiding her face behind her fan. —
 “Pardon me, Madam, if I hesitate. My deli-
 “cacy renders me timid, and I profess a disin-
 “terestedness not yet sufficiently known to you,
 “to be above suspicion. You have talked to me
 “of ten thousand crowns a year, and that cir-
 “cumstance makes me tremble.” —“Go, Sir,
 “you are too just to impute to me such mean
 “suspicions; it is Clarissa that detains you; I see
 “your evasions; leave me.” —“Yes, I leave
 “you, to go and acquit myself of the promise I
 “have just made to Cleon. He was dismissed, he
 “complained to me of it, and I have promised him
 “to engage Clarissa to give him her hand. Now
 VOL. I. N “believe

“believe that I love her.”——“Is it possible?
 “Oh, you charm me, and I cannot stand this
 “sacrifice. Go and see her, I wait you here,
 “do not let me languish : this very evening we
 “will leave the country.”

“I wonder at myself (said he as he was going
 “off) for having the courage to marry her. She
 “is frightful ; but she is rich.” He comes to
 Clarissa, finds her at her letter, and Cleon along
 with her, who assumes, on seeing him, a dejected
 air.——“O ! the handsome suit ! (cried she).
 “Come this way, that I may see you. It is quite
 “delicious, is it not, Cleon ? It was my choice.”
 “——I see it plainly, Madam,” replied Cleon
 with a melancholy air. “Let us leave off this
 “trifling (interrupted the philosopher) ; I am
 “come to clear myself of a crime of which I am
 “accused, and to fulfil a serious duty. Cleon
 “loves you, you love him ; he has lost your
 “heart, he tells me, and that I am the cause of
 “it.”——“Yes, Sir : and why all this mystery ?
 “I have just been making a declaration of it to
 “him.”——“And I, Madam, declare to you
 “that I will never make unhappy a worthy man,
 “who merits you, and dies if he loses you. I love
 “you as much as he can love you : it is a confes-
 “sion which I am not ashamed to make ; but his
 “inclination has been more rooted by the un-
 “conquerable force of habit than mine, and
 “perhaps

“ perhaps also I shall find in myself resources
 “ which he has not in himself.”——“ O, the
 “ wonderful man! (cried Cleon, embracing
 “ the philosopher). What shall I say to you!
 “ You confound me.”——“ There is no mighty
 “ matter in all this (replied the philosopher
 “ with humility) your generosity set the exam-
 “ ple, I only imitate you.”——“ Come, ladies
 “ (said Clarissa to Lucinda and Doris, whom
 “ she saw appear at that instant) come and be
 “ witnesses of the triumph of philosophy. Aris-
 “ tus resigns me to his rival, and sacrifices his
 “ love for me to the happiness of a man he hardly
 “ knows.” Their astonishment and admiration
 were acted up to the life; and Aristus, taking
 Clarissa’s hand, which he put into Cleon’s, snuf-
 fed up in abundance, with a supercilious mo-
 desty, the incense of adoration. “ Be happy (said
 “ he to them) and cease your astonishment at
 “ an effort, which however painful carries its
 “ recompense along with it. What would a
 “ philosopher be, if virtue were not all in
 “ all with him?” At these words he retired,
 as it were, to withdraw himself from his glory.

Madam President waited the philosopher’s
 coming. “ Is it done then” (demanded she of
 “ him).——“ Yes, Madam, they are united; I
 “ am now my own and yours.”——“ Oh, I
 “ triumph; you are mine. Come here then,
 “ that I may enchain you.”——“ Ah! Madam

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“ (said he, falling at her knees) what dominion
 “ you have acquired over me ! O Socrates ! O
 “ Plato ! what is become of your disciple ? Do
 “ you yet know him in this state of debasement ! ”
 While he spoke thus Madam President took a
 rose-coloured ribband, which she bound about
 the sage’s neck, and imitating Lucinda in the
Oracle *, with the most comical infantine air in
 the world called him by the name of *Charmer*.
 “ Good heaven ! what would become of me if
 “ any body knew . . . Ah, Madam (said he)
 “ let us fly, let us banish ourselves from a so-
 “ ciety that watches us : spare me the humilia-
 “ tion.” — “ What is it you call humiliation ?
 “ I must have you glory in their presence that
 “ you are mine, that you wear my chain.” At
 these words the door opens, and Madam President
 rises from her chair, holding the philosopher in
 a string. “ See here (said she to the company)
 “ see here this proud man, who sighs at my
 “ feet for the beauty of my purse : I deliver
 “ him up to you, I have played my part.” At
 this picture the roof resounded with the name
 of *Charmer*, and innumerable peals of laughter.
 Aristus, tearing his hair, and rending his clothes
 with rage, launched out into reproaches on the
 perfidy of women, and went off to compose a
 book against the age, in which he roundly as-
 serted, that there was no sage but himself.

* A farce.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.

